PICTORIAL REVIEW

BEGINNING
KATHLEEN NORRIS'S
GREATEST
SERIAL
"THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE"

JANUARY 1915
FIFTEEN CENTS

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"SAY 'CREAM OF WHEAT,' YOU RASCAL!"

Painted by Edward V. Brewer for Cream of Wheat Co.

Copyright 1915 by Cream of Wheat Co.

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

PICTORIAL REVIEW

Yearly Subscription One Dollar

Renew Promptly

The month and year printed after your name on the wrapper of your PICTORIAL REVIEW show the date your subscription expires. Send renewal promptly, so that you may not miss an issue.

Give your old address as well as the new one when writing us of a change.

Issued the Fifteenth of each month and dated one month in advance

THE PICTORIAL REVIEW COMPANY
The Pictorial Review Building
222-224-226 West 39th St., New York

William F. Ahnell, President
Leon Lewin, Sec. and Treas.
Paul Block, Advertising Director

Chas. W. Nelson, 1st Vice-Pres.
Everett D. Trumbull, 2nd Vice-Pres.
B. A. Mackinnon, Circulation Director

Copyright 1916, by The Pictorial Review Co., in the United States and Great Britain.
Entered at the New York Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

Branch Offices: 325 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 505 North 7th St., St. Louis; 617 Mission St., San Francisco; 82 and 84 North Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford St., Boston; 250 Richmond St., West, Toronto.

Single Copies Fifteen Cents

Subscription Terms

PICTORIAL REVIEW is $1.00 the year by subscription, postage paid, in the United States, Alaska, Mexico, Panama, Cuba, Porto Rico, Hawaii, Guam and the Philippines, and $1.25 the year in Canada.

Please use Postal or Express money orders in remitting for subscriptions. Rural Free Delivery Carriers can supply Postal money orders.

MABEL POTTER DAGGETT

Author of the "Third House" Series

has returned from an extended tour through Europe for PICTORIAL REVIEW, with a wealth of important material on the activities and progress of European women. The result will be a series of articles of greatest interest and value to the women of America.

Her first article, "The Feminists in War-Time," appears in next month's issue

CONTENTS FOR JANUARY

ART

Cover Design—C. Allen Gilbert.....

MUSIC

Here Is Joy for Every Age—A Song for Holiday Time—Words from Thirteenth Century Latin—Music by M. Greenwald.. 13

VERSE

A Tragedy à la Mode—Verse by James W. Poley—Illustrated by Will Owen..... 14

A Little Love—Florence E. Buek..... 31

EDITORIAL

Why Not Swear On?—A New Year's Message..... 21

FICTION

The Story of Julia Page—First Instalment of the New Serial—Kathleen Norris—Illustrations by Will Foster..... 3

Warming Up Luke—Another "Mrs. Mahoney" Story—Gertrude Brooke Hamilton—Illustrations by John R. Neill..... 11

Betting Loved a Soldier—Molly Elliot Seawell—Illustrations by F. J. Monahan..... 16

The House of Snell—John Fleming Wilson—Illustrations by M. S. Mulford..... 18

The Forgotten House—Concluding Instalment—Maximilian Foster—Illustration by Arthur L. Keller..... 20

Cutting Out Shirts—Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd—Illustrations by George Brehm..... 23

The Wrong Santa Claus—Twelfth "Octavius" Story—Frederic Arnold Kummer—Illustrated by Photographs..... 25

HOME-MAKING AND HOUSEHOLD

Pop-Corn Sweets—Mary Mason Wright..... 32

Home-Made Candies—Mary Mason Wright..... 33

Daughters of the Golden Treasure—To Bring Money and Good Things to the Women of America—Peggy Key Scott..... 36

Comment and Compliment..... 56

FASHIONS

One-Piece, Basque Tunic and Chemise Frocks..... 37

Sleeveless Evening Gowns and Graceful Rotonde..... 38

Afternoon Gowns and Coat..... 39

Chemise Silhouette, One-Piece Frocks and Chic Suits..... 40

Winter-Time Suits and Costumes..... 41

House Dresses Stout Women Can Wear Becomingly..... 42

Separate Waists and Skirts of the Simpler Sort..... 43

To Meet the Young Girl's Social Requirements..... 44

Popular Winter Styles for Young Girls..... 46

For Little Folks' Party and Best Wear..... 47

Smart and Serviceable Are These Models..... 48

Practical Designs for a Variety of Needs..... 49

Accepted Versions of Late Fashions..... 52

FANCY WORK AND EMBROIDERY

Embroideries for the Home—Jutta Hoyberg..... 50

New Household Linens—Marion Hartley..... 51

Manuscripts for consideration by the Editors should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope for return if unavoidable. While every reasonable precaution will be taken, the Editors are not responsible for loss or injury to manuscripts, drawings and photographs while in their possession or in transit. Authors should retain copies of manuscripts submitted.

WELCH'S is just the pure, unfermented, undiluted juice of selected Concords. Nothing is added. All the food value of the grape is retained, the skin, seeds and fibrous pulp eliminated.

This fruit nutrition in fluid form is more than a mere beverage—it is food and drink.

While the delicious taste of Welch's encourages its free use, and no harm can come from using it freely, we suggest serving in small glasses—say three or four ounce.

Many prefer to dilute with water plain, or carbonated.

Welch's is a treat in which the children may share. Try it for breakfast. It deserves a frequent place as a table beverage.

Do more than ask for "Grape Juice" —say WELCH'S and GET IT!

If unable to get Welch's of your dealer, we will ship a trial dozen pints for $3, express prepaid, east of Omaha. Sample four-ounce bottle, by mail, ten cents.

The Welch Grape Juice Co.
Westfield, N. Y.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

IVORY SOAP knows no season. It is used winter, summer, spring and fall with equal satisfaction. Whether the skin is cold and chapped or hot and tanned, Ivory feels mild and soothing. It contains nothing that can irritate at any time. It is made of the highest grade materials. It is so perfectly made that it has no "free" alkali or unsaponified oil. It is mild, pure soap — nothing else.

IVORY SOAP. . . . . IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

Digitized by Google NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

VOL·XVI
NO·4

PICTORIAL REVIEW

EDITED BY ARTHUR T· VANCE

JANUARY
1915

"She's Come to See You about That Amateur Job,' Said Connie, Losing Interest in Her Theatrical Magazine"

Beginning Kathleen Norris's Masterpiece

THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

By the Author of "Mother," "Saturday's Child," etc.

Illustrations by Will Foster

TO Emeline, wife of George Page, there came slowly in her thirtieth year, a sullen conviction that life was monstrously unfair. From a resentful realization that she was not happy in her marriage, Emeline's mind went back to the days of her pert, precocious childhood and her restless and discontented girlhood and she felt, with a sort of smoldering fury, that she had never been happy, had never had a fair chance.

It took Mrs. Page some years to come to this conclusion for, if she was shrewd and sharp among the women she knew, she was in essential things an unintelligent woman, and mental effort of any sort was strange to her. Throughout her entire life her mind had never been truly awakened. She had scrambled through grammar school and had followed it with five years as saleswoman in a millinery store in that district of San Francisco known as the "Mission," marrying George Page at twenty-two and up to that time well enough pleased with herself and her life.

But that was eight years ago. Now Emeline could see that she had reached—more, she had passed—her prime. She began to see that the moods of those early years however violent and changing, had been fed upon secret springs of hope, hope vague and baseless enough but sufficiently strong to color a girl's life with all the brightness of a thousand dawns. There had been rare potentialities in those days, anything might happen, something *would* happen. The little Emeline Cox, moving between the dreary discomfort of home and the hated routine of school, might surprise all these dull seniors and schoolmates some day. She might become an actress, a great singer, she might make a brilliant marriage.

As she grew older and prettier, these vague, bright dreams strengthened. Emeline's mother was an overworked and shrill-voiced woman whose personality drove from the Shotwell Street house whatever small comfort poverty and overcrowding and dirt left in it. Emeline's mother had no personal message for her. The older woman had never learned the care of herself, her children, her husband or her house. She had naturally nothing to teach her daughter. Emeline's father occasionally thundered a furious warning to his daughters as to certain primitive moral laws. He did not tell Emeline and her sisters why they might some day consent to abandon the path of virtue, nor when, nor how. He never dreamed of winning their affection and confidence nor of selecting their friends and making home a place to which these friends might occasionally come. But he was fond of shouting, when Emeline, May or Stella pinned on their flimsy little hats for an evening walk, that if ever a girl of his made a fool of herself and got into trouble she need never come near his door again. Perhaps Emeline and May and Stella felt that the virtuous course, as exemplified by their parents, was not all of roses, either, but they never said so and always shuddered dutifully at the paternal warning. By the time Emeline left school she was a tall, giggling, black-eyed creature, to be found walking up and down Mission Street on almost any sunny afternoon, gossiping and chewing gum. Between her mother's whining and her father's bullying, home life was not very pleasant but at least there was nothing unusual in the situation. Among all the girls whom Emeline knew there was not one who could go back to a clean room, a hospitable dining-room, a well-cooked and nourishing meal.

Had there been anything different before her eyes, who knows what plans for domestic reform might have taken shape in the girl's plastic brain? Emeline had never seen one example of real affection and cooperation between mother and daughters, of work quickly and skilfully done and forgotten, of a clean, bright house and a blossoming garden; she had never heard a theory otherwise than that she was poor, her friends were poor, her parents were poor and that, born under the wheels of a monstrous social injustice, she might just as well be dirty and discouraged and discontented at once and have done with it for in the end she must be so. Why should she question the abiding belief?

Emeline knew that, with her father's good pay and the excellent salaries earned by her hard-handed, patient-eyed, stupid young brothers, the family income ran well up toward three hundred dollars a month—her father worked steadily at five dollars a day, George was a roofer's assistant and earned eighty dollars a month and Chester, who was eighteen, worked in a plumber's shop, and was paid sixty-five dollars a month. Emeline could only conclude that nearly three hundred dollars was insufficient to prevent dirt, crowding, scolding and miserable meals.

Presently she outraged her father by going into "Delphine's" millinery store. Delphine was really a stout, bleached woman named Lizzie Clarke, whose reputation was not quite good although nobody knew anything definite against her. She had a double store on Market Street near Eleventh, a dreary place with dusty models in the windows, torn Nottingham curtains draped behind them, and "Delphine" scrawled in gold across the dusty windows in front. Emeline used to wonder, in the days when she and her giggling associates passed "Delphine's" window, who ever bought the dreadful hats in the left-hand window, although they admitted a certain attraction on the right. Here would be a sign: "Any Hat in This Window, Two Dollars," surrounded by cheap, dust-grained felts, gaudily trimmed or coarse straws wreathed with cotton flowers. Once or twice Emeline and her friends went in and one day when a card in the window informed the passers-by that an experienced saleslady was wanted, the girl, sick of the situation at home and longing for novelty, boldly applied for the position. Miss Clarke engaged her at once.

Miss Clarke was no better than her reputation and would have willingly helped her young saleswoman into a different sort of life. But Emeline's little streak of shrewd selfishness saved her. Emeline indulged in a hundred little coarsenesses and indiscretions, but take the final step toward ruin she would not. Nobody was going to get the better of *her*, she boasted. She used rouge and lip red. She "met fellers" under flaming gas-jets, and went to dance halls with them and to the Sunday picnics that were her father's especial abomination; she shyly told vile stories and timidly used strong words—but there it ended. Perhaps some tattered remnant of the golden dream still hung before her eyes, perhaps she still clung to the hope of a dim, wonderful time to come.

George Page came into "Delphine's" on a windy summer afternoon when Emeline had been there for nearly five years. He was a salesman for some lines of tailored hats; a San Franciscan, but employed by a New York wholesale house. Emeline chanced to be alone in the place. Miss Clarke was sick and the other saleswoman away on her vacation. The trimmers, glancing out through a plush curtain at the rear, saw Miss Cox and the "drummer" absorbed in a three hours' conversation. From two until five o'clock they talked; the drummer watching her in obvious admiration when an occasional customer interrupted, and when Miss Cox went home the drummer escorted her. Emeline had left the parental roof some two years before; she was rooming with a mild and

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"Mark Was Assuming More and More the Attitude of a Lover, Barely Glancing at the Music, He Played Like an Angel"

virtuous girl named Regina Lynch, in Howard Street, now. Regina was the sort of girl frequently selected by a girl of Emeline's type for a confidante and companion. Regina consented to go to dinner with Emeline and Mr. Page, and as she later refused to go to the theater, Emeline would not go either. They all walked out Market Street from the restaurant, and reached the Howard Street house at about nine o'clock. Regina went straight up-stairs, but Emeline and George Page sat on the steps an hour longer under the bright summer moon, and when Emeline went up-stairs she woke up her roommate and announced her engagement.

GEORGE came into the store at nine o'clock the next morning, to radiantly confirm all that they had said the night before, and with great simplicity the two began to plan for their future. From that time they had breakfast, lunch and dinner together every day; they were both utterly satisfied, they never questioned their fate. In October George had to go to San Diego and a dozen little cities en route for the firm, and Emeline went, too. They were married in the little church of Saint Charles in Eighteenth Street, only an hour or two before they started for San José, the first stop in George's itinerary. Emeline's mother and sisters came to her wedding, but the men of the family were working on this week-day afternoon. The bride looked excited and happy, color burned scarlet in her cheeks under her outrageous hat; she wore a brown traveling gown and the lemon-colored gloves that were popular in that day. Emeline felt that she was leaving everything unpleasant in life behind her. George was the husband of her dreams—or perhaps her dreams had temporarily adapted themselves to George.

But, indeed, he was an exceptionally good fellow. He was handsome, big, dashingly dressed. He was steady and successful in his work, domestic in his tastes and tenderly—and perhaps to-day a little pityingly—devoted to this pretty, clever girl who loved him so and had such faith in him. His life had kept him a good deal among men and rather coarse men; he had had to do more drinking than he cared to do, to play a good deal of poker, to listen to a good deal of loose talk. Now, George felt a great relief that this was over; he wanted a home, a wife, children.

The bride and groom had a cloudless three weeks of honeymoon among a score of little Southern towns—and were scarcely less happy during the first months of settling down. Emeline was entirely ignorant of what was suitable or desirable in a home and George had only the crude ideals of a traveling man to guide him. They enthusiastically selected a flat of five handsome, large, dark rooms, over a corner saloon, on O'Farrell Street. The building was new, the neighborhood filled with stirring, interesting life. George said it was conveniently near the restaurant and theater district and to Emeline, after Mission Street, it seemed the very hub of the world.

She was intoxicated with the freedom and the pleasures of her new life; George was out of town two or three nights a week but when he was at home the two slept late of mornings, loitered over their breakfast, Emeline in a loose wrapper, filling and refilling her coffee-cup, while George rattled the paper and filled the room with the odor of cigarets.

Then Emeline was left to put her house in order and dress herself for the day—her corsets laced tight at the waist, her black hair crimped elaborately above her bang, her plaited skirts draped fashionably over her bustle. George would come back at one o'clock to take her to lunch and after lunch they wandered up and down Kearney and Market Streets, laughing and chatting, glad just to be alive and together. Sometimes they dined downtown, too, and afterward went to "The Tivoli" or "Morosco's," or even the Baldwin Theater, and sometimes bought and carried home the materials for a dinner, and invited a few of George's men friends to enjoy it with them. These were happy times. Emeline, flushed and pretty in her improvised apron, quenced it over the three or four adoring males and wondered why other women fussed so long over cooking when men so obviously enjoyed a steak, baked potatoes, canned vegetables and a pie from Swan's. After dinner the men always played poker, a mild little game at first, with Emeline eagerly guarding a little pile of chips and gasping over every hand like a happy child; but later more seriously, when Emeline, contrary to poker superstition, sat on the arm of her husband's chair, to bring him luck. George would shout with pride at her use of poker terms—would laugh all the harder if she used them incorrectly.

And sometimes, at night when she sunk luxuriously into the depths of her curly-maple bed, Emeline would think herself the luckiest woman in the world. No hurry about getting up in the morning, no one to please but herself; pretty gowns and an adoring husband and a home beyond her maddest hopes—the girl's dreams no longer followed her, happy reality had blotted out the dream.

She felt a little injured, a little frightened when the day came on which she must tell George of some pretty well-founded suspicions of her own condition. George might be "mad" or he might laugh.

But George was wonderfully soothing and reassuring; more, was pathetically glad and proud. He petted Emeline into a sort of reluctant joy and the attitude of her mother and sisters and the few women she knew was likewise flattering. Important, self-absorbed, she waited her appointed days and in the early Winter a wizened, mottled little daughter was born. Julia was the name Emeline had chosen for a girl and Julia was the name duly given her by the radiant and ecstatic George in the very first hour of her life. Emeline had lost interest in the name—indeed, in the child and her father as well—just then; racked, bewildered, wholly spent, she lay back in the curly-maple bed, the first little seed of that general resentment against life that was eventually to envelop her, forming in her mind.

By the time Julia was weaned, Emeline had formed the wrapper habit; she had also slipped back to the old viewpoint: they were poor people and the poor couldn't afford to do things decently, to live comfortably. Emeline scolded and snapped at George, shook and scolded the crying baby, loitered in the hall for long complaining gossips with the other women of the house.

Time extricated the young Pages from these troubled days. Julia grew into a handsome, precocious little girl of whom both parents could be proud. Emeline never quite recovered her girlish good looks, her face was thin now, with prominent cheek-bones; there was a little frowning line drawn between her eyes and her expression was sharp and anxious, but she became more fond of dress than ever.

George's absences were a little longer in these days; he had been given a larger territory to cover—and Emeline naturally turned for society toward her women neighbors. There were one or two very congenial married women of her own type in the same house, pleasure-loving, excitable young women: one, a Mrs. Carter, with two children in school, the other, Mrs. Palmer, triumphantly childless. These introduced her to others, sometimes a half dozen of them would go to a matinée together, a noisy chattering group. During the matinée, Julia would sit on her mother's lap, a small awed figure in a brief, red silk dress and deep lace collar. Julia always had several chocolates from the boxes that circulated among her elders and usually went to sleep during the last act, and was dragged home, blinking and whining and wretched, by one aching little arm.

George was passionately devoted to his little girl and no toy was too expensive for Julia to demand. Emeline loved the baby, too, although she accepted as a martyrdom the responsibility of supplying Julia's needs. But the Pages themselves rather drifted apart with the years.

In all her life Emeline had never felt anything but a resentful impatience for whatever curtailed her liberty or disturbed her comfort in the slightest degree. She had never settled down to do cheerfully anything that she did not want to do. She had shaken off the claims of her own home as lightly as she had stepped from "Delphine's" to the more tempting position of George's wife. Now she could not believe that she was destined to live on with a man who was becoming a confirmed dyspeptic, who thought she was a poor housekeeper, an extravagant shopper, a wretched cook and worse than all, a sloven about her personal appearance.

One night when Julia was about four, George stamped out of the house, after a tirade against the prevailing disorder, and some insulting remarks about delicatessen food. Emeline sent a few furious remarks after him and then wept over the sliced ham, the potato salad and the potato chips, all of which she had brought home from a near-by delicacy shop in oily paper bags only an hour ago. She wandered, disconsolately, through the five rooms that had been her home for nearly six years. The dust lay thick on the polished wood and glass of the sideboard and glass closet, in the dining-room; ashes and the ends of cigarets filled half a dozen little receptacles here and there; a welter of newspapers had formed a great drift in a corner of the room—and the thick velours day cover of the table had been pushed back to make way for a double and spotted table-cloth and the despised meal. The kitchen was hideous with a confusion of souring bottles of milk, dirty dishes, hardened ends of loaves and a sticky jam jar or two. Emeline's range was spotted and rusty, for she never used it now; a three-burner gas-plate sufficed for the family's needs. In the bedroom a dozen garments were flung over the foot of the unmade bed, Julia's toys and clothing littered this and the sitting-room, the silk wool had been worn away on the heavily upholstered furniture and the strands of the cotton warp separated to show the white lining beneath.

Emeline took Julia in her lap and sat down in one of the "patent" rockers. She remained for a long time staring out of the front window. George's words burned angrily in her memory—she felt sick of life.

TO-NIGHT Julia went to sleep in her arms; she was an unexacting little girl, accustomed to being ignored much of the time, and humored, overindulged and laughed at at long intervals. Emeline sat on and on, crying now and then, and gradually reducing herself to a more softened mood when she longed to be dear to George again, to please and content him. She had just made up her mind that this was no neighborhood for ideal home life, when George came in.

"Had your supper?" said she, as George sat down and took the child in his arms.

"Nope," he answered, grinning ashamedly. "Thought maybe you and I'd go to dinner somewhere, Em."

Emeline was instantly her better self. While she flew into her best clothes she told George that she knew she was a rotten manager, but she was so darn sick of this flat! She had just been sitting there wondering if they hadn't better move into the country say, into Oakland. Her sister May lived there, they might get a house near May with a garden for Julia and a spare room where George could put up a friend.

George was clumsily enthusiastic. Gosh, if she would do that—if she could stand its being a little quiet——

"I'd get to know the neighbors and we'd have real good times," said Emeline optimistically, "and it would be grand for Julia!"

Julia had by this time gone to sleep in the center of the large bed. Her mother removed the child's shoes and some of her clothing, without rousing her, loosened her garters and unbuttoned whatever buttons she could reach.

"She'll be all right," she said confidently. "She never wakes."

George lowered the gas and they tiptoed out. But Julia did awaken half an hour later, as it happened, and screamed for company for ten hideous minutes. Then Miss Flossie Miniver, a young woman who had recently rented the top floor and of whom Emeline and the other ladies of the house disapproved, came down-stairs and

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

softly entered the Page flat and gathered the sobbing little girl to her warm soft breast. Miss Miniver soothed her with a new stick of gum and a pin-cushion that looked like a fat little pink satin leg, with a smart boot at one end and a ruffle of lace at the other, and left Julia peacefully settled down to sleep. But Julia did not remember anything of this in the morning and the pincushion had rolled under the bed, so Emeline never knew of it. She and George had a good dinner and later went to the "Orpheum," and were happier than they had been for a long time.

The next Sunday they went to Oakland to see Emeline's sister and possibly to begin house hunting. It was a cold, dark day with a raw wind blowing. Gulls dipped and screamed over the wake of the ferry-boat that carried the Pages to Oakland, and after the warm cabin and the heated train, they all shivered miserably as they got out at the appointed corner.

Emeline had rather lost sight of her sister for a year or two and had last seen her in another, and a better house than the one which they presently identified by street and number. The sisters had married at about the same time, but May had four children, and was expecting a fifth. Two of the older children, stupid-looking little blondes with colds in their noses and dirt showing under the fair hair, were playing in the dooryard of the shabby cottage now. The gate hung loose, the ground was worn bare by children's feet and dug into holes where children had burrowed, and littered with cans and ropes and boxes.

Emeline was genuinely shocked by the evidences of actual want, inside. May was a thin, bent, sickly-looking woman now, her graying hair fell untidily over the neck of her cotton wrapper. The oldest child, a five-year-old girl, had followed the dazzling visitors in, and now mounted upon a box and attacked with pathetic energy a dish-pan filled with cool, greasy water. The two younger children sat on the floor, apathetically staring. May made only a few smiling apologies. They "could see how she was," she said, limping to a chair into which she dropped with a sigh of relief. They had had a "fierce" time since Ed—Ed was the husband and father—had lost his job a year ago. He had not been able to get anything at all permanent since then.

Poor May, smiling gallantly over the difficulties of her life, drew her first-born to her knees, brushed back the child's silky, pale hair with bony, trembling fingers and prophesied that things would be easier when Mama's girlies got to work; Evelyn was going to be a dressmaker, and Marguerite an actress. "She can say a piece out of the Third Reader real cute—the children next door taught her," said May. But Marguerite would not be exploited; she dug her blonde head into her mother's shoulder in a paroxysm of shyness and shortly afterward the Pages went away. Uncle George gave each child a dime, Julia kissed her little cousins good-by, and Emeline felt a sick spasm of pity and shame as May bade the children thank them and thanked them herself. Emeline drew her sister to the door and pressed two silver dollars, all she happened to have with her, into her hand.

"Aw don't, Em. You oughtn't," May said, ashamed and turning crimson, but instantly she took the money. "We've had an awful hard time—or I wouldn't!" said she, tears coming to her eyes.

"Oh, that's all right!" Emeline said uncomfortably, as she ran down the steps. Her heart burned with sympathy for poor May—who had been so pretty and so clever! Emeline could not understand the change!

MAY had graduated from high school with honors; she had held a good position as a bookkeeper in a grocery store before her marriage, but, like Emeline, for the real business of life she had had no preparation at all. Her own oldest child could have managed the family finances and catered to sensitive stomachs with as much system and intelligence as May.

On the boat Emeline spoke of her little money gift to her sister and George roused himself from a deep study to approve and to reimburse her. They did not speak again of moving to the country, and went straight from the boat to a French table d'hôte dinner, where Julia, enchanted at finding herself warm and near food after the long cold adventures of the day, stuffed herself on sardines and sour bread, soup, salad, shrimps and fried chicken and drank tumblers of claret and sugar and ice-water.

There were still poker parties occasionally in the Page flat; Emeline was quite familiar with poker phraseology now and if George seemed less pleased than he had been when she rattled away about hands, the men who came were highly diverted by it. Two or three other wives generally came now; there would be seven or eight players about the round table.

Fatigue would follow Emeline well into the next day after one of these card parties. If George were going out of town, she would send Julia off to play with other children in the house and lie in bed until noon, getting up now and then to hold a conversation with some tradesman through a crack in the door. About one o'clock she might sally forth in her favorite combination of wrapper and coat to buy cream and rolls and Julia would be regaled on sausages, hot cakes, bakery cookies and coffee or come in to find no lunch at all and that her mother had gone out for the afternoon.

Emeline had grown more and more infatuated with the theater, and all that pertained to it. She went to matinées twice a week and she and her group of intimate friends also "went Dutch" to evening performances whenever it was possible. Their conversation was spattered with theatrical terms and when, as occasionally happened, a real actress or even a chorus girl from the "Tivoli" joined their group,

"It Was All Delightful and Exciting. Julia Nibbled Caramels and Sat Curled Up on the Davenport, Watching Him"

Emeline could hardly contain her eagerness and her admiration. She loved, when rare chance offered, to go behind the scenes; she frankly envied the egotistic, talkative young theatrical beginners—so eager to talk of themselves and their ambitions, to discuss every detail from grease-paint to management. To poor hungry Emeline it was like a revelation of another, brighter world.

She would loiter out from the brief enchantment of "Two True Hearts" into the foggy dampness of Market Street at twilight, eagerly grasping the suggestion of ice-cream soda, because it meant a few minutes more with her friends. Perhaps, sipping the frothy confection Emeline would see some of the young actresses going by, just from the theater, buttoned into long coats, their faces still rosy from cold cream; they must rush off for a light dinner and be back at the theater at seven. At the sight of them a pang always shot through Emeline, an exquisite agony of jealousy seized her. Oh, to be so busy, so full of affairs, to move constantly from one place to another—now dragging a spangled gown, now gay as a peasant, now gaudily dressed as a page!

Emeline would finish her soda in silence, lift the overdressed Julia from her chair and start soberly for home. Perhaps they would find George there with his coat and shoes off and his big body flung down across the bed, asleep. George would wake up slowly with much yawning and grumbling—Emeline would add her gloves and belt to the unspeakable confusion of the bureau, and Julia would flatten her tired little back against the curve of an armchair and follow with heavy, brilliant eyes the argument that always followed.

"Well, we could get some chops—chops and potatoes—and a can of corn," Emeline would grudgingly admit as she tore off her tight corsets with a great gasp of relief and slipped into her kimono, "or you could get some spaghetti and some mangoes at the delicatessen——"

"Oh, Heavens cut out the delicatessen stuff!" George invariably said, "me for the chops, huh, Julia?"

"Or—we could all go out somewhere," Emeline might submit tentatively.

"Nit," George would answer. "Come on, Ju; we'll go buy a steak!"

But he was not very well pleased with his dinner, even when he had his own way. When he and Julia returned with their purchases Emeline invariably met them at the top of the stairs.

"We need butter, George, I forgot to tell you—you'll have to go back!" she would say. Julia, tired almost beyond endurance, still preferred to go with her father.

"What's the chances on a cup of tea?" George would say, seizing a half slice of bread, and doubling an ounce of butter into it, with his great thumb on the blade of his knife.

"You can have all the tea you want—but you'll have to use condensed milk!"

At this George would say "Damn!" and take himself and his evening paper to the armchair in the front window. When Emeline went in, after a cursory disposition of the dishes, she would find Julia curled in his arms and George sourly staring over the little silky head.

"It's up to you and it's your job, and it makes me sick to come home to such a dirty pen as this!" George would sometimes burst out. "Look at that—and look at that—look at that mantel!"

"Well—well—well!" Emeline would answer sharply, putting the mantel straight, or commencing to do so with a sort of lazy scorn. "I can't do everything!"

"Other men go home to decent dinners," George would pursue sullenly, "their wives aren't so darn lazy and selfish——"

Such a start as this always led to a bitter quarrel, and after it was over, Emeline, trembling with anger, would clear a corner of the cluttered drawing-room table and take out a shabby pack of cards for solitaire and George would put Julia to bed. All her life Julia Page remembered these scenes and these bedtimes.

ONE day Emeline came in to find George at home, ill. She had said good-by to him only the day before, for supposedly a week and was really concerned to find him back so soon, shivering and mumbling and apparently unable to get into bed. Emeline sent Julia flying to a neighbor, made George as comfortable as she could in the big bed and listened, with a conviction as firm as his own, to what he believed to be parting instructions and messages.

"I'm going, Em," said George heavily, "I'm worse now than I was when I started for home. I wanted to see you again, girl, and Julia, too. I—I can't breathe——"

Julia presently came flying in with a doctor and with a neighbor, Mrs. Cotter, who had telephoned to him. The doctor said that George had a sharp touch of influenza and Emeline settled down to nurse him.

George was a bad patient. He had a great many needs and he mentioned one after another in the weighty, serious tone of a person imparting valuable information.

Emeline got very tired of it, especially as George was much better on the third day and could sit up. He developed a stiff neck which made him very irritable, and even Julia "got on his nerves" and was banished for the day to the company of a cheerful Jewish family who lived on an upper floor. He sat in an armchair, wrapped in blankets, his rigid gaze roving a pitifully restricted perspective of street outside the window, an elaborate cough occasionally racking him.

Emeline had gotten a fairly tempting dinner under way. She could cook some things well and at five o'clock she came in from the kitchen with an appetizing tray.

"Gosh, is it dinner-time?" asked George.

"After five," Emeline said, flitting about the bedroom. Julia had come home now, sweet and tired and was silently eating slice after slice of bread and jam. Emeline opened out the bed-lounge, spread sheets and blankets smoothly, and flung a clean little night-gown for Julia across the foot. Darkness had fallen outside, she lighted the gas and drew the shades.

"This is comfortable!" said George. "I wouldn't mind being sick now and then at this rate! Come over here and undress near Pop, Julie. I'll tell you what, Em—you call down the air-shaft to Cass and tell him to send Henny up to make us a nice little coal fire here. I'll give Henny a quarter."

"She's gone into the bathroom to fix her hair and wash her face," Julia observed, as Emeline did not answer. A second later the child jumped up to answer a sharp knock on the door.

To George's disgust it was Emeline's friend, Mrs. Marvin Povey, who came in. Mrs. Povey was a tightly-corseted, coarse-voiced, highly-colored little blonde, breathless now from running up-stairs. Her sister, Myrtle Montague, was an ingénue in the little stock company at the Central Theater, and Mrs. Povey kept house for her and Mr. Povey, who spent all his waking hours at the race-tracks. The Poveys' flat was only a

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

block away from the flat in which the Pages lived.

George was furious to have this woman, whom he particularly detested, come in upon him thus informally and find him at so great a disadvantage. His neck was better, but he could not move it very easily still; he was trapped here in blankets like a baby; he was acutely conscious of his three-days' beard, of Julia's bed made up in the middle of the drawing-room and of Julia's self, partly disrobed and running about in the general disorder.

"Well, how does the other feller look?" said Mrs. Povey, laughing good-naturedly. "You look like you'd broke out of San Quentin, George, with that face! Hello, Darlin'," she added, waylaying Julia. "When are you going to come and be Aunt Mame's girl, huh? Going to come home with me to-night?"

"Em!" bellowed George, with only a sickly smile for the guest. "*Em!*"

"My God, what is it now?" said Emeline sweetly, popping in her head. "Oh, hello, Mame!" she added, coming in. "Where's the rest of the girls, dearie?"

"They've all blew up to the house with Myrt," said Mrs. Povey staring blankly at Emeline. "But say, ain't you going, dear?"

"Wait until I get my dress on, and we'll talk it over while I hook up," Emeline said, disappearing again. She did not glance at George.

"Myrt's in a new show, and a few of us girls are going to see that she gets a hand," Mrs. Povey said. "We're going to have supper at my house—Mary will have some of the boys there."

"I guess Emeline will have to wait till the next time," George said, coldly. "She wouldn't get much pleasure out of it, leaving me here as sick as I am!"

"Oh, I don't know!" Mrs. Povey half-sang, half-laughed. "Emeline likes a good time like all the rest of us, George, and it don't do to keep a pretty girl shut up all the time!"

"Shut up? She's never here," George growled.

"Well, we'll see!" Mrs. Povey hummed contentedly. A moment later Emeline came in, wrenching the hooks of her best gown together. She had her hat on and looked excited and resolute.

"I forgot I'd promised to go out with the girls, George," she began. "You don't care, do you? You've had your supper, and all Julia's got to do is get into bed."

George looked balefully from one to the other. Mrs. Povey chanced a quick little wink of approval and encouragement at Emeline, and he saw it.

"A lot you forgot!" he said harshly to his wife. "You've been getting ready for the last hour. Don't either of you think that you're fooling me—I see through it! I could lay here and die and a lot you'd care! You forgot—ha!"

The blood rushed instantly into Emeline's face, she turned upon him her ugliest look and the hand with which she was buttoning her glove trembled.

"Now, I'll tell you something, Mr. George Page!" said she, in an intense and passionate tone, "there are things I'd rather do than set around this house and hear you tell how sick you are! You think I'm a white chip in this family, but let me tell you something—there's plenty of lovely friends I got who think I'm a fool to keep it up! I had an offer to go on the stage not a month ago, from a manager who didn't even know I was married, didn't I, Mame? And if it wasn't for Julia there——"

"You've not got anything on me, 'Em," George said, breathing hard, his face blood-red with anger. "Do you think that if it wasn't for this kid, I'd——"

"Oh, folks—folks!" Mrs. Povey said, really concerned.

"Well—I don't care!" Emeline said, panting. She crossed the floor still panting, kissed Julia and swept from the room. Mrs. Povey, murmuring some confused farewell, followed her.

JULIA climbed out of her big chair. Like all children she was frightened by loud voices and domestic scenes; she was glad now that the quarrel was over and anxious, in a small girl's fashion, to blot the recent unpleasantness from her father's mind.

She sat on his knee and talked to him, she sang, she patted his aching neck with sleek, dirty little fingers. And finally she won him. George laughed, and entered into her mood. He thought her a very smart little girl as indeed she was. She had a precocious knowledge of the affairs of her mother's friends, sordid affairs enough and more sordid than ever when retailed by a child's fresh mouth. Julia talked of money trouble, of divorce, of dressmaker's bills, of diseases; she repeated insolent things that had been said to her in the street and her insolent replies; her rich delicious laugh broke out over the memory of the "drunk" that had been thrown out of Cassidy's.

George laughed at it all; it sounded very funny to him, coming from this very small person with her round, serious eyes, and her mop of gold. He asked her what she wanted him to bring her next time he came home and Julia said black boots with white tops and tassels and made him laugh again.

Thus early did Julia act as a mediator between her parents, but of this particular occasion she had no recollection, nor of much that followed it. Had she been a few years older she might really have effected a lasting reconciliation between them for all that was best in George made him love his daughter, and Emeline was intensely proud of the child. As it was, Julia was too young. She might unconsciously be the means of reuniting them now and then, but she could not grasp the situation, and when she was not quite seven a degree of divorce on the ground of desertion, set both Emeline and George free after eight years of married life.

Emeline was too frightened at the enormity of the thing to be either glad or sorry. She had never meant to go so far. She had threatened George with divorce just as George had threatened her, in the heat of anger practically since her wedding-day. But the emotion that finally drove Emeline to a lawyer was not anger, it was just dull rebellion against the gray, monotonous level of her days.

Poor Emeline—she could easily have held him! A little tenderness toward him, a little interest in her home and her child—and George would have been won again. Had he but once come home to a contented wife and a clean house, George's wavering affection would have been regained. But Emeline was a loud-mouthed, assertive woman now, noisily set upon her own way, and filled with a sense of her own wrongs. She had discussed George too often with her friends to feel any possible interest in him except as a means of procuring sympathy. George bored her now, as a matter of fact Emeline had almost decided that after all she would really prefer alimony to George.

A FEAST OF FICTION IN FEBRUARY

Six striking short stories in next month's PICTORIAL REVIEW. The writers are all Big Names in the fiction world. They are:

JUSTUS MILES FORMAN, author of "The Stumbling Block," "Journey's End," "The Blind Spot," etc.

MAY ISABEL FISK, author of "Monologues," "The Eternal Feminine," etc.

JOSEPH O'BRIEN, author of "The Confessions of a Ready-Made Parent."

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR, author of "Joyce of the Jasmines," "A Maid in Arcady," etc.

ALICE GARLAND STEELE, author of the "Trixie" stories.

W. DOUGLAS NEWTON, author of "War" and "The North Afire," etc.

Here will be found fiction for every taste: Love, Romance, Mystery, Adventure, War and Comedy.

GOADED on by Mrs. Povey and a young Mrs. Sunius, affectionately known as Maybelle, Emeline went to see a lawyer. The lawyer surprised her by his considerate brevity. Getting a divorce was a very simple affair, much better done than not. The lawyer asked her how soon she could get hold of her husband.

"Why he'll let me know as soon as he's in town," Emeline said vaguely, "he'll come home."

"Come home, eh?" said the lawyer, with a shrewd look. "He knows your intentions, of course?"

"He ought to!" said Emeline with spirit, and she began again: "I don't think there's a person in the world could say that I'm not a good wife, Mr. Knowles! I never so much as looked at another man—I swear to God I never did! And there's no other man in the case. If I can have my darling little girl and just live quiet, with a few friends near me, that's all I ask! If Mr. Page had his way, I'd never put foot out-of-doors, but mind you, *he'd* be off with the boys every night. And that means drink, you know——"

"Well, well," the young lawyer said soothingly, "I guess you've been treated pretty mean, all right——"

George did not come home at all that night. On the next afternoon, Sunday afternoon, Julia was playing in the street with two other small girls. Their game was simple. The three huddled into the deep doorway that led to Julia's home, clinging tight to each other, laughing and shouting. Then at a given signal they rushed screaming forth, charged across the street as if pursued by a thousand furies and took shelter in a similar doorway, next to the saloon across the street. This performance had been repeated, back and forth, perhaps a dozen times when Julia found her father waylaying her.

"Where y' going?" asked Julia, noticing that he carried a hand-bag.

George sat down on the dirty cement steps that connected his dwelling with the sidewalk, and drew Julia between his knees.

"I've got to go away, Julia," said he, sadly.

"And ain't choo going to take me to the Park—*never?*" asked Julia, with a trembling lip.

George freed a lock of her hair that had gotten caught in her collar, with clumsy, gentle fingers.

"Mama's mad at me and I'm going away for a while, dear," said he, clearing his throat. "But you be a good girl, and I'll come take you to the Park, some day."

Something in the gravity of his tone impressed Julia.

"But I don't want you to go away," she said, tearfully. George got up hastily.

"Come on—walk with Pop to the car," he commanded, and Julia trotted contentedly beside him to Market Street. There she gave him a child's soft, impersonal kiss, staring up at the buildings opposite as she did so. George jumped on a cable car, wedged his bag under his knees as he took a seat on the dummy and looked back at the little figure that was moving toward the dingy opening of O'Farrell Street and at the spring sunshine bright on the child's hair.

In Summer the rear parlor that was Mrs. Page's bedroom was a rather dim and dreary place; such light as it had fell through one long, high window that gave only upon a narrow air-shaft. It was only in mid-July that the actual sunlight—a bright and fleeting triangle—touched the worn red carpet and the curly-maple bed. In Winter the window gave almost no light at all, Julia dressed by gaslight ten months out of the year and had to sit up in her warm blankets and stare at the clock on a certain January morning in her fourteenth year, to make sure whether it said twenty minutes of eleven or five minutes of eight o'clock. It was five minutes of eight—no mistake about it—but eight o'clock was early for the Pages, mother and daughter. Julia sighed and cautiously stretched forth an arm—a bare shapely little arm with bangles on the round wrist and rings on the smooth fingers—and picked a book from the floor. Cautiously settling herself on the pillows she plunged into her novel—now and then pushing back a loose strand of hair or bringing her pretty finger-nails close to her eyes for an admiring and critical scrutiny.

An hour passed—another hour. The clock in the front room struck a silvery ten. Then Julia slammed her book noisily together and gave a sharp push to the recumbent form beside her.

"Ah—no—darling—" moaned Mrs. Page, tortured out of dreams. "Don't—Julia——"

"Aw, wake up, Mama!" the daughter urged. Whereupon the older woman rolled on to her back, yawned luxuriously and said, quite composedly:

"Hello, darling! What time is it?"

Emeline had aged in seven years; she looked hopelessly removed from youth and beauty now, but later in the day when her hair would be taken out of its crimping kids, her sallow cheeks touched with rouge and her veined neck covered by a high collar, a coral chain and an ostrich feather ruff, some traces of her former good looks might be visible. She still affected tight corsets, high heels, enormous hats. But Emeline's interest in her own appearance was secondary now to her fierce pride and faith in Julia's beauty.

Emeline dressed, went about, flirted and gossiped still; she liked cocktails and cards and restaurant dinners; she was an authority on all things theatrical; her favorite pose was that of the martyred mother. "All I have left," Emeline would say, kissing her daughter effectively, before strangers. "And only God knows what it has cost me to keep my girlie with me!"

Julia would grin good-naturedly at this. She had no hallucinations about her mother. She knew her own value, knew she was pretty, and was glad with the simple and pathetic complacence of fourteen. Julia at eight had gone to dancing-school, in the briefest skirts ever seen on a small girl, and the dirtiest white silk stockings. She had sung a shrill little song, and danced a little dance at a public benefit for the widows of three heroic firemen, when she was only nine. Her lovely mop had been crimped out of all natural wave; her youthful digestion menaced by candy and chewing-gum; her naturally rather sober and pensive disposition completely altered—or at least eclipsed. Julia could chatter of the stage, could give a pert answer to whoever accosted her, could tell a dressmaker exactly how she wanted a gown made, at twelve. While her mother slept in the morning, before the girl learned to sleep late, too, the child would get up and slip out. Her playground was O'Farrell Street, dry and hot in Summer, wrapped in soft fog four mornings a week the year round, reeking of stale beer and echoing to the rattle of cable-cars.

THE little Julia flitted about everywhere; watching janitors as they hosed down the sidewalks outside the saloons or rinsed cuspidors; watching grocers set out their big signs for the day; watching little restaurants open, and first-comers sit down to get cups of coffee and plates of hot cakes. Perhaps the sight of food would remind the little girl of her own empty stomach—she would straggle home just as the first sunshine was piercing the fog, and loiter up-stairs, and peep into the bedroom to see what the chances of a meal might be.

Emeline usually rolled over to smile at the little girl when she heard the door open, and Julia would be sent to the delicatessen store for the component parts of a substantial meal. Julia loved the cramped, clean, odorous shop that smelled of wet wood and mixed mustard, pickles and smoked fish. At her request, a little cream bottle would be filled from an immense can, the shopkeeper's wife wiping the bottle with a damp rag and a bony hand. And the pat of butter, the rolls, and the sliced ham and the cheese—Herr Bauer scratched their prices with a stubby pencil on an oily bit of paper, checked their number by the number of bundles, gave Julia the buttery change and Julia hurried home for a delicious loitering breakfast with her mother. Emeline, still in her limp, lace-trimmed night-gown, with a spotted kimono hanging loosely over it, and her hair a wildly tousled mass at the top of her head, presided at a clear end of the kitchen table—she and Julia occupied only two rooms of the original apartment now; a young lawyer, his wife and two mysterious young men who came and went for years without ever betraying anything of their own lives to their neighbors, occupied the two larger rooms. Julia only knew that they were young, quiet, hard-working and of irreproachable habits.

But she knew the people in the front room very well. Mrs. Raymond Toomey was a neat, bright, hopeful little woman, passionately devoted to her husband and her spoiled, high-voiced little son. Raymond Toomey was a big, blustering fool of a man, handsome in a coarse sort of way, noisy, shallow and opinionated. Whenever there were races, the Toomeys went to the races, taking the precocious "Doydy," in his velvet Fauntleroy suit and

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

tasseled shoes, and taking "Baby," a shivering little terrier with wet, terrified eyes. Sometimes Mrs. Toomey came out to the kitchen in the morning to curl her ostrich feathers over the gas-stove, or join Mrs. Page in a cup of coffee.

"God, girlie, that goes to the spot," she would yawn, stirring her cup; both elbows on the table. "We had a fierce day yesterday and Ray took a little too much last night—you know how men are! He had a stable tip yesterday and went the limit—like a fool! I play hunches—there's no such thing as a tip!"

And sometimes she would put a little printed list of entries before Julia and say:

"Pick me a winner, darling. Go on—just pick any one!"

Julia soon reached the age when she could get her own breakfast, and then—mingled with a growing appreciation of the girl's beauty—her mother felt that gratitude always paid by an indolent person to one of energy. She knew that her child was finer than she was—prettier, cleverer, more refined. She herself had never had any reserves; she had always screamed or shouted or cried or run away when things crossed her, but she saw Julia daily displaying self-control and composure such as she had never known. There were subtleties in Julia, her sweet firm young mouth closed over the swift-coming words she would not say, her round, round blue eyes were wiser already than were her mother's.

The girl had grown very handsome. Her joyous, radiant coloring was contradicted by her serious expression, her proud, unsmiling mouth. Her eyes were dark, her coloring softly dark; she had the velvety, tawny skin that usually accompanies dark hair. Yet her hair was a pure and exquisite gold. She wore it fluffed over her ears, falling loosely across her forehead and dressed on her neck, in a rather absurd and artificial fashion. But the effect of her grave little face and severe expression, with this opulent gold, and her red lips and round blue eyes, was very piquant. Powder, and even the earrings she sometimes wore, did not rob Julia of the appearance of a sweet, wilful and petulant child. Besides the powder and earrings, she indulged in cologne, in open-work silk stockings and high heels, in chains and rings and bracelets.

Julia's mind, at this time, was a curious little whirlpool. She had the natural arrogance of her years; she felt that she had nothing to learn. She had an affectionate contempt for her mother, and gave advice more often than she accepted it from Emeline. Julia naturally loved order and cleanliness, but she never came in contact with them. Emeline sometimes did not air or make her bed for weeks at a time. She washed only such dishes as were absolutely necessary for the next meal. She never sent out a bundle to the laundry, but washed handkerchiefs and some underwear herself, at erratic intervals, drying them on windows, or the backs of various chairs. Emeline always had a pair or more of silk stockings soaking in a little bowl of cold suds, in the bedroom, and occasionally carried a waist, or a lace petticoat, to the little French laundress on Powell Street, and drove a sharp bargain with her. Julia accepted the situation very cheerfully; she and her mother both enjoyed their lazy, aimless existence, and to Julia, at least, the future was full of hope. She could do any one of a dozen things that would lead to fame and fortune.

It was tacitly understood that Julia was to be an actress some day when she was older, and the boarding-house of Mrs. Minnie Tarbury to which the Pages were idly sauntering, was inhabited almost entirely by theatrical folks. Emeline and Julia were quite at home in the shabby overcrowded house in Eddy Street, and to-day walked in at the basement door under a flight of wooden stairs that led to the parlor floor and surprised the household who were laughing and talking at the table in the dark, bay-windowed front room.

MRS. TARBURY, a large, uncorseted woman, presided. Her boarders, girls for the most part, were scattered down the long table. Luncheon was properly over but the girls were still gossiping over their tea. Flies buzzed in the sunny window and the rumpled table-cloth was covered with crumbs. Mrs. Tarbury kissed Mrs. Page, and Julia settled down between two affectionate chorus girls.

"You know you're getting to be the handsomest thing that ever lived, Ju!" said one of these. Julia smiled without raising her eyes from the knives and forks with which she was absently playing.

"She's got the blues to-day," said her mother. "Not a word out of her!"

"Is that right, Ju?" somebody asked solicitously.

"Just about as right as Maina ever gets it," the girl said, still with her indifferent smile. Because her mother was shallow and violent, she had learned to like a pose of silence, of absent-mindedness and because of the small yet sufficient income afforded by the rented rooms and from alimony, Julia was removed from the necessity that drove these other girls to the hard and constant work of the stage and could afford her favorite air of the fastidious waiting. She was going to be an actress, yes. But not until some plum worthy of her beauty and youth was offered. Meanwhile she listened to the others, eagerly followed the history of the favorites of the stage and never saw less than four shows a week. Julia, at Juliet's age, had her own ideas as to the interpretation of the balcony scene and could tell why she thought the art of Miss Rehan less finished than that of Madame Modjeska. But personally she lacked ambition in this direction at least.

"Say, Julia, want to walk down to Kearney with me?" Miss Girard said, jumping up. "I want to get my corsets and we might drop in and see if we can work Foster for some seats for to-night."

"I've got a date to-night," said Julia, with a glance at her mother.

"What's that?" Emeline said sharply.

"Why, Mama, I told you I was going to the Orpheum with the Rosenthals—"

"She's going with the whole bunch," Mrs. Page commented, with a shrug. "I can't stand them, but she can!"

"I think Mark Rosenthal's a darling," some girl said. "I want to tell you right now there's not anybody can play the piano as good as he can."

"That's right," Julia said, very low.

"Well, excuse me from the bunch!" Mrs. Page said, lazily.

"But we've got a real pretty little blush, just the same!" Mrs. Tarbury said, smiling at Julia. The girls shouted and Julia grew still more red. "Never mind, Baby Love!" said the older woman, soothingly. "It's just Aunt Min's nonsense—say, but listen, Julia!" her tone grew suddenly intense. "I meant to ask you something—listen. Say, no fooling, Artheria wants to know if you would take a job."

"Twenty a week and twenty towns a month," Julia said, still ruffled. "No, I would not."

"No, this isn't anything like that, dearie," explained Mrs. Tarbury. "There's going to be a big amachure show for charity at the 'Grand' next month and they want a few professionals in it, to buck up the others. All the swells are going to be in it—it's going to be something elegant! Of course they'd pay something, and it'd be a lot of fun for you!"

"I don't know," Julia hesitated. "What d'ye think, Mama?"

"I think he's got his gall along," Mrs. Page admitted, "One night—and to learn the whole thing for that. I'll tell you what to tell him—you tell him this—you say that you can't do it for one cent less'n a hundred dollars!"

"Lay down, Towse!" cried Connie Girard and Mrs. Tarbury expressed the same incredulity as she said benevolently, "What a pipe-dream, Em—she's lucky if she gets ten!"

"Ten!" squeaked Julia's mother, but Julia silenced her by saying, carelessly:

"I'll tell you what, Aunt Min. If Con and I get through in time we'll go in and see Artheria to-day. I'd do it for twenty-five——"

"Well, you might get twenty-five," Mrs. Tarbury said, mollified. "If it's a long part."

"Don't you be fool enough to do it for a cent under fifty," Emeline said.

Julia smiled at her vaguely and added to her farewells a daughterly: "Your hat's all right, Mama, but your veil's sort of caught up over your ear. Fix it before you go out. We'll be back here at five——"

"Or we'll meet you at 'Monte's,'" said Connie.

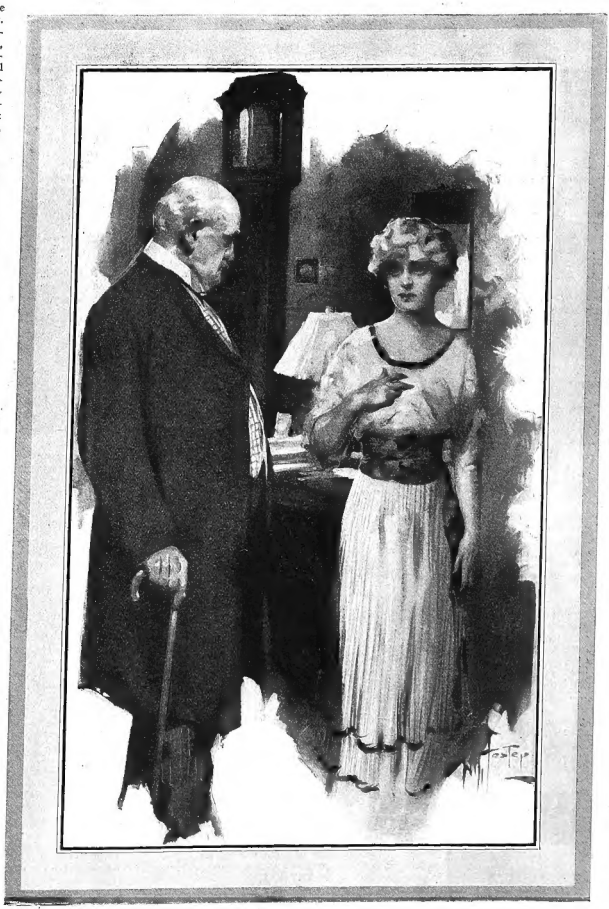
The two girls walked briskly down Eddy Street, conscious of their own charms and conscious of the world about them. Connie was nearly nineteen, a simple, happy little flirt who had been in and out of love constantly for three or four years. Julia knew her very well and admired her heartily. Connie had twice had a speaking part in the past year and the younger girl felt her to be well on her way toward fame. Miss Girard's family of plain, respectable folk lived in Stockton and were somewhat distressed by her choice of a vocation, but Connie was really a rather well-behaved girl and a safe adviser for Julia.

"Say, listen, Con," said Julia, presently, "you know Mark Rosenthal?"

"Sure," said Connie. "Look here, Ju," she paused at a window. "Don't you think these Chinese hand-bags are swell?"

"Grand. But listen, Con," said Julia, shamefacedly honest as a boy. "He's got a case on me——"

"On you?" echoed Connie. "Why, he's twenty!"



"I Thought I'd Drop in on Your Mama! No Good Letting This Other Little Lady Have It *All* Her Own Way!"

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

"I know, of course, that he's much older," Julia agreed.

"But, my Lord, Ju, your mother won't stand for that!"

"Mama don't know it."

"Well, I don't think you ought to do that, Ju," Connie began gravely. But Julia, with sudden angry tears in her eyes, stopped her.

"I've *not* done anything!" she said, crossly. And suddenly Connie saw the truth; that Julia, in spite of paint, powder, and crimped hair, was only a little girl after all, still young enough to resent being teased about boys.

"What's he do?" she asked presently.

"Well, he—he—I have supper with them sometimes," Julia's words poured out eagerly, "and he'll kiss me, you know——"

"*Kiss* you! The nerve!"

"Oh, before them all, I mean—like he always has done. His mother just laughs. And then last week when he asked me to go to 'Morosco's' with them why, it was just us two—the others had gone somewhere else."

"Well, of all gall!" said Connie, absorbed.

"And I've been up there with him thousands of times," said Julia. "Maybe Hannah'd be there, or Lillian—but sometimes we'd be alone—while he was playing the piano, you know."

"Well, now you look-a-here, Julia," said Connie impressively, "you cut out that being alone business and the kissing, too. And now how about to-night? Are you sure his whole family is going to-night?"

"Well, that's just it, I'm not," Julia confessed, flattered by Connie's interest.

"Then you don't go one step, my dear; just you fool him a bunch! You see you're like a little boy, Ju, kisses don't mean nothing to you, *yet*. But you'll get a crush some day yourself and then you'll feel like a fool if you've got mixed up with the wrong one—see?"

"Sure," said Julia, hoarse and embarrassed. Yet she liked the sensation of being scolded by Connie, too, and tried shyly as the conversation seemed inclined to veer toward Connie's own affairs to bring it back to her own.

THE little matter of the corsets being settled, they sauntered through the always diverting streets toward the office of Leopold Artheris, manager of the Occidental Theater, and a very good friend of both girls.

They found him idle, in a bright, untidy office lined with the pictures of stage favorites and with three windows open to the sun and air.

"You're placed, I think, Miss Girard?" said he, giving her a fat, puffy, little hand. He was a stout short man of fifty, with a bald spot showing under a mop of graying curls, and a bushy mustache also streaked with gray.

"And you, my dear?" said Artheris, turning toward Julia.

"She's come to see you about that amachure job," said Connie, losing interest in the theatrical magazine that she had picked up from the much littered table. Artheris's blandly smiling face underwent an instant change. He elevated his eyebrows, pursed his lips and nodded with sudden interest.

"Oh—to be sure—to be sure! The performance of 'The Amazons' for a hospital—yes, well! And what do you think of it, Miss Page?" he said.

Julia stretched out her little feet before her, shrugged, and brought an indifferent eye to bear upon the manager.

"What's there in it?" she asked.

"Well, now, *that* you'd have to settle with them," smiled Mr. Artheris.

"Oh, rot!" said Connie cheerfully. "*You* manage that for her; what does *she* know? Go on!"

"But, my dear young lady, *I* have nothing to do with it!" the man protested. "They come to me and wish to hire my theater, lights, ushers, orchestra, and then they ask me if I know of a young actress who will take a part—to give them all confidence, you see," he made encouraging gestures with his fat little hands, "to—to carry the performance, as it were!"

"What part?" asked Connie shrewdly.

"The part of—of—a splendid part, that of the Sergeant," said Artheris cheerfully.

"Yes, I know that part," Connie said, grimly.

"The idea is to have Miss Julia here understudy all the parts," said the manager quickly. "These amateurs are very apt to disappoint, do you see? They feel that there would be a sense of security in having a professional right there to fill in a gap."

"Why, that would mean she'd have to learn practically the whole play," said Connie. "They ought to be willing to pay a good price for that. Of course Miss Page is only seventeen," she continued, a calculating eye on Julia, whose appearance did not belie the statement.

Just then the door of Mr. Artheris's office was opened, and a man put in his head. He was a young man, tall, thin, faultlessly dressed and possessed of an infectious smile.

"Excuse me, Mr. Artheris," beamed the intruder, "but could I have a look at the stage? Far be it from me to interrupt or any little thing like that," he continued easily, "but my mother'd have me dragged out and shot if I came home without seeing it!"

"Come in—come in, Mr. Hazzard," said Artheris cordially, "you're just the man we want to see! Miss Girard—Miss Page—Mr. Hazzard. Mr. Hazzard is managing this very affair—manager, isn't that it?"

"Heaven knows what I am," said Carter Hazzard, mopping his forehead and appreciative of Miss Page's beauty and the maturer charms of Miss Girard. "I'm bell-hop for the whole crowd. My sister plays *Thomasin*, her steady is *Tweenwayes* and my mother's a director in the hospital. Fix it up to suit yourselves, you'll see that I'm every one's goat."

Both the girls laughed, and Artheris said:

"I am glad you came in, for Miss Page is the young lady of whom I spoke to you. Unfortunately, it seems that she has just promised to sign a contract with the Alcazar people."

"Oh, shucks! Can't you put it off until after the fifteenth?" asked Mr. Hazzard in alarm.

"Too much money in it," Connie said, shaking her head.

"Well—well, we expected to—to pay, of course," Carter said, embarrassed at this crudeness. And Julia, blushing furiously, muttered, "Oh—it wasn't the *pay!*"

"In a word, Miss Page's price is twenty-five dollars a night," said Artheris. "Could your people pay it?"

"Why—why, I suppose we could," Hazzard said uncomfortably. "It's—it's for a charity, you know," he ended weakly.

"Well, Miss Page's usual price is fifty—she's already reduced it half!" Connie said briskly.

JULIA was now bitterly ashamed of her manager and her friend; her face was burning.

"I'll do it, of course," she promised. "And we'll arrange the terms afterward!"

"Good work!" said Hazzard, gaily. In a few moments, when they all went out to look at the stage, he dropped behind the others and began to walk beside her.

"You're sure you're old enough to be on the stage, Miss Page?" he asked, banteringly. "You don't look over twelve!"

Julia flashed him an oblique look.

"The idea—I'm nearly seventeen!" she said, with an uncertain little laugh. His ardent eyes embarrassed her.

"Honest?" said Carter Hazzard, in a low, caressing tone. He laid his fingers on her arm. "What's your hurry?" he asked.

"We ought to keep with the others," Julia stammered scarlet-cheeked but half-laughing. At the same instant his inclination to cut across her path brought her to a full stop. She backed against a heavily tasseled and upholstered old armchair that chanced to be standing in the wings, and sitting down on one of its high arms, looked straight up into his eyes. The others had gone on; they were alone in the drafty wings.

"Why ought we?" said Hazzard, still in a low voice full of significance, his eyes on her shoulder, where he straightened a ruffle that was caught under a chain of beads. "If you like me and I like you, why shouldn't we have a little talk?"

However young she might appear, the inanities of a flirtation were a familiar field to Julia. She gave him a demure and unsmiling glance from between curled lashes, and said:

"What would you like to talk about?"

By this time their faces were close together, a sort of heady lightness in the atmosphere set them both to laughing foolishly, their voices trembled on uncertain notes. An exhilarating sense of her own sex and charm thrilled Julia; she knew that he found her sweet and young and wonderful.

"I'd like to talk about you!" said Carter Hazzard. Julia found his audacity delightful; she began to feel that she could not keep up with the dazzling rush of his repartee. "You know, the minute I saw you—" he added.

CHARLOTTE PERKINS GILMAN

Who is unquestionably America's Foremost Woman Philosopher, is writing a notable series of articles for PICTORIAL REVIEW. Next month she tells

"WHY MARRIAGE WILL KEEP"

The woman who prides herself on being well informed will find in this unusual article much food for thought.

"Now, *don't* tell me I'm pretty!" Julia begged, with another flashing look.

"No—no!" the man exclaimed, discarding mere beauty with violence. "Pretty—Lord! what does prettiness matter? Of course you're pretty, but do you know what I said to myself the minute I saw you? I said, 'I'll bet that little girl has *brains!*' You smile, " said Mr. Hazzard, with passionate earnestness, "but I'll swear to God I did!"

"Oh, you just want me to believe that!" scoffed Julia, dimpling.

What they said, however, mattered as little as what might be said by the two occupants of a boat that was drifting swiftly toward rapids.

"Why do you think an unkind thing like that?" Carter asked, reproachfully.

"Was that unkind?" Julia countered innocently. At which Mr. Hazzard observed irrelevantly, in a low voice:

"Do you know you're absolutely fascinating? Do you? You're just the kind of little girl I want to know—to be friends with—to have for a pal!"

Julia was quite wise enough to know that whatever qualifications she possessed for this pleasing position could hardly have made themselves evident to Mr. Hazzard during their very brief acquaintance, and she was not a shade more sincere than he as she answered coquettishly:

"Yes, that's what they all say. And then they—" she stopped.

"And then they—what?" breathed Carter, playing with the loose ribbons of her feather boa.

"Then they fall in love with me!" pouted the girl, raising round eyes.

Carter was intoxicated at this confession and laughed out loud.

"But you're too young to play at falling in love!" he warned her. "How old are you—seventeen? And you haven't told me your name yet!"

"You know my name is Miss Page," smiled Julia.

"And do you think I'm going to call you that?" Carter reproached her.

"It might be Jane—" she suggested.

"Yes, but it isn't—you little devil!" Suddenly the man caught both her wrists and Julia got on her feet, and instinctively flung back her head. "You're going to kiss me for that!" he said, half-laughing, half-vexed.

"Oh, no I'm not!" A sudden twist of her body failed to free her and the plume on her hat brushed his cheek.

"Oh, yes you are!" He caught both wrists in one of his strong hands and put his arm about her shoulders like a vise, turning her face toward his at the same time. Julia, furious with the nervous fear that this scuffling would be overheard, and that Carter would make her ridiculous, glared at him and they remained staring fixedly at each other for a few moments.

"You *dare!*" she whispered then, held so tightly that Carter could hear her heart beat, "and I'll scream loud enough to bring every one in the place!"

"All right—you little cat!" he laughed, freeing her suddenly. Julia tossed her head and walked off without speaking, but presently an oblique swift glance at him showed his expression to be all penitent and beseeching; their eyes met and they both laughed. Still laughing, they came upon Artheris and Connie, and all walked out together on the deserted stage.

WHEN she and Connie strolled out again it was, for Julia at least, into a changed world. The immortal hour of romance touched even sordid Eddy Street with gold. Julia walked demurely, but conscious of a score of swallows taking flight from a curb, conscious of the pathetic beauty of the little draggled mother wheeling home her sleepy baby, the setting sunlight glittering in the eyes of both.

"He's nothing but a big spoiled kid, if you want to know what I think," said Connie, ending a long dissertation to which Julia had only half listened.

"He—who?" asked Julia, suddenly recalled from dreams, and feeling her heart turn liquid within her. A weakness seized her knees, a delicious chill ran up her spine.

"Hazzard—the smarty!" Connie elucidated carelessly.

"Oh, sure!" Julia said, heavily. She made no further comment.

The sweetness of the dying spring day flooded the city, and its very essence pierced Julia's heart with a vague pain that was a pleasure, too. Presently she and Connie walked to California Street and climbed a steep block or two to the *Maison Montiverte*.

Julia and her mother and a large proportion of their acquaintances dined at *Montiverte* perhaps a hundred times a year. There was a regular twenty-five-cent dinner that was extremely good, there was a fifty-cent dinner fit for a king, and there were specialties *de la maison*, as for example a combination salad at twenty cents, that was a meal in itself.

Julia and Connie were early to-night and took their regular places at a long table that was as yet surrounded only by empty chairs. Madame, who was feeding bread and milk to a black-eyed three-year-old at a little table in a corner, nodded a welcome and a young Frenchwoman, putting her head in through a swinging door at the back, also nodded and said, showing a double row of white teeth:

"Wait—een?"

"Yes, we'll wait for the others!" Connie called back. She and Julia nibbled French bread, and played with their knives and forks while they waited.

Patrons of *Montiverte* began to saunter in, by twos and threes. Some of these the girls knew and saluted familiarly; others were strangers, and ignored, and made to feel as uncomfortable as possible. Julia's beauty was always the object of notice and she loved to appear entirely unconscious of it, to sparkle and chatter as if no eyes were upon her. Emeline came in with one or two older women, and Julia looked up from a great bowl of soup to nod to her.

"Sign up?" asked Emeline, languidly. And two or three strangers, obviously impressed by the term, waited for the answer.

"Oh, I guess I'll do it to please Artheris!" Julia said. The girl was fairly aglow to-night, palpitating and thrilling with youth and the joy of life. Everything distracted her—everything amused her—yet now and then she found a quiet moment in which to take out her little memories of the afternoon and to review them with a curiously palpitating heart.

Somebody produced free seats for the Alcazar Theater, and Julia allowed herself to drift along with the crowd. They were late for the performance but nobody cared; they had all seen it before, and after commenting on it in a way that somewhat annoyed their neighbors, they straggled out, in the beginning of the last act, giggling and chewing gum. Julia, raising bewildered sweet, childish

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

eyes to the stars above noisy O'Farrell Street, was brought suddenly to earth by a touch on her arm.

It was a dark, tall, young man who stepped out of a shadowy doorway to address her, a man of twenty, perhaps, with all the ripe and sensuous beauty of the young Jew. His skin was a clear olive, his magnificent black eyes were set off with evenly curling lashes and his firm mouth, under its faint mustache, made a touch of scarlet color among the rich brunette tones. He was dressed with a scrupulous niceness and carried a long light overcoat on his arm.

"Julia!" he said somberly, coming forward, his eyes only for her.

"Why, hello, Mark!" Julia answered. And with a little concern creeping into her manner she went on, "Why, what is it?"

Young Rosenthal glanced at her friends, and formally offering her his arm, said seriously:

"You will walk with me?"

"We were going down to Haas's for ice-cream sodas," Julia submitted hesitatingly.

"Well, I will take you there," Mark said. And as the others, nodding good-naturedly at this, drifted on ahead, Julia found herself walking down O'Farrell Street on the arm of a tall and handsome man.

"What's the matter, Mark?" she asked, by way of opening the conversation.

"Oh, nothing whatever!" Mark answered in a rich, full voice and with elaborate irony. "You promised to go to the 'Orpheum' with me and I waited—and I waited—and you did not come. But that is nothing, of course!"

Julia's anger smote her dumb for a moment. Then she jerked her arm from his, and burst out:

"I'll *tell* you why I didn't meet you to-night, Mark Rosenthal—and if you don't like it you know what you can do! Last week you asked me would I go to the 'Baldwin' with you and I said yes, and then when it came right down to it—your mother wasn't going and Sophy and Hannah weren't going and Otto wasn't going—and I tell you right now that Mama don't like me to go to the theater——"

"Well, well, well!" Mark interrupted soothingly, half-laughing, half-aghast at this burst of rebuke from the usually gentle Julia. "Don't be so cross about it! So—" He put her arm in his again. "I like to have you to myself Julia," he said, his boyish, handsome face suddenly flushing, his voice very low. "Do you know why?"

"No," said Julia after a pause, the word strangling her.

"You don't, eh?" Mark said, with a smiling side glance.

"Nope," said Julia, dimpling as she returned the look, and shutting her pretty lips firmly over the little word.

"Do you know you are ador-r-rable?" Mark said, in a sort of eager rush. "Will you go to Maskey's with me, instead of joining the others at Haas's?" he asked, more quietly.

"Well," Julia said. She was her own mistress. Her mother had gone home during the play with Mrs. Toomey, who complained of a headache. So, grinning like conspirators, they stayed on the south side of the street until it joined Market and then went by the fountain and the big newspaper buildings, and slipped into the confectioner's. Julia sent an approving side glance at herself in the mirror, as she drew a satisfied breath of the essence-laden air. She loved lights, perfumes, voices—and all were here.

An indifferent young woman wiped their table with a damp rag, as she took their order; both, with the daring of their years, deciding upon the murderous combination of banana ice-cream and soda with chopped nuts and fruit. Julia had no sooner settled back contentedly to wait for it, than her eye encountered the beaming faces of her late companions who, finding Haas's crowded, had naturally drifted on to Maskey's.

Much giggling and blushing and teasing ensued; Julia was radiant as a rose. Every time she caught sight of her own pretty reflection in the surrounding mirrors a fresh thrill of self-confidence warmed her. She and Mark followed the banana confection with a dish apiece of raspberry ice-cream and afterward walked home—it was not far—to the house in which they both lived.

"And so we don't quarrel any more?" Mark asked, in the dim hallway outside her door.

"Not if you won't play mean tricks on me!" Julia pouted, raising her face so that the dim light of the gas-jet that burned year in and year out, in the blistered red glass shade, fell upon the soft curves of her face.

It was a deliberate piece of coquetry, and Julia, although neither he nor any other man had ever done it before, was not at all surprised to have Mark suddenly close his strong arms about her and kiss her with a sort of repressed violence, on the mouth. She struggled from his hold, as a matter of course, laughed a little laugh of triumph and excitement, and shut herself into her own room.

"The Other Girl Eyed Her Almost Enviously. 'I Wish I Could Do Something—Sometimes,' She Sighed"

EMELINE was lying in bed, looking over some fashion and theatrical magazines. Upon her daughter's entrance she gave a comfortable yawn.

"Did Mark find you, Julia? He was sitting on the stairs when I got home, mad because you didn't go out with them."

"Yep, he found me!" Julia answered, still panting.

"It strikes me he's a little mushy on you, Julia," Emeline said lazily, turning a page. "And if you were a little older or he had more of a job I'd give him a piece of my mind. You ain't going to marry *his* sort, I should hope! But, Lord, you're both only kids!"

"I guess I can mind my own business, Mama," Julia said.

"Well, I guess you can," Emeline conceded, amiably. "Look, Ju, at the size of these sleeves—ain't that something fierce? Get the light out as soon as you can, Lovey," she added, flinging away her magazine and rolling herself tight in the covers, with bright eyes fixed on the girl.

Ten minutes later Emeline was asleep. But Julia lay long awake, Spring-time in her blood, her eyes smiling mysteriously into the dark.

A few weeks after Julia's long day of events with Arthur, with Carter Hazzard and young Rosenthal, she chanced to awaken one Saturday morning to a pleasant, undefined sensation that life was sweet. She thought of Mr. Hazzard, whom she had seen twice since their first meeting, but not alone again. And she reflected with satisfaction that she knew her part of "The Amazons" perfectly and so was ready for the first rehearsal today. This led to a little dream of the leading lady failing to appear on the great night, and of Julia herself in *Lady Noel's* part; of Julia subsequently adored and envied by the entire cast; of Carter Hazzard——

Julia had made an engagement with Mark for to-day, but the rehearsal plan must interfere. She wondered how she could send him word and finally decided to see him herself for a moment early in the afternoon. Mark, originally employed as office boy pure and simple, had now made himself a general handy man, reference and filing clerk in the big piano house of *Pomeroy & Parke*. He had all the good traits of his race and some of the traits that, without being wholly admirable, help a man toward success. A wisdom far older than his years was his. Poverty, exile and deprivation had been his teachers. When other children were in school, repeating mechanically that many a little made a mickle, that genius was an infinite capacity for taking pains and that a man has no handicaps but those of his own making, Mark *knew* these things; he knew that the great forces of life were no stronger than his own two hands and that any work of any sort must bring him to his goal—the goal of wealth and power and position.

As for him, Mark, there was no limit to his personal dream at all. Some day, while yet as young as Mr. Parke, he would be as rich as Mr. Pomeroy, he would have five splendid children like the Pomeroy children, he would have a wife as beautiful as young Mrs. Parke. To his beautiful Jackson Street palace the city's best people should come and sometimes—for a favored few, he would play his rippling études and nocturnes, his concertos and oratorios.

Julia Page, an unnoticed little neighbor for many years, had, just at present, somewhat ruffled the surface of his dream. Julia was not the ideal wife of his mind or heart; nor was she apt to grow to fill that ideal. Mrs. Mark Rosenthal must be of his own race, a wise, ripened, poised and low-voiced woman, a lover of music, babies, gardens, cooking and managing.

Yet there had been a certain evening, not long before that spring evening upon which Julia's own awakening came—when Mark had been astonished to find a sudden charm in the little girl. She was only a little girl, of course, he said to himself later; just a kid, but she was a mighty cunning kid!

And then came the night when she had not kept her appointment, and he had followed her to the Alcazar Theater and later kissed her in the dark hallway. Then Mark knew. From the instant her fresh lips touched his and he felt the soft yielding as he drew her to him, Mark knew that he was of the world's lovers. He wanted her with all the deep passion of first love—first love in an ardent and romantic and forceful nature. His dreams did not change; Julia changed to fit them. She was everything for which he had ever longed, she was perfection absolute. She became his music, his business, his life. Every little girl, every old woman that he passed in the street made him think of Julia and when he passed a young man and woman full of concern for, and of shy pride in, their lumpy baby in its embroidered coat, a wave of divine envy swept Mark from head to foot.

Mark ate his lunch, of butterless bread and sausage and an entire five-cent pie, in a piano wareroom, taking great bites with dreamy studying of the walls and long delays between. Then he wandered down through the empty offices, had a brief chat with the Japanese janitor and washed his hands and combed his hair very conscientiously in the president's own lavatory.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

At half past one he went into one of the glass showrooms, a prettily furnished apartment whose most notable article of furniture was a grand piano in exquisitely matched Circassian walnut. Absorbed and radiant, Mark put back the cover, twirled the stool, and carefully opened a green book marked "Chopin." Then he sat down, and with the sigh of a happy child falling upon a feast, he struck an opening chord.

The big flexible fingers still needed training, yet they showed the result of hours and hours of patient practise. Through his seven years in the music-house, Mark had been faithful to his gift. On this particular Saturday afternoon he attacked a certain phrase in the bass and for almost an hour the big fingers of his left hand rippled over it steadily. Mark twirled on the stool and watched the performance steadily, his right hand hanging loose.

"Damn!" he said presently, with a weary sigh, as a sharp and familiar little pain sprang into his left wrist.

"Mark!" breathed a reproachful voice behind him. He whirled about to see Julia Page.

She had come noiselessly in at the glass doorway behind him and was standing there, laughing, a picture of fresh and demure beauty despite the varied colors in hat, waist, gown and gloves.

"I had to see you!" said Julia, in a rush. "And nobody answered your telephone—there's a rehearsal of that play at the theater to-day so I can't meet you—and the janitor let me in——"

MARK found her incoherence delicious; her being here, in his own familiar stamping-ground was one of the thrilling and exciting episodes of his life. He could have shouted—have danced for pure joy as he jumped up to welcome her. Julia declared that she had to "fly," but Mark insisted—and she found his insistence curiously pleasant—upon showing her about, leading her from office to office, beaming at her wherever their eyes met. And he *must* play her a little Schumann, he said, but no—for that Julia positively would *not* wait; she jerked him by one hand toward the door.

And Julia was not late for her rehearsal, or, if late, she was at least earlier by a full quarter hour than the rest of the cast. Presently two distinguished-looking girls, beautifully dressed, came in and sat down near her in a rather uncertain way, and began to laugh and talk in low tones. Neither cast a glance at Julia, who promptly decided that they were hateful snobs and began to regard them with burning resentment. They had been there only a few moments when two young men sauntered down the aisle, unmistakably gentlemen, and genuine enough to express their enjoyment of this glimpse of a theater between performances. Two of them carried little paper copies of "The Amazons," so Julia knew them for fellow performers.

Then a third young woman came in and walked down the aisle as the others had done. She was an extremely pretty girl of perhaps eighteen, with dark hair and dark bright eyes and fresh bright color. Her gown was plain but fitted her beautifully, and her wide hat was crowned with a single long ostrich plume. She peered at the young men.

"Hello, Bobby—hello, Gray!" she said gaily, and then, catching sight of the two other girls across the aisle she added, "Oh, hello, Helen—how do you do, Miss Carson?—come over here and meet Mr. Sumner and Mr. Babcock!"

Babel ensued. Three of the four waiting young people said, "Oh, Barbara!" in tones of great delight, and the fourth no less eagerly substituted, "Oh, Miss Toland!"

"How long have you poor, long-suffering catfish been waiting here?" demanded Miss Barbara Toland, with a sort of dogs' sweetness that Julia found instantly enviable. "Why, we're all on in the foyer—Mother's here, chaperoning away like mad and nearly all the others! And—" she whisked a little gold watch into sight— "my dears, it's twenty minutes to four!"

Every one exclaimed, as they rushed out. Julia, unaccountably nervous, wished she were well out of this affair and wondered what she ought to do.

She had strolled up to the stage after the others; now she sat on a shabby wooden chair that had lost its back, leaned her back against a piece of scenery and surveyed the scene with as haughty and indifferent an air as she could assume.

"And the *Sergeant*—who takes that?" demanded the manager, a young fellow of their own class, familiarly addressed as "Matty."

"A professional takes that, Mat, don't you remember?"

"Well, where is she?" Matty asked irritably.

Julia here sauntered superbly forward, serenely conscious of youth, beauty and charm. Every one started frankly at her, as she said, languidly:

"Perhaps it's I you're looking for? Mr. Artheris——"

"Yes, that's right!" said Matty, relieved. He wiped his forehead. "Miss—Page, isn't it?" He paused, a little at a loss, eying the other ladies of the cast dubiously. The girl called Barbara Toland now came forward with her ready graciousness, and the two girls looked fairly into each other's eyes.

"Miss Page," said Barbara, and then impatiently to the manager, "Do go ahead and get started, Matty; we've got to get home some time to-night!"

Julia's introduction was thus waived and business began at once. The wavering voices of the principals drifted uncertainly into the theater. "Louder!" said the chaperons and friends. The men were facetious, interpolating their lines with jokes, good-humored under criticism; the girls fluttered nervously over cues, could not repeat the simplest line without a half-giggling "Let's see—yes I come in here—" and were only fairly started before they must interrupt themselves with an earnest, "Mat, am I standing still when I say that—or do I walk toward her?"

Julia was the exception. She had been instructed a fortnight before that she must know her lines and business to-day, and she did know them. Almost scornfully she took her cues and walked through her part. Matty clapped his hands and overpraised her, and Julia felt with a great rush of triumph that she had "shown those girls!" She had an exhilarating afternoon, for the men buzzed about her on every possible occasion and she knew that the other girls, for all their lofty indifference, were keenly conscious of it.

She went out through the theater with the others, at an early six. The young people straggled along the aisle in great confusion, laughing and chattering. Mrs. Toland, a plump, merry, handsomely dressed woman, was anxious to carry off her tall daughter in time for some early boat.

"*Do* hurry, Barbara! Sally and Ted may be on that five-fifty and if Dad went home earlier they'll have to make the trip alone!"

At the doorway they found that the street was almost dark, and foggy. Much discussion of cars and carriages marked the breaking-up. Enid Hazzard, a rather noisy girl, who played *Noel Belturbet*, elected to go home with the Babcocks. This freed from all responsibility her brother Carter, who had suddenly appeared to act as escort. Julia, slipping up the darkening street after a few moments spent in watching this crowd of curious young people, found him at her side.

"No coat, Miss Page!" said the easy tones.

"I didn't know it would be so foggy!" said Julia, her heart beginning to thump.

"And where are you going?"

"Home, to get a coat. I feel a little chilly," Julia replied.

"I see. Where is it—I'll take you," Hazzard answered.

"Oh, it's just a few blocks," Julia said. She knew nothing of the reputation of San Francisco's neighborhoods, but Carter gave her a surprised look. When Julia, quite unembarrassed, stopped at the door beside the saloon, he was the more confused of the two, although the accident of seeing him again had set the blood racing in Julia's veins and made speech difficult. She had been longing for just this; she was trembling with eagerness and nervousness.

"Father and Mother live here?" asked Carter.

"Just Mama—she rents rooms."

"Oh, I see!" He stepped into the deep doorway and catching her by the shoulders he said now, inconsequently: "Do you know you're the prettiest girl that ever *was*?"

"Am I?" said Julia, in a whisper.

"You know you are—you—you little flirt!" Hazzard said, his eyes three inches from hers. For a tense second neither stirred, then the man straightened up suddenly: "Well," he said, loudly. "That'll be about all of *that*. Good night, my dear!"

He turned abruptly away and Julia, smiling her little inscrutable smile, went slowly up-stairs. The bedroom was dark, unaired and in disorder. Julia looked about it dreamily, picked her library book from the floor and read a few pages of "Uncle Max," sitting meanwhile on the edge of the unmade bed and chewing a piece of gum that had been pressed, a neat bead, upon the back of a chair. After a while she got up, powdered her nose and rubbed her finger-nails with a buffer—a buffer lifeless and hard and deeply stained with dirt and red grease. Emeline had left a note, "Gone up to Min's—come up there for supper," but Julia felt that there was no hurry; meals at Mrs. Tarbury's were usually late and sometimes the boarders strolled in as late as half past seven.

During the ensuing fortnight there were two or three more rehearsals of "The Amazons" at the Occidental Theater, which only confirmed Julia's first impression of her fellow-players. The men she liked and flirted with; for the girls she had a supreme contempt. She found herself younger, prettier and a better actress than the youngest, prettiest and cleverest among them.

It was all delightful and exciting. Life had never been dark to Julia; now she found the days all too short for her various occupations and pleasures. Mark was assuming more and more the attitude of a lover and Julia was too much of a coquette to discourage him utterly. She really liked him and loved the stolen hours in Pomeroy & Parke's big piano house, when Mark, barely glancing at the music, played like an angel, and Julia nibbled caramels and sat curled up on the davenport, watching him.

At the end of the fourth or fifth rehearsal Julia noticed that pretty Barbara Toland was trying to manage a moment's speech with her alone. She amused herself with an attempt to avoid Miss Toland just from pure mischief, but eventually the two came face to face in a garishly-lighted bit of passage, Barbara, for all her advantage in years and in position, seeming the younger of the two.

"Oh, Miss Page," said Barbara, nervously, "I wanted to—but were you going somewhere?"

"Don't matter if I was!" said Julia, airily gracious, but watching shrewdly.

"Well, I—I hope you won't think this is funny—but well, I'll tell you," stammered Barbara, very red. "I know you don't know us all very well, you know—it's different with us—we've all been brought up together—but I didn't know whether you knew—perhaps you did—that Carter Hazzard is married?"

Julia felt stunned and a little sick. She got only the meaning of the words, their value would come later. But with a desperate effort she pulled herself together and smiled with dry lips.

"Yes, I knew that!" she said, pleasantly, not meeting Barbara's eye.

"Oh, well, then it's all right," Barbara said hastily, relieved. "But he—he has a teasing sort of way, you know. His wife is in San Diego now, with her own people."

"Yes, he told me that," Julia said, only longing to escape before a madding impulse to cry overpowered her. Barbara saw the truth and laid a friendly hand on Julia's arm.

"I just wanted you to know," she said in her kindliest tone. "I've been trying to get a chance to tell you."

Suddenly Julia burst out crying, childishly blubbering with her wrists in her eyes. Barbara, very much distressed, shielded her as well as she could from the eyes of possible passers-by and patted her shoulder with a gloved hand.

"I don't know why—perfectly *crazy*—" gulped Julia, desperately fighting the sobs that shook her. "But I've had a dreadful headache all day," she broke out, pitifully, beginning to mop her eyes with a folded handkerchief, her face still turned away from Barbara.

"Oh, poor thing!" said Barbara. "And the rehearsal must have made it worse!"

"It's splitting," Julia said somberly. She gave Barbara one grave, almost resentful look, straightened her hat and fluffed up her hair and went away.

Meanwhile Julia walked toward the Mechanics Library in a very fury of rage and resentment. She hated the entire cast of "The Amazons," and she hated Barbara Toland and Carter Hazzard more than the rest! He could play with her and flirt with her and deceive her and while she, Julia, fancied herself envied and admired of the other girls, this delicately perfumed and exquisitely superior Barbara could be deciding in all sisterly kindness, that she must inform Miss Page of her admirer's real position. Angry tears came to Julia's eyes, but she went into the Library and washed the evidence of them away and made herself nice to meet Mark.

A subtle change in the girl dated from that day; casual and foolish as the affair with Hazzard had been, it left its scar. Julia's heart winced away from the thought of him as she herself might have shrunk from fire. She never forgave him.

It was good to find Mark still enslaved, soothing and reassuring. When Julia left him, at her own door at six o'clock, she was her radiant, confident self again, and they kissed each other parting like true lovers. To his eager demand for a promise Julia still returned a staid, "Mama'd be crazy, Mark. I ain't sixteen yet!" but on this enchanted afternoon she had consented to linger, on Kearney Street, before the trays of rings in jewelers' windows and it was in the wildest spirits that Mark bounded on up-stairs to his own apartment.

Julia had expected to find her mother at home. Instead the room was empty, but the gas was flaring high and all about was more than the customary disorder; there were evidences that Emeline had left home in something of a hurry. The girl searched until she found the explanatory note and read it with knitted brow.

"I'm going to Santa Rosa on important business, dearie," Emeline had scribbled, "and you'd better go to Min's for a few days. I'll write and leave you know if there is anything in it, otherwise there's no use getting Min and the girls started talking. There's ten dollars in the hairpin box. With love, Mama."

EMELINE did not write her daughter for nearly two weeks, but Julia was not left in doubt of her mother's moral and physical safety for that time. Only two or three days after Emeline's disappearance Julia was called upon by a middle-aged, breezy sort of man who introduced himself, in a deep voice, as Dick Palmer.

"I used to know your pop when you's only a kid," said the caller, "and I know where your mama is now—she's gone down to Santa Rosa, see?"

"What'd she go there for?" Julia demanded clearly.

Mr. Palmer cast an agitated glance about Mrs. Tarbury's dreadful drawing-room and lowered his voice confidentially:

"Well, d'ye see?—here's how it is! Your papa's down there in Santa Rosa—I run acrost him in a boarding-house a few days ago, and d'ye see?—he's sick. That's right,"

(*Continued on Page 27*)

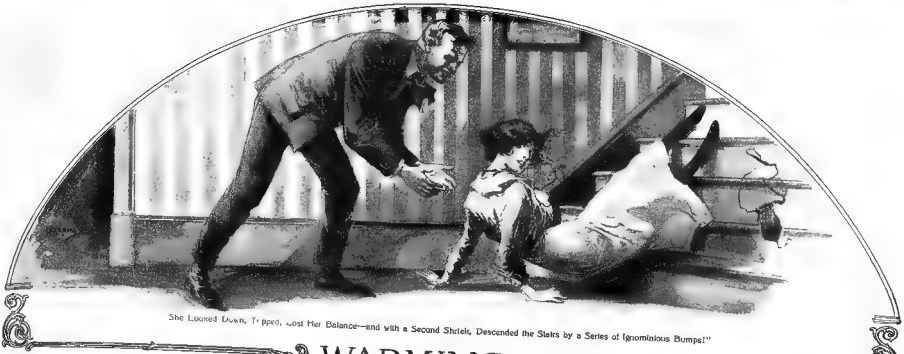
A DRAMATIC WAR PICTURE

Did you ever wonder how a man feels in his first battle?

W. Douglas Newton's story, "The Charge," in the February PICTORIAL REVIEW is the most vivid picture of what war means to the individual man that we have read since Stephen Crane's "Red Badge of Courage."

While it is essentially a man's story, we think the women will like it, too.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



She Looked Down, Tripped, Lost Her Balance—and with a Second Shriek, Descended the Stairs by a Series of Ignominious Bumps!"

WARMING UP LUKE

Another of the Favorite "Mrs. Mahoney" Stories

By

Gertrude Brooke Hamilton

Illustrations by
John R. Neill

THE door-bell of Mrs. Mahoney's theatrical boarding-house rang with a punch. Down through the banisters of the steep hall stairs dived Signor Dianzi's performing monkey, landed with a zip on the bottom post—and began to applaud with his paws.

"Lizzie, go to the door!" called Mrs. Mahoney, lumbering to a front window and applying an alert eye to a crack between the parlor curtains.

Up the basement stairs ambled Lizzie, the sloppy menial, unconcernedly chewing a prune stone.

"Scat that monkey, Lizzie," commanded Mrs. Mahoney, from the parlor. "Ain't it the truth, that success has turned his head? Take that prune stone out of your mouth, Lizzie. Hurry up!"

Lizzie shuffled her feet and slung the prune stone at the monkey. He dived for it. Mrs. Mahoney shook out the folds of her purple-flowered kimono and seated herself on the plush divan. Lizzie opened the front door to a vividly red-haired girl.

"Is this Mrs. Mahoney's boarding-house?" questioned the girl, boring Lizzie with piercing black eyes.

Lizzie jerked her head toward the parlor.

The red-haired girl came in with a quick, lithe step and set down her suitcase. From the shadow, Signor Dianzi's performing monkey fired the prune stone. It hit the red-haired girl squarely between the eyes. She shrieked.

Mrs. Mahoney sailed, enraged, from the parlor. "Scat!" she exploded, with a vehement hand-bang at the monkey. "If it wasn't that you're playing the best vaudyville houses in town, sharing honors with the latest dancing head-liner, out you'd go, you little brute!" And turning to the girl, in honied tones: "Sweetie, if you're marked for life, say no more! I'll see to it that the third floor animal trainer stands for your blighted career."

"I thought it was somebody shooting me up," laughed the red-haired girl, pinning the brilliant little coils over her pink ears. "I'm looking for a room," she stated. "I used to know some people who boarded with you—the La Granges. Little Eva La Grange said you were cheap, clean, and on the level. Have you got anything vacant?"

"Any friend of that angel child Eva's is welcome to my house!" enthused Mrs. Mahoney. "And luck is your way, dearie." She moved down the hall and flung open the door leading to the parlor suite. "This is vacant!" she declaimed. "A private bath, two large closets, four windows, gas-logs, a drop-light, furniture upholstered as elegant as any hotel in town—Darling, I'm ashamed, I'm ashamed to tell you what I'll let you have this suite for. It's a crime to myself, with rents so high."

"Got anything else?" asked the red-haired girl.

MRS. MAHONEY heaved a sigh, and let her noncommittal glance slide over the red-haired girl's natty brown velvet suit, long rope of chocolate-colored beads the size of marbles, brown velvet boots, white kid gloves, bracelet watch, and floppy brown velvet hat wreathed with peacock feathers. "Well, dearie," she said, "I might let you have the second floor front, with running water and two gas-jets—the lady in it is going on the road with a big production. Come right along up and look at it."

Mrs. Mahoney puffed up the hall stairs. They waited, while the second-floor-front lady, who was going on the road with a big production, secreted the weekly wash she was doing. Hopefully, Mrs. Mahoney exhibited the running water and two gas-jets.

"Got anything else?" asked the red-haired girl.

Enthusiasm waning, Mrs. Mahoney panted up another flight; and, in glum silence, displayed a third floor hall-room. When the girl coolly inquired if she had anything else, Mrs. Mahoney steamed to the top of the stairs, made a megaphone of her hands and shrieked wrathfully for Lizzie. "Show the skylight room on the fourth floor, Lizzie," she scornfully directed, as that slatternly domestic shambled up.

The red-haired girl tangoed gaily up the last flight, in the wake of Lizzie's slipslop heels.

Mrs. Mahoney turned her broad back and sailed down.

"Ain't It Lovely?" She Gushed. 'Ain't It Just Like a Story-Book or a Play?'"

She scattered Signor Dianzi's performing monkey, busy impishly untacking the stair carpet. She plugged up an extra gas-jet with putty. She requested the lady who was going on the road with a big production not to hang her wet stockings out of the window. She removed a clean towel from before the door of Jeremiah Crouch, the monologuist—two weeks behind with his rent. She was fishing a hammer from a hall shelf, to retack the carpet, when the door-bell rang again.

"Liz-zie!" she shrilled. "Come down here and go to the door!" And hooking Lizzie with the hammer as she rambled by, "Did she take the skylight room, Lizzie?" This in a stage whisper.

"Uh-huh," mouthed Lizzie, slumping on down the stairs to answer the bell.

A gigantic young man, with a bulging cowhide bag, took off his broad-brimmed black hat to Lizzie as she opened the door. "Morning," he drawled melodiously. "Is this the boarding-house for actors kept by a lady named Mrs. Mahoney?"

Mrs. Mahoney sailed down the stairs.

The gigantic young man put his bulging bag on the step. He was cherubic of countenance, with wide hazel eyes and a pleasing smile; he wore a ready-made suit, heavy rawhide shoes, a soft collar and a mottled tie. "Morning, ma'am," he greeted Mrs. Mahoney. "I hail from Warm's Ranch, Rock River, Wyoming. A little lady girl friend of mine recommended your boarding-house to me—"

"Say no more!" beamed Mrs. Mahoney. "One guest following another! Ain't it the truth, that the fame of my boarding-house is reaching from East to West? And no wonder—chicken on Thursdays and Sundays, a bath towel, a wash-rag, and two face towels every other day, plenty of heat, the most elegant and refined people in the profession. And, dearie,"—she summed up the young man's financial status—"I happens to have a lovely room, just vacated. A half-room on the third floor, with a window overlooking the Great White Way. I'll let you have it,"—her eyes roved—"I'll let you have it for—nine dollars a week! Sweetie, strictly in advance."

He took a roll of bills from his hip pocket. "O.K.," he said, with his pleasant smile. "Can you change a fifty?"

"And I has a *lavish* first floor suite," heaved Mrs. Mahoney fervently, "and I has——"

A startled, feminine shriek rang in the upper hall. Signor Dianzi's performing monkey dived down through the banisters and danced into the parlor. The red-haired girl rounded the head of the stairs, nervously pinning the carrot-colored coils over her pink ears.

SHE looked down, tripped, lost her balance—and, with a second shriek, descended the stairs by a series of ignominious bumps! She landed at the young man's feet. He stooped and stood her upright on the last step. She clutched at her curly red hair; her black eyes were as big as saucers; she was shaking. She held on to him, gulped, grimaced—let go of him and held on to the banisters.

"Sweetie," said Mrs. Mahoney, her hand on her heart, "if you had broke your leg, the third floor animal trainer would have been held responsible. That monkey has been untacking my carpet in spots all the way to the fourth floor. Ever since he was featured with a head-liner, he's been too headstrong to endure! Darling, if it hadn't been for this new gentleman guest, you might have broke your neck. Ain't it the truth, men are handy to have about?"

"It was the monkey's fault," said the red-haired girl. "He pounced at me in the dark hall. I was scared to death." She shot up a quick, starlike glance at the gigantic young man. "Thank you for picking me up," she added, with a lift in her voice.

He reddened, and dug a toe of his rawhide shoe into the carpet. "Any fellow would have done it," he responded bashfully.

"Darling," said Mrs. Mahoney, to the girl, "you haven't told me your name. Sweetie," to the man, "you, being a new guest, are still unbeknown to me."

"My name is Pandora Pepper," replied the girl quickly.

"My name's Luke Warm," said the young man.

"Miss Pepper—Mister Warm," introduced Mrs. Mahoney, with much manner. "I hopes to include you both among my permanent guests. Breakfast is from eight to half past nine. Dinner is from six to seven. Lizzie will ring the Chinese gong for lunch in about twenty minutes. Mister Warm, your room is the third floor hall front. You'll find the door open, and a motto 'Welcome' on the wall. Miss Pepper, just say the word if the skylight leaks, and I'll have Mister Mahoney repair it immediate. The parlor is at your disposal—piano and talking-machine. And I hopes, after Lizzie has got your baggage to your rooms, you will come down and mingle with my guests. We are all one happy family."

She waved benignant, fat hands, bestowed an overflowing smile on the couple; and billowed majestically away, down the basement stairs to the dining-room. "Lizzie," she said, as she squeezed a table for two into a corner, "romance is in the air. Ain't it the truth, you can feel it just like Spring in the parks and Summer in the fountains?"

"Soda fount'ins?" mumbled Lizzie, greedily dishing up individual saucers of prunes.

"Shut up!" snapped Mrs. Mahoney indignantly. "You ain't kept the sense you was born with—which was none. Go out into the kitchen and roll that cold veal hash into chicken croquettes. And water the milk to make a cream sauce for the boiled potatoes. And hide those three leftover bananas so that the monkey can't steal them. And when he comes down shut him up in the kitchen cabinet—

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

ain't it the truth, if the little pest wasn't winning fame and fortune on the same vawdyville bill with the latest Manhattan head-liner, Snaky Salome, he could take his trunks to another boarding-house! I went to see him perform yesterday. He was grand. And Snaky Salome was lovely. Lizzie, the hair that woman's got would make up a million switches! And, Lizzie, bring in a bottle of tomato catchup and a plate of gingerbread for Mister Luke's and Miss Pandora's table."

Mrs. Mahoney distributed skimpy pats of butter and half-filled sugar bowls. The smell of the browning croquettes filtered through the dining-room. Signor Dianzi's performing monkey came leaping down the basement stairs and hilariously swung on the door-knob by his tail. Lizzie sounded the Chinese gong and shut the monkey up in the kitchen cabinet. The guests came in singly and in pairs: Jeremiah Crouch, the monologuist; Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haven, the cabaret dancers; Folly Lightfoot, the ingénue; a blithe chorus man; a couple of overworked stock actresses; Mr. Mahoney; and Leslie Starr, the lady who was going on the road with a big production.

PANDORA PEPPER came down briskly, acknowledged Mrs. Mahoney's general introduction by an impersonal nod, and took appreciative possession of the table for two in the corner.

When Luke Warm strode in, with his ready-made coat stiffly buttoned over his big chest, his curly hair slicked and his face shining, the blithe chorus man nudged Folly Lightfoot. "What have we here?" he murmured. "A-Buffalo Bill off stage! Oh, you easy mark for Broadway!"

Mr. Mahoney politely asked Luke Warm if he was in the theatrical profession.

"I calculate I'm going to be," answered the rancher, giving everybody in the dining-room the benefit of his slow, genial smile. "I've come overland to New York for that very purpose. I figure out that I'm on to an idea that's got anything backed off Gray's Peak for getting me into the running. I'm going into the movies. Yes, ma'am!"

Folly Lightfoot giggled. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haven exchanged laughing glances. Leslie Starr curled her lip.

Luke Warm plastered the butter over his bread and took a big bite out of it. "Durned near every one of the picture shows are giving cow-punchers and West dope," he drawled. "And who are the fellows in them pictures? Real cow-punchers? Not by a durned sight. Every one of them are city chaps, mostly Eastern men. Now, I've got it doped out that a fellow like me, who has really slept in bunk shacks, can make some hit in them prairie and ranch pictures."

Pandora Pepper looked up from her creamed potatoes. "Beat it back to your ranch out in Wyoming, Mr. Warm," she advised. "Broadway's not keen after amateurs. It's all we professionals can do to land a contract. How did you ever get stage-struck?"

He speared a croquette sheepishly. "Well, I sort of got on to an idea that it was up to me to be something more than an onery rancher. You see, there's a little lady girl friend of mine—" He demolished the croquette in a self-conscious gulp, and hitched his chair. "You see, she's on the stage. And I kind of hanker to get on a level with her."

Folly Lightfoot laughed audibly. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haven exchanged grimaces. Leslie Starr shrugged. Mr. Mahoney, finding Mrs. Mahoney's attention elsewhere, ventured a mild wink at one of the overworked stock actresses.

Pandora Pepper stared at Luke Warm. "You're crazy," she said. "You're on her level, now. Actresses haven't got anything over ranchers."

He shook his head. "I calculate she's on the other side of the corral from me. She's made a hit on Broadway. I'm not blooming idiot enough to expect her to follow just a plain clodhopper out to the foot-hills. No, ma'am! I'm not going to come within the range of her lasso till I'm something to lasso, myself." He emptied the sugar bowl into his teacup.

"Your ambitions does you credit, Mister Luke," spoke up Mrs. Mahoney, removing what was left of the plate of gingerbread from the table for two. "And while there's Broadway there's hope. Look at that performing monkey—season after season waiting to get a try-out. And, today, sharing honors with New York's newest head-liner!"

Pandora Pepper put her dimpled elbows on the table and regarded Luke Warm with meditative black eyes. "Your girl friend must be some class," she said. "How'd you come to know her?"

"She came to the Rock River opery house in a show once," he answered. "There was a fire in the theayter. I rescued her out of the front row of the chorus."

"Tell me some more," said Pandora Pepper, with a lilt in her voice. "What did she look like?"

An ecstatic smile spread over his face. "She had glossy black hair down to her feet, and gold bands around her ankles and on her arms, and her dress was hung with shiny beads, and there were floating veils all round her."

Pandora Pepper laughed. "Why, she was made up; she was in her costume. You couldn't tell whether she was pretty, or not. Did you ever see her again?"

He shook his head. "The opery house burned clean to ashes. We sat on a hill and watched the fire. I calculate it was about a month later I got a letter from her. I wrote back. And she wrote, and I wrote. And we kept company for years. I got to saving, instead of spending. I bought my own ranch. But she beat me to it. She rose out of the chorus like a wild mustang, left a cuss like me sweating in the dust of her hoofs. I got ashamed to write to her, sort of rubbed it into myself what a bum speller I was and what a pretty handwriting she fisted out."

"Many a bad speller makes a good husband, Mister Luke," comforted Mrs. Mahoney. "And was it she who recommended my boarding-house to you?"

"Yes, ma'am," promptly.

Mrs. Mahoney passed him back the gingerbread. "What, may I ask, is the name of this sweet young chorus girl that has risen too great for you, and yet remembers Mrs. Mahoney's home?" she beamed.

The boarders all listened for the name. Any one who had made a hit on Broadway was of interest.

Luke Warm looked about the tables with a return of the ecstatic smile. "Her name is Snaky Salome," he drawled.

Mrs. Mahoney bounced up. "Say no more! Is it so? Snaky Salome! The vawdyville head-liner! The newest sensation! She never plays out of New York! She gets a thousand per week! And you rescued her from a burning theater, Mister Luke? She writes to you? She sent you to my house? Ain't it the truth, I could have stars in every room, if I wasn't so considerate of the down-and-out! Lizzie! Liz-zie! Bring Mister Luke another chicken croquette and a slice of lemon for his tea!"

LUKE WARM became a target for courtesies instead of gibes. The blithe chorus man offered him a cigaret. Folly Lightfoot volunteered the addresses of some motion picture studios. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Haven told him in what cabaret show they were dancing. Leslie Starr flung him the name of the big production she was going on the road with. Mr. Mahoney asked him for the cigaret the chorus man had given him.

Pandora Pepper went on eating her prunes. "Take my advice, and beat it back to Wyoming, Mr. Warm," she repeated evenly. "Snaky Salome's a cheap skate."

"In-deed?" Mrs. Mahoney snorted. "I asks you, Miss Pepper, not to spite your temper on the famous. I never laid eyes on that sweet Miss Snaky off the stage, but I saw her wide-admired dances yesterday, her grand black hair, her footlight smile, her elegant costumes, her costly stage settings and, Mister Luke," emotionally, "I loves her like a mother! Lizzie!" In shrill crescendo. "Let the monkey out of the kitchen cabinet—Signor Dianzi's coming up the street!"

A second later, Pandora Pepper hurried out of the dining-room, passing the monkey on the threshold, with averted face.

Mrs. Mahoney lumbered to the table for two and sat down. "Mister Luke," she said, making a shell of her hand, "I feels it my duty as a woman to warn you against that Miss Pandora Pepper. It takes a lady to tell a hussy. I said to Lizzie, when I saw her standing on my steps today, I said, 'Lizzie, red hair and sharp wits goes together.' I said, 'She's young and she's pretty, but she's artful.' I said, 'She's after all she can get.' And, Mister Luke, she is. You, a gentleman of means, owning your own ranch, is as good as engaged to that lovely Miss Snaky. But—I warns you—look out for that hussy in the skylight! If it's agreeable to you, I'll change your table and put you next to Miss Folly Lightfoot and move the third floor animal trainer and his monkey over here."

Luke Warm sat next to Folly Lightfoot at dinner that evening. Pandora Pepper ate her dinner hurriedly. Signor Dianzi's performing monkey popped up in his master's unoccupied chair and cracked Pandora over her pretty brow with a sugar lump. Lizzie shut him up in the kitchen cabinet. Pandora nervously pinned the glittery coils over her pink ears. As she passed Luke Warm's table, she flashed a curious look at him. The blithe chorus man was touching the big rancher on the side for a ten-dollar bill.

Pandora stopped Luke in the hall the next afternoon and warned him against Broadway. "Everybody's waiting on the corner to do you," she said. "You'd better go back to Wyoming, Mr. Warm."

Luke Warm came near frowning. He had been to some of the motion picture studios that morning; the managers had not enthused over his idea of a real Westerner for the cow-puncher reels. The evening before he had been to one of the vaudeville theaters and had seen Snaky Salome dance as a head-liner.

"Don't get a grouch, Mr. Warm," said Pandora Pepper. "Your face is too good to change. What's the rub? Has Snaky Salome given you the grand slam? Cheer up, old boy. You're worth a million of her."

"I figure out I'm worth about as much as a nutty sheepherder," he drawled self-disgustedly. "I guess this scheming for a girl out of reach gets you crazy—just the same as a tender caring for bleating muttons gets the 'baa-baa' in his brain."

HE folded his arms unhappily, lounged against the banister and dug a toe of his rawhide shoe into the carpet. "I calculate I'll do what you tell me to do—beat it back to the ranges," he added despondently. "What's the use of yapping and yowling for the moon?"

Pandora Pepper laid her hand on his arm. "Tell me about your ranch," she said. "What's it like out there?"

His face brightened. He dug a hand into his hip pocket and drew out a bunch of snap-shots. "I brought them to show to Snaky Salome," he said. "They're my horses and my hills."

She bent over them. "My, I bet you can breathe out there!" she exclaimed, passing over the horses for the hills. "You can't get anything like this on Broadway."

"It's sure a cinch that we've got something in the scenery line." He drew closer to her, with a pleased smile, and fondled the photographs. "You'd have to travel far overland to duplicate this particular part of Wyoming," he continued. "Look-a-here, at this one, nesting at the feet of the Rockies, plateau upon plateau leads just like stairways northwestwards towards old Elk Mountain. And you can't swing onto half the idea without the colors—broad sheets of gray sage brush, separated every onct in awhile by bold, wild dashes of red granite backed up by the silvery white quaking ash, that climbs all the way up the mountainside and mixes with crisp, green stubby pine and spruce; all of them giving way at timber line to the soft, hazy, blue-white caps of snow. Near half-way up the slope, you can just see the head waters of Rock River and its smaller tributaries, flashing and glistening like tiny skeins of silver thread. A beautiful scene. Yes, ma'am!"

(Continued on Page 53)

"I Brought Them to Show to Snaky Salome," He Said. "They're My Horses and My Hills!"

"What's the Rub? Has Snaky Salome Given You the Grand Slam? Cheer Up, Old Boy!"

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

HERE IS JOY FOR EVERY AGE

A Song for Holiday Time

Words from the Thirteenth Century Latin

Music by M. Greenwald

Moderato

mf

Here is joy for ev - 'ry age,
When the world drew near its close
God, that came to earth one morn,

Ev - 'ry gen - er - a - tion; Prince and peas-ant, chief and sage, Ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion;
Came our Lord and Lead - er; From the Li - ly sprang the Rose, From the Bush the Ced - ar;
In a man-ger ly - ing; Hal - lowd birth by be - ing born, Van - quish'd death by dy - ing;

p *mf*

Ev - 'ry tongue and na - tion, Ev - 'ry rank and sta - tion, Ev - 'ry rank and
From the Bush the Ced - ar, From the Judge the Plead - er, From the Judge the
Van-quish'd death by dy - ing, Ral - lied back the fly - ing, Ral - lied back the

REFRAIN

f

sta - tion Hath to - day sal - va - tion.
Plead - er, From the Faint the Feed - er.
fly - ing, End - ed sin and sigh - ing.

Raise your voice, let earth re - joice,

p

Al le - lu - ia! A - men; Lord and King, Thy praise we sing, Al - le - lu - ia! A - men.

Copyright, 1914, T. S. Feist.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A TRAGEDY à la mode

By James W. Foley

ILLUSTRATED BY WILL EWEN

This is a tale, out of the usual order,
And written, you may think, quite on the border
Of fiction, but I beg of you be certain
'Tis true, before I draw the opening curtain.

I would not tell a tale that was fictitious,
With wit or point however all delicious,
Unless a fiction served my purpose better
Than truth, for I love truth, to the last letter.

It is a tale of modern bill-and-cooing
Where Woman, as is proper, did the wooing;
For women, I would have you know, are leading
In everything and male hearts do the bleeding.

And ere my tale with interest grows warmer,
I warn you: Wed no woman to reform her.
I point with ink to this quite obvious moral,
Since I cant get about with warnings oral.

With honeyed promises she lured and led him
To leave his father's house, that she might wed him.
And swore with hands uplifted he would never
Regret the step he took - Oh, she was clever.

He said he could not cook but she embraced him
And then, with lustrous, honest eyes she faced him:
"Oh, Love, she cried, may righteous scruples bother
Me if I speak of biscuits linked with father."

"And what of clubs?" he murmured, still resisting
The wiles of her, as she kept on insisting.
"I'll give them up," she cried, with ardor tropic,
Whatever sort they be - how philanthropic."

So thus she overcame his fears and led him
To name the blissful day when she should wed him,
And he had forty tailors working steady
A solid month or two to get him ready.

How down the aisle he came one day or t'other
Upon the arm of his stout, wealthy mother,
Who gave her son away, she knew a living -
A martyred sacrifice - with much misgiving.

And Oh, the gifts that friends upon them showered
Of smoking coats and slippers, richly flowered,
Scarf-pins and robes - I think no bridegroom ever
Had friends who were so generous - no, never.

And then she took him home to that fair cottage
Where Love, she said, should glorify e'en porrage;
And where they both should go through life together,
Just live and love, whatever be the weather.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

And he, the gentle soul, wept tears of gladness
On her protecting shoulder, that no sadness
Should ever cloud their lives - and wholly trusting
His bride, set out straightway to do some dusting.

And set some flowers here and there, in vases
And by a dozen means, in sundry places
He made the place of daintiness a bower,
As deft male hands will do, in one short hour.

Alas - I wish that now I could go leave them
And say no sadness ever came to grieve them,
But truth is truth and binds one like a fetter,
Though fiction might in some ways serve one better.

Ere one short week had passed, one morn at table
She cast a biscuit far as she was able,
And spake in accents dolorous and quaky
Of Father's biscuits, light and fine and flaky.

And so the scales fell from his eyes - he knew her
For what she was - not the fair, honeyed wooer,
Of courtship, but the wife - her love grown cooler,
Of the home roost the unrelenting ruler.

And then one night she, unrepentant sinner,
Phoned from the office she'd not come to dinner,
And staid at club till 2 AM or later,
While he staid up till 2 AM to wait her.

And all the sympathy he got was: "Dearie,
Hush, hush - go right to sleep; you must be weary.
The girls were talking politics - I'm sleepy,
So don't be silly, Dear, and sad and weepy."

And thus it went from bad to worse, in quiet
He wept, while agonies of grief ran riot
Within his breast - and were it not for the bother
Of packing up, he had gone home to Father.

And letters that he gave her in December
To mail, he found the following September
Still in the pockets of her coat, and torrid
The words he said to her, and hers were horrid.

Well, what could you expect - such sins were mortal
And so one day he passed across the portal
Of Home, from her forever, and I rather
Believe you know where he went - back to Father.

So then, when coming home, she found his letter
All wet with tears, she vowed she would do better,
And went straight to his mother, begging humbly,
And pledging to be no more cross or grumbly.

And once again she vowed that she would cherish
Him as she should - their true love must not perish
This quick, ignoble death - and he, still weeping,
Gave once again his life into her keeping.

And all his days he strives to do his duty,
But Ah, the first rare glory and the beauty
Of Love have passed from him - she will not ever
Be perfect in his eyes again - no, never.

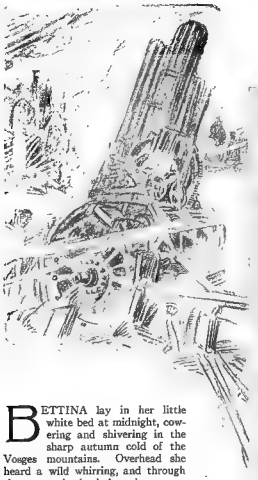
Which proves, I say, that people are but human,
And men are very much the same as women,
So know, before your love for one grows warmer,
You should not marry Woman to reform her.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

BETTINA LOVED A SOLDIER

By
Molly Elliot Seawell

Illustrations by
P. J. Monahan



"Madame Faramond, Her Hair in Curl-Papers, Came Tripping down the Stairs and Kissed Him"

BETTINA lay in her little white bed at midnight, cowering and shivering in the sharp autumn cold of the Vosges mountains. Overhead she heard a wild whirring, and through the uncurtained window she saw an airship emerge from the scurrying clouds and flit across the face of the great grinning moon. Suddenly the sky was aflame from the horizon to the zenith with gigantic swords of fire, threatening the whole world; the unearthly search-lights, with eyes like the eyes of devils, were blazing upon the mountain peaks and the far off cathedral spires of Strassburg.

Then came a hideous uproar which seemed to Bettina as if the mountains were falling into the valleys. It was only the pounding of a single sword-hilt against the great barred entrance door of the Château Faramond. Bettina's fluttering heart stopped still for a moment and she said to herself, "The French have come!"

She slipped out of bed and huddled on her clothes, but she forgot to fasten up the long braids of fair hair that fell upon her shoulders. Quick as Bettina was, Madame Faramond was quicker still, although she was well in her sixties, and the size and shape of a hogshead. But Madame Faramond could still trip it lightly because in her youth she had led the ballet at the Paris Opera, and the feet and legs of a ballet dancer are made of steel. Madame Faramond had waited forty-four years for the French to come to Alsace, and now they were here—a red-legged dragoon officer, trim and slim, with a gorgeous red streamer floating from his helmet, and behind him a sergeant, grim and grizzled, and a half dozen red-legged troopers.

The officer, Captain Lefevre, knew beforehand that he was on friendly ground. In his breast pocket was an official slip,

"Château Faramond, two kilometers back of the cliffs. Very secluded. Madame Faramond is the widow of a French officer killed in 1870. She was *première danseuse* at the Paris Opera from 1868 to 1870. There is a young relative, Mademoiselle Bettina Faramond, said to have German sympathies, but is trustworthy. All the servants are French."

LEFEVRE, however, was slightly surprised when Madame Faramond, stout and elderly, arrayed in a sketchy toilette, a fringe of white petticoat showing around her ankles, and her hair in curl-papers, came tripping down the stairs as lightly as a bird and rushing up to him, folded him in her arms and kissed him all over his handsome young face. Lefevre, brave and impudent as young dragoon officers are likely to be, embracing the unknown lady, returned Madame Faramond's kisses with enthusiasm.

"At last!" cried Madame Faramond, drawing off a little but still holding Lefevre by the shoulders, "Forty-four years have I waited for the French, my darling! I never saw you before but I love you because you are French. The last time I kissed a French officer was when I bade my husband good-by forty-four years ago, and he never came back—he never came back! Bettina! Bettina! Come give these darling Frenchmen supper—champagne, anything, everything they want! Hurry Bettina, and get them the champagne."

Out of the tail of his eye, Lefevre watched Bettina as she descended the stairs softly, in her white gown with her silky hair half covering her, like a veil. He waited until she was quite down and could hear every word he said, before he handed his card ceremoniously to Madame Faramond.

"I am ordered, Madame," he said, "To establish a wireless station here, which is the highest point hereabouts; it can be concealed in the pine trees. I do not know how long we shall remain. I and my men will try to give you as little trouble as possible."

"As if French soldiers could give me any trouble," cried Madame Faramond, joyously. "The château is yours, and all the wine in it. I have hidden the best in my dressing-room—and all the vegetable garden and all the orchards and the chickens and the ducks and the geese, and the servants and I and Bettina—all, all are yours!"

What could Lefevre do but seize Madame Faramond's hand and kiss it? And then, being a saucy fellow he kissed Bettina's hand, Bettina blushing rose-red all over her delicate face.

By this time the whole place was alive, old Pierre and Mathilde, his wife, running wildly about and hugging the sergeant and the six troopers who kissed Mathilde's laughing, wrinkled face as impudently as Lefevre had kissed Madame Faramond. Within half an hour the sergeant and the troopers were eating and drinking in the kitchen, and Lefevre, in the dining-room, had a glorious supper spread for him, with a bottle of champagne out of Madame Faramond's dressing-room. At sight of the champagne, Lefevre, rising to his feet gave to the bottle a military salute.

"In this campaign," he said, "champagne is so scarce that we salute every bottle of it and the soldiers present arms as they march past the vineyards."

The supper was very jolly, Madame Faramond sharing it with her guest and Bettina sitting by demurely, saying little, and provokingly cool. Lefevre, with his captivating air, his smiling eyes and his rich voice, was accustomed to making rapid headway with the ladies, and was secretly annoyed because Bettina had not fallen in love with him as promptly and as rapturously as had Madame Faramond.

"Bettina is a bad girl," explained Madame Faramond. "She actually says she likes the Germans!"

"Soon, Mademoiselle," replied Lefevre, "There will be no more Germans for you to like. We intend to kill them all. My regiment, the Twenty-fifth Dragoons, has pledged itself to that, and the Twenty-fifth Dragoons Regiment always keeps its word."

At this Bettina smiled slyly.

"But I hate the Germans enough for two," cried Madame Faramond. "I led the ballet at the Paris Opera for five years. I was as slim as Bettina in those days, ah, me! And I went to Berlin for a season and the Germans said I could not dance, and that my ankles were thick! Just think of it!"

"We will kill all the Germans twice over to pay for that," replied Lefevre, energetically.

But Madame Faramond was not yet through with Bettina's iniquities.

"At Baden-Baden, only last June," continued Madame Faramond, "there was a big, handsome German officer, one of those dashing Uhlans, Captain von Breithof, and Bettina *would* dance with him!"

Bettina blushed easily, and she blushed still more when Lefevre, taking out his note-book, gravely wrote in it, "Von Breithof, Captain of Uhlans, to be shot as soon as captured, for daring to dance with Mademoiselle Faramond."

All night, Lefevre and his men worked erecting a wireless station among the sheltering pine trees. Soon the slender threads so like spiders' webs were set to catch the Hertzian waves that speak so mysteriously, and presently Lefevre was talking to generals all over France.

Then began a life that the little château had never before known. Afar off, under the high cliffs, great French armies were marching day and night. Vast masses of cavalry, the hoof beats shaking the mountains, great trains of artillery, the wheels thundering to the heavens above and myriads of red-legged infantry, marching with the tireless and springy step, which for hundreds of years, has given the French infantryman the credit of having the best legs in Europe. Amidst all the rushing tide of war, the Château Faramond remained a cheerful place for laughter, like love, does not desert war. The sergeant and the six French soldiers made the kitchen merry. Lefevre had that gaiety of heart which Marshal Saxe says is a part of the equipment of a good soldier. In return for many stories of Madame Faramond concerning the splendid days when she was kicking up her heels at the Paris Opera, Lefevre taught her the tango and the two tangoed beautifully to Bettina's piano playing, Bettina watching them with laughing eyes.

AND Lefevre watched Bettina very closely, too, and within a week the citadel of his heart hauled down its colors to Love, the great Commander. Having conquered Lefevre, Love next called on Bettina to surrender and it was all done quickly and silently.

Madame Faramond promptly told Lefevre all about Bettina.

"When I was young and slim," she said, "I married Faramond—a handsome young captain, like yourself.

(*Dramatic and All Other Rights Reserved*)

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Look you, my little darling, a *première danseuse* may be as good a wife as the proudest princess or the humblest *bourgeoise* in the world. I would have no husband after my captain was brought back to me with a Prussian bullet through his heart. The Faramonds are a great, proud family and twenty years ago, when I came here where they all live, they would have none of me, except this little Bettina. She ran to me, and put her arms about me—she was little more than a baby—and called me '*Tante.*' Now, Bettina is my daughter and she shall have the château and everything in it, including the champagne."

"If there is any champagne left when I go," laughed Lefevre.

He joked with Bettina, asking her the news from Berlin, and accusing her of having a German heart. He had forgotten all about the Uhlan captain whom he had promised to have shot for dancing with Bettina.

"What are girls' hearts?" cried Madame Faramond. "A girl sees a handsome youngster and *pouf!* goes her heart!"

"Mine will not go *pouf!*" answered Bettina, quickly, with a smile, for her heart had already gone *pouf!*

Lefevre sometimes sat down to the piano and trolled out the love-songs the soldiers sing at the bivouac. Bettina had a little gilded zither and having a quick ear, she caught and played upon it the airs Lefevre sang.

One autumn afternoon in the dusk, Lefevre, preparing to go to his station, heard a delicate strain of music from the dim drawing-room. He walked in boldly and up to the table by the window where Bettina sat with her zither. She was playing the air of a song that Lefevre often sang, but there was one phrase that she could not get quite correctly.

"Mademoiselle," said Lefevre, seating himself by her in the window-seat, "may I show you? It is like this."

He took Bettina's slim hand off the zither and held it fast. Then, as he turned his dark eyes full on Bettina's face he sang the words, "'My life, I love you! Yes, I love you!'"

The winged word was spoken. Bettina, whose eyes were generally downcast, was gazing full at Lefevre.

"Bettina," whispered Lefevre, "let me teach you that song."

"I know it already," answered Bettina, scarcely understanding what she was saying. All her blood had turned to wine and her heart was beating so fast it showed its fluttering under her little white muslin bodice.

Lefevre was a soldier and could give only five minutes to love before Duty, sword in hand, pointed the way to the aerie in the top of the pine tree. But it was five minutes of paradise with Bettina's fair head leaning against his close-cropped black one and his arm about her slender waist. On the stroke of the clock he rose.

"I must go now, dear love," he said. "It is my duty."

"Yes," answered Bettina, rising quickly, "never as long as I live will I ever keep you one moment from your duty."

"There speaks a soldier's wife," said Lefevre.

They kissed once more. A kiss may be deep and sweet and yet last but the fraction of a second. Lefevre, dashing to the door, ran full into the arms of Madame Faramond.

"I saw it all," cried Madame Faramond. "I can tell you what, if I were thirty years younger, Bettina should not have you without a fight!"

Bettina went back to the window-seat and lifting up the cover took out Lefevre's sword, and drawing it from its scabbard, kissed it because it was Lefevre's—and then put it back into its hiding-place.

It was Lefevre's custom to let his sergeant watch for half an hour in the aerie of the pine tree. Then Lefevre could warm his chilled body by the kitchen fire. Always, awaiting him in the warm kitchen was a little table with a good supper and a long-necked bottle. On that midnight, as Lefevre was about to enter the château he heard a sound that sent him skulking in the shadow of a great laurel hedge, just under the drawing-room window. This sound was of hoof beats scrambling up the rocky road, and the helmets of a squadron of Uhlans shone in the wan moonlight. Lefevre, softly drawing his pistol from the holster, kept his finger on the trigger.

The Uhlans trotted past, the officer at their head sitting straight and soldier-like in his saddle. In the darkness, Lefevre saluted these men. It was the Uhlan who dashed out first, beyond the firing line, to draw the fire of the enemy so that his strength might be known. Whenever Lefevre saw a Uhlan, he remembered the words of the gladiators in the arena. "We, who are about to die, salute you." Yet, no Uhlan had ever failed to put spurs to his horse when ordered out to draw the enemy's fire.

THE officer, dismounting, went to work quickly. In two minutes the château and wireless station were surrounded. Three of the wireless crew, including the sergeant, were bagged while three more, who had heard the hoof beats on the rocky road, were nabbed as they were crawling out upon the roof. Then began a search which Lefevre knew was for him.

By that time the château was aroused. Just over Lefevre's head, the drawing-room window opened and Bettina's face appeared looking toward the wireless station. She saw a big Uhlan suddenly catch Lefevre from behind and grasp his pistol hand. Shots rang out from Lefevre's pistol but it is difficult to take good aim when the hand is in the iron clutch of a Uhlan.

The rapid pistol shots brought the Uhlan officer running across a great, broad patch of white moonlight, but before he could reach Lefevre, Bettina had quickly taken her lover's sword from its hiding-place and had passed it through the window to Lefevre.

"Thank you!" cried Lefevre, seizing the sword and backing up against the wall.

The Uhlan officer coming forward said quietly to Lefevre, "We are thirty Uhlans; your crew is captured to a man and the station is already being dismantled. I must ask you for your sword."

"Go to the devil!" replied Lefevre, lunging at the nearest Uhlan. "I have my sword and it never misses fire."

Half a dozen Uhlans dashed at Lefevre, intending to make short work of him. But the long Uhlan saber is an unhandy weapon on foot, and a first-class swordsman like Lefevre with his back to the wall, can give much trouble before he is disarmed. There was furious fighting for a couple of minutes and much clashing and confusion until Lefevre's sword fell from his hand, his wrist broken by the flat of a Uhlan saber. Then the Uhlan raised a

(*Continued on Page 54*)

"There Was Furious Fighting until Lefevre's Sword Fell from His Hand, His Wrist Broken by the Flat of a Uhlan Saber"

"'I Heard Your Words,' She Cried, 'I Know Why Captain Lefevre Would Not Tell Where He Was Last Night!'"

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE HOUSE OF SNELL

The Head of Which Has a Taking Way with Him

By John Fleming Wilson

Illustrations by M. S. Mulford

THOMAS SNELL was dead, and the papers had been full of the stories of his marvelous rise from comparative poverty to the practical control of all transatlantic trade. To-night they were publishing in their blackest type that he had disinherited his only son and left the millions that he possessed to his second wife, forty years his junior and renowned across three continents for beauty, wit and dignity.

Before the stately Fifth Avenue mansion stood a limousine, the chauffeur and footman clad in solemn black. On the steps stood young Thomas Snell, the disinherited, and Marion Snell, the widow, also Judge Rokely.

Marion laid one gloved hand on her stepson's arm, but looked at the attorney.

"Is it true?" she whispered.

The judge nodded gravely, as became the intimate adviser of Thomas Snell. "Everything is yours, Mrs. Snell. Tom receives five thousand cash and some papers whose value is purely speculative."

"It's not fair," Mrs. Snell said, slowly. "Tom, I'll divide with you. He couldn't have meant it!"

The three entered the great house. Within, the young man looked around him at the gorgeous setting an old man had created for a young wife. Judge Rokely sighed. Mrs. Snell bit her lip to keep from crying before the servants. She choked. The three involuntarily glanced up the great stairway and seemed to be listening for the heavy footfall that would never again sound on the treads.

"Marion," said Thomas, "you are tired. I'll go and move my duds over to the club. To-morrow we can talk things over. But, mind you, Dad's will stands." He bent over and kissed her fingers. After she left the room, Tom turned to the judge. "Won't you come up a little while and talk things over with me?"

A moment later Rokely was seated in an easy chair and Thomas was standing in apparent listlessness before the bright fire.

"Tom," said the judge, "I've known you since you were six. I hardly know what to say. Your father was a man peculiar in his ways. I think I was his only confidant after your mother died. But he never hinted to me why he disinherited you." The attorney drew some papers from his pocket. "These are the documents I mentioned. You observe the envelope is sealed. Of course, I'll advance you the five thousand dollars."

"I'd like it," was the reply. "I have only a few hundred in the bank. It will take me some time to get straightened out. I never paid any attention to money matters, as you know. As a matter of fact Dad wouldn't let me into any bank or even into the steamship company's office. Told me to enjoy myself. The only thing he took any interest in my doing was yachting. He was proud as Lucifer when I won the Bermuda race."

The judge rose. "I have just one more thing to say, Tom," he remarked quietly. "The provisions of the will are explicit. As Mrs. Snell's attorney and your godfather, I must emphasize this. She can't share a penny with you."

"DON'T worry." The son's face flushed. "To ease your mind I might mention that there is a young lady—whom I had hoped to marry."

Swift compassion glowed in the old man's eyes. He held out his hand and left without further speech.

When he had gone Thomas Snell sat down and picked up the long, thin envelope addressed in his father's well-remembered script to

THOS SNELL ESQ.,
(To be delivered after my death)

He tore off the end and drew out two papers, neatly folded and evidently of different periods, one being faded and official—the red seal of some office was on it—the other clean, bright and new. He opened the last. In the old magnate's hand he read this:

New York,
27th April,
1907

My dr son—
This day at 10. a. m. I signed a new will by whc I leave you $5000 in cash and the paper enclosed with this. As my fortune is considerable you may be surprised that I have left noue of it to you. The $5000 is money left in trust by yr mother for you. We Snells for six generations have been bred strong men. We have always made our way in this world without help. Yr grandfather died worth half a million, though his father, yr Great Grand Father, died worth a hundred thousand dollars and left him nothing. My father, yr Grand Father, left me nothing. I made every cent of my wealth myself, with yr dr mother's aid. Following the Snell custom I leave you nothing. If you can't make yr own way, you are no Snell. The Snells never ask odds of anybody.

We have all married strong women, taking them where we found them. I urge you to do the same and when you have made a fortune for yrself and bred a son, give him nothing. Let him make his own way, as all we Snells have done.

Aff'ly yr father

THOS SNELL.

For long he sat with this letter in his hand. He recalled how often his grim old father had told of storm and disaster at sea, of ships fighting their way to port against gale and winter tempest, of his mother dying in his childhood after a long and mirthless voyage. He could remember but one thing about his mother: he still felt the clasp of her dying arm about him and he remembered the serious, white face of the big man who bent so tenderly over them both.

Then he picked up the other paper. When he had carefully unfolded its worn texture he wrinkled his brows.

By These Presents Know All Men that on this day and date I, Thomas Snell, have conveyed and do hereby convey with all gear, equipment, stores and other appurtenances the full rigged clipper ship Martha Snell of 1600 tons burden and registered in the Port of New York and in the Port of Hull to

Thomas Snell, Jr.,

the same Thomas Snell, Jr to be sole owner thereof, with all powers and authorities for all time.

THOS SNELL.

Signed at 11 a.m. of the clock this 21st Day of February A. D. 1878.

"That was the day I was born!" he ejaculated. "Mother's name, too. I never heard of the old packet since I was a kid."

Dusk filled the room but he still sat with the ancient paper in his hand, wondering, thinking, debating in his quickened mind what all this could mean. Finally he picked up his telephone and called for a number. Getting it, he asked for Miss Wayne.

"Edith, will you be home to-night? I have some things to talk over with you . . . all right . . . may I come to supper? . . . just you and I . . ."

An hour later he was facing a girl who waited for him with hands outstretched

"I'm so sorry, Tom!" she whispered. "We'll have supper right here in the music room—you and I."

He looked at her strangely, as if he were suddenly struck by some new impression. "Tell the butler that if a single servant disturbs us I'll personally throw him out," he said casually.

Quietly and gracefully she gave the orders. When she had poured the tea he reached over and took her hand. She gazed at him in astonishment. "You never were this way before, Tommie. And you know——"

"I know I've never told you what I wanted to," he replied with much meaning.

Her face flushed faintly. "I is this the time to speak of—what—of such things?" she asked gently.

"You know I'm in love with you, don't you?" he responded simply.

"You never said so," she answered. He suddenly realized how brave she was. He studied her lovely face until she lifted her eyes to his. Then he bowed his head.

"I've loafed and lazed for years," he said quietly. "You see, I expected things to turn out differently. Have you seen the papers?"

"No," she replied.

"I have no money, now. Dad left it all to Marion. It's too late. I'm going away. I had to come and tell you I love you. Too late, of course. But I've loved you three years, Edith."

She spoke in an even voice, though her cheeks were carmine. "I think you mean 'three minutes,' Tommie. You know——"

His own face ruddied. "Listen, Edie! You don't think I'm that kind of a scoundrel? I've got exactly five thousand dollars and an old ship. Your father is worth millions."

She confronted him sturdily. "What does that mean?"

"It means that I'm not going to ask you to marry me now. Could I? With no income and only a pittance? But I want to be square. I've been a fool. Now I'm going away."

HE stared at his plate. "I sha'n't marry anybody else, for I love you. I have one favor to ask you—before I go."

"What is that favor?" she asked indifferently.

There was a long silence. At last Thomas Snell stood up, smiling at her grimly. "I guess I forgot some of Dad's last instructions," he remarked. "We Snells aren't used to asking. We simply take what we want."

Rising, she gazed at him wonderingly. Then she sighed, holding out her hand in farewell. "You know, Tommie—oh, well, why talk?" She broke off passionately, choked, and went on, "We'll never get anywhere this way. Love in a cottage doesn't appeal to people like us, does it? Good luck! I suppose you'll have to do something. Father will help, you know. He likes you, and it isn't your fault that your father didn't leave you that money."

He grinned like a boy. "Can't say I'll need any help, Edie. You know—well, as you say, what's the use of talking about things? Only——"

Pride flamed in her face. Then she saw the expression in his clear, stern eyes and drew back. "I think you'd better go now," she said. "And—you might come back another time and tell me how things go?"

He glanced around the room and shook his head. "Never," he answered firmly. "I'm going back to my own people. After this I never will ask for a thing; I'll simply take what I want. And we folks that have to

"'This Ship Goes Out with Mrs. Snell Aboard,' He Rumbled, 'All of Us Snells Have Been Married Aboard Our Own Ships'"

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

make our own way want a lot?"

The next morning Thomas Snell walked slowly into the offices of the Snell Transatlantic Lines and asked for the superintendent of the tugboat service. In his presence he came briefly to the point:

"Do you know of a square-rigger called the *Martha Snell?*"

The grizzled veteran looked his visitor over carefully. When he spoke it seemed as if reluctantly.

"She lies in South Brooklyn, Mr. Snell."

"Ah! how do I get there, Mr. Richardson?" the young man asked.

The superintendent growled out, "If you want to go this morning I'll let you go down on a tug."

"Thanks," was the response. "I suppose if you hadn't read last night's papers, you'd be more respectful, Captain."

"You called me 'Mister' before, Mr. Snell," was the surly reply. "You don't seem to know who you're talkin' to."

"And I have a notion you'll call me 'Captain' soon," Thomas responded.

The old man glared at him hostilely but called an assistant whom he directed to take *Captain* Snell to South Brooklyn. "He wants to look at the *Martha Snell*," he added grimly.

An hour later a puffing tug with a big white "S" on her funnel drew into a long slip. On the other side of the pier was a full-rigged vessel evidently in perfect harbor trim. Thomas Snell gazed at her with something of awe; he studied her for a moment and then bent shrewd eyes on the tugboat skipper.

"How long has she been in?"

"Ain't been out, s'long as I knows of," was the reply. "You kin step ashore right here, sir. I've got to go on down to Staten Island. Shall I stop for you on my way back? I berth across the river to-night."

"Don't worry, Captain," said Thomas. "I can find my way back."

THE tug choked astern and he walked across the open, windy pier and stared down at the craft of which he had so unexpectedly become owner. A man in uniform was walking back and forth on the main deck, smoking a pipe. He did not look up.

For full fifteen minutes Snell studied his new ship. He saw that she was kept like a yacht, that every yard was crossed with new bunting bent, that her decks were like snow, that she had been painted recently and that her wooden sides and huge channels were of a build no longer known. In all his yachting experience he had never seen a ship at once so trim, capable and ancient. He glanced up at the tall masts and noticed, with a quick thump of his heart, that the big white flag with the black "S" was half-masted.

During that quarter of an hour he thought of many things. His memory suddenly teemed with vague images of the past. He saw his mother before him, now looking intently into his eyes and then focusing them on some far and invisible scene; he heard the roar of wind, the shriek of sheaves as the sheets drew in, the thunder of the sea, he saw the bright light of dawn burning up the darkness and discovering distant headlands.

"By Jove, I thought I dreamed it," he said to himself. "And it's all true."

He called down, "On deck there!"

The old man in the heavy uniform looked up. For an instant they stared at each other, the gray seaman and the debonair youth. The man on deck was the first to speak, in a hoarse voice.

"Who is it?"

"Snell."

"Gangway aft, Captain!" was the response.

Thomas walked along the string-piece and down the little gangway. He stood on the big quarter-deck and waited for the old man.

"Captain Snell," said the mariner, "I'm main glad to greet you, sir." He bawled for a man who came running out of the fo'c's'le and stopped at the break of the poop.

"Hoist the house flag to the truck," was the strange order.

Thomas Snell watched the cloth rise to the shining gull that spread its wings in eternal flight, and then he turned to his companion. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"William Sharp, mate of this ship, sir."

"Sharp? You were with my father in that typhoon off Formosa, weren't you?"

"Yes, sir. In '77, it was," answered the mate, glancing keenly at his visitor.

Thomas sat down on the wheel box and fell into a profound reverie. He did not speak until his companion sighed. Each glanced at the other, by a common impulse. "Tell me about this ship," said Snell. "I have a dim recollection of hearing that Father named one of his vessels after my mother. But I didn't know that the packet was in existence. I've often heard Father tell about storms and voyages with your name mixed in."

"There isn't much to tell," Mr. Sharp responded, putting his pipe away. "All I know, Captain, is that I sailed with your father twelve years in this ship Then he stopped ashore and laid the *Martha Snell* up, right as you see her now.

"Says the skipper—your old man—to me, 'Mr. Sharp, I've made my fortune out o' this ship. We'll not wear her out. We'll lay her up for my son—you were two years old then. And ever since then I've been here, looking after the packet and keeping her trim for you. Just as soon as you get a charter we can sail, sir. Your father's last trip down here he gave me orders to have her ready.

"'I'm sailing myself,' says he to me. 'They've hoisted the Blue Peter on me and I'm just waiting for the tide. The new skipper will be down soon.' That's how I expected you. I saw in the papers that your pa had sailed, so, says I to myself, 'I best be ready.' I bent a new hawser to the big bower, sir."

YOUNG Thomas Snell looked over at Manhattan and its serrate skyline. He brought his gaze back to the ship—*his* ship.

"I think I'll have a look over her, Mr. Sharp," he said suddenly.

As they descended to the main deck the mate remarked mildly, "Your father, sir, built this ship. It is just as he left it when we berthed for the last time. 'Mr. Sharp,' says he to me, 'nobody but a Snell shall ever set foot on that quarter-deck as skipper. He and the missus—your ma—came down here quite often of evenings, till she passed away. And every time he came aboard, that old pennant flew. He ain't been down but once in the last ten years."

By this time they stood in the central alleyway that led duskily into the saloon. On either side Thomas Snell saw a line of mahogany doors, heavy, massive, befitting a strong ship built for strong seas and strong men. Beyond, the saloon door gave a vista of the huge staff of the mizzen mast, enclosed in solid panels of some strange wood, of the long fore-and-aft table, the swing-table above it filled with shining glasses, the lamp of heavy brass in its gimbals.

Mr. Sharp stepped back. "It is your ship, sir."

All by himself Thomas Snell stepped down that silent corridor and into the cabin. He stood in that place of memories for a period he could never afterward measure. Here was where he had been born. Here was where his father had lived while he laid the foundations of the tremendous line that filled every sea with its ships. Here his mother had labored over his baby clothes, over him, had bent over the cradle that still swung from the bulkhead. Slowly he advanced, recalling dim, childish dreams. In this chair with the telltale compass over it, had sat his father, there his mother, opposite her the mate. He seemed to recognize the ancient pattern of the overhead lamp. He knew that massive table leg to which he had so often clung in sheer joy at learning to stand on his feet in a gale.

He went into his mother's room. . . .

IT was dinner-time when he went up the steps of the Snell mansion. He found Marion in her little library. She sprang up when he entered.

"What's the matter, Tom? You look positively brutal!"

"Probably I do," he said smiling. "I've found out something."

"Oh, did he really leave you some money?"

"No, Marion. He left me merely his name. I understand Dad better than I did before," he answered. "Now I must hurry and arrange things. I sail for Honolulu in a week."

She looked at him intently. "Alone?"

"Don't be foolish," he retorted, his face flushing. "Do you suppose any wealthy girl would marry me now—me, a poor man?"

Mrs. Snell's face colored, too. Edith had whispered to her one night over a dressing-table. She was silent.

To cover the awkwardness of the moment Thomas Snell explained very slowly, as to a child, what his father's bequest had been. He went into details, told her how the old ship had been kept immaculate and ready for sea all the years since his mother had died.

She listened and then whispered huskily, "How I envy your mother! And you're going out just as your father did, to make your fortune. *Tommie!*"

The poignancy of that cry stilled all words on his lips. They stared at each other like two people who had just discovered the amazing meaning of life. When she spoke again it was very quietly.

"If you love a woman do you think it's fair to keep her out of your life?"

"Edith doesn't care for me—enough," he responded.

Marion's affectionate glance rested on him for a moment. "It's not fair that she shouldn't decide for herself." She said softly. "You have the world before you."

"It's the man who has already fought and won who gets the fair lady." He sighed. "And there is something preposterous in the world's eyes about a fellow who has been raised in luxury suddenly going out into life with nothing but himself to bank on. You can't ask a girl to make herself ridiculous."

Marion looked up at him, a profound expression of sorrow on her face. For a moment he did not understand, but when she whispered, "I envy your mother," he perceived that there was something in the heart of women that he had never fathomed. When that whisper fell into a mere murmur which he barely caught, he bowed his head.

"I wish you had been my son," she sighed.

Without other words he kissed her hand and withdrew.

In his own room he gravely gave orders to his man to pack everything and take it down to the *Martha Snell.* Then he went to the club and left orders to be called at six in the morning. Once in his room he sat before the fire and reread the two documents that constituted his legacy. He paused long over one sentence the old man had written: "We have all married strong women, taking them where we found them . . . ."

There flashed before his eyes the image of Edith

(*Continued on Page 56*)

"Thomas's Face Changed Its Expression. Then Shone with Sudden Inspiration. 'And You Can Come Down the Bay with Me, Too.' He Spoke Hurriedly. 'I'll Give You a Trip On a Real Square-Rigger'"

"But I Don't Want To Be Married!" Edith Cried. Thomas Snell Quietly But Firmly Clasped Her Unwilling Hand. His Eyes Flamed"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE FORGOTTEN HOUSE

Concluding Instalment

By Maximilian Foster

Illustration by Arthur I. Keller

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS

Mrs. Munger, a mysterious old woman, has a young companion whom she calls Nancy Robinson. Nancy cannot learn her real name. She has vague recollections of living in a certain brick house, and determines to solve the mystery of her life. Phil Harding playfully sends her to his home where *Mr.* Appleby, Phil's uncle, directs her to a house on Bend Street. *Mrs.* Munger comes out of the very house Nancy seeks. Thoroughly frightened, Nancy rushes to *Mr* Appleby's and learns that Phil's uncle, Sidney Harding, lives on the Bend Street house. An advertisement promising a reward for information of the Barnaby heirs, upsets the *Munger* household. Phil answers it. *Mr.* Appleby, who inserted the advertisement, makes Nancy believe that *Mrs. Munger* is really her mother and Sidney Harding, her father. *Mrs.* Harding assures Nancy of Phil's devotion, no matter what they may learn. *Mrs. Munger's* desk is broken into and valuable papers stolen; she has a nearly fatal paralytic stroke. Phil suddenly discovers that the "singular *Mr.* Gaylord," a frequent visitor at *Mrs. Munger's*, is really his uncle, Sidney Harding.

"Mr. Appleby Fairly Snatched the Papers from Her Hands, Bobbing His Head Still More Energetically as He Opened First One and Then the Other. Nancy Gazed at Miss Maria Piteously. 'Oh, Miss Maria—Aunt Margaret! How Could You Keep Them? Don't You Know What Happened to Phil's Father?'"

AT Nancy's question of why he had come, Mr. Gaylord drew his chair even a little nearer and leaned toward her; and at the look on his face, the girl shrank away. "My dear girl," said Mr. Gaylord, softly, "I know how that young scoundrel has forced himself on you, only in the end to jilt you. But I do not wish you to think all the men of his family are like *him*. No, I should like you to believe one, at least, is honorable, whatever you think of the others. Therefore, I wish to make amends. Besides, I have seen that I am not utterly distasteful to you." He glanced at her as if further to assure himself. "Oh, come!" exclaimed Mr. Gaylord abruptly, "what's the use of my beating around the bush? You see what I'm driving at. The long and short of it is that I offer you a name and home, my girl,—something you've never had before. Why, a girl in your fix ought to jump at the chance. Come! Is it a go?"

Nancy got to her feet, though how, she was not quite sure. Her heart had begun its leaping again, and in her soul was an aversion so complete and terrible that she could only stare at him bewitched. Then an hysterical, senseless ripple of laughter burst from her lips. "To go with you—a home!—and a name!"

Nancy pushed the chair between them and measured the distance to the door. "Then, Mr. Sidney Harding," she said with a slow and cutting distinctness, "you are *not* my father after all. Thank God, I am saved that shame. I see that you are nothing but a common thief and rogue."

And before his hand could reach her, she was gone, racing up the stairs, her heart despite its terror and aversion, singing a wild pæan of joy, in the overwhelming relief of discovery. For she was free now! Free, she sang! They could not lie to her and trick her any more. Uncle Sidney was *not* her father. Mrs. Munger was *not* her mother. She was sure of it—as sure as the sun was in the sky. And in the joy of the discovery, what else could matter?

"No, what else?" thought Nancy, panting as she leaned against her door and locked it. Presently, she slipped to the floor, and sat there, her back against the panels. "I can't think, of course. No one *could*. But what's the use of thinking anyway? I might just as well know."

Rising to her feet, Nancy cautiously opened the door and listened. Then she walked to the stairs and peeped. No one was in sight; the house lay still. After a moment's reflection, she walked to the floor below, and disappeared into a bedroom at her left.

"Miss Maria," said Nancy closing the door behind her, "I wish to speak to you."

Inasmuch as Nancy had dispensed with the formality of knocking, Miss Maria turned around with a startled exclamation.

"Miss Maria," said Nancy, her hands clenched together at her sides, "Mr. Gaylord—I mean Mr. Sidney Harding, was here a few minutes ago. I talked to him."

Perhaps a half minute went by; Nancy waited patiently. She saw first a deeper gray steal into Miss Maria's gray features; she saw her catch her breath. Afterward, Miss Maria blinked. "Then he told you everything?" she blurted out, and in her voice there was neither regret nor terror, but a great and convulsing relief.

"No, Miss Maria. He only asked me to marry him."

"He asked you—*you*, you say!—to *marry* him?—oh!"

But no rank of slender types standing at attention could give the words the force Miss Maria put into them. "He asked you to—*that* man!" Another little row of slim soldiers firing another volley. "Oh, this is too much to think what I have suffered for him. Let me by," said Miss Maria, and struggled toward the door.

"No! wait a moment, Miss Maria." Nancy leaned against the door and clenched her hands a little tighter. "You cannot trick and befuddle me any more. If I go to Mrs. Munger with this, you know what will happen to her. But Miss Maria, it's killing me, too. Will you tell me now?" asked Nancy quietly, but determinedly.

Miss Maria made one ineffectual effort to get by her. "Is Mrs. Munger my mother?" demanded Nancy, a hand outstretched.

"No," said Miss Maria desperately.

"And Sidney Harding isn't my father?"

"No! Oh, my God, no!" Miss Maria clasped her hands together in appeal.

"Who am I then? I think you know."

Miss Maria's eyes went from side to side, like a rat trying to escape.

"Give me a little time. Yes, I know. Give me an hour. Don't be cruel to me! Be a little kind, Nancy—my own little girl is dead! That poor, poor little girl I took you to see. She's dead, and they buried her all alone. She's in her grave, Nancy—think of that!—and my sister wouldn't let me go and see her buried. I couldn't go because Judie wouldn't let me. She said she'd die of fear if I left her."

Then Nancy realized. The veil was torn away—that cheating, swindling fabric of lies. She leaned over the frail, quivering, weeping creature, and put an arm around her. "How could you do it? How could you?"

Miss Maria shook against her shoulder for a moment, and then freed herself. "Send for Mr. Appleby," she gasped.

It was an hour later when Mr. Appleby arrived.

"Well, young lady! And *now* what's up?" inquired Mr. Appleby, concisely if not formally as Nancy let him in the house.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Nancy closed the door and speechlessly waved him into the drawing-room.

Mr. Appleby peered at her for a moment. "What's up?—happened, I mean."

"I am going to marry Phil!" said Nancy, blushing frightfully. "Yes—that is, I think so—if he'll still have me."

Mr. Appleby sat down suddenly and put his hands on his knees. "I beg your pardon. You said——"

"If I'm who I think I am," added Nancy.

"But you're Mrs. Munger's daughter." By an extremely narrow margin Mr. Appleby averted an explosion.

"No—I am not!" said Nancy. "And I'm not in the least—well, not related to Sidney Harding, you know. Miss Maria has said so."

"Miss Maria? Now who in the—I beg your pardon. Oh yes; I'd forgotten there was another female mixed up in this."

"And you still don't know who she is?" inquired Nancy. There a footfall sounded in the hall. Miss Maria had heard the door-bell and considering what lay on Miss Maria's mind and soul, she must have arisen and come to that summons like the condemned who, on the fated dawn, hears the prison bell begin to toll. With her eyes set before her she trudged along the hall, in her hands a bundle of papers that she held up like a crucifix; and parting the hangings at the door, she marched straight across the room to Mr. Appleby.

THERE she paused and looked at him, about as Lady Jane Grey must have looked at the headsman when she took her place at the block.

"This is Miss Maria," said Nancy.

"Why, it's Margaret Laidlaw!" Mr. Appleby exploded.

"Yes, Mr. Appleby. And now that you have driven us into a corner, it's time to end the farce."

"But your hair—*her* hair!" cried Mr. Appleby, dumbfoundedly; "it was snow white!"

"A wig," answered Miss Maria explicitly, in a small, expressionless voice. "I've got it put away in a bandbox."

Then as if by inspiration, Nancy recalled the bandbox that Mrs. Munger had brought home with her and which she had so jealously guarded from Miss Freedlark's gaily prying curiosity.

"Mrs. Munger made you put it on? What!"

"Yes; Judie thought I'd better wear one," answered Miss Maria, frankly. "I was a fool." Then she sighed. "She asked me to use an ear-trumpet too, so you'd have to speak up louder, Mr. Appleby, and she wanted to hear what you'd say. She was behind the folding door."

Mr. Appleby clung to his knee-caps, as if the solid ground were about to swim out from under and leave him hanging in space.

"You see here!" he blurted out, indignantly; "what'd you two women mean, like that, by making a fool of me?"

"Well!" said Miss Maria, whom we must still so term though she was really Margaret Laidlaw; "I'm willing to tell everything; but first of all I'm going to make a bargain." She swung around in her chair until she faced Nancy. "Will you promise on your sacred word of honor, you won't do anything to Judie—not sue us, or do anything like that?"

Mr. Appleby leaped excitedly to his feet. "Refuse! Don't you do it! It's outrageous! There's the money, too. How do we know who's got it?"

Miss Maria turned to him scornfully. "Do you suppose this girl thinks of money—*money* when I'm going to tell her who she is? We can account for every penny of it and I'll surprise you, too, when I come to that!"

"If you'll say who I am," answered Nancy, "I'll promise anything!"

"Come!" growled Mr. Appleby, "is this girl Mrs. Munger's daughter, or——"

"Lies," answered Miss Maria, grinning outrageously, but without mirth.

"—or Sidney Harding's?" exploded Mr. Appleby.

"Lies—all lies," answered Miss Maria, and fanned herself with her papers. "Everything was lies. I've lied to her and I've lied to you and I've lied to the world. I've lied to God so that I haven't dared to stick my nose inside a church from the time I first began to lie." She stopped and caught her breath, and then went on again until she was breathless. "Mrs. Munger was a lie. I was a lie. I turned my own poor little crippled baby into a lie. Now she's dead, in punishment of me, and even when they buried her alone, I had to lie and say she wasn't mine. Oh, in His name, what lies!" gasped Miss Maria, her mouth opening in a sob; and thus having finished the catalog of her deceits, Miss Maria turned around to Nancy.

"You're Dorothy Laidlaw," she said; "Randolph Laidlaw's daughter."

And so for the first time, to the accompaniment of tears, the story of the absurd and ridiculous cheat was told.

At the best, it had been only a clumsy farce. From the beginning the two women must have forseen its disastrous outcome: Miss Maria, year after year, begging to have done with it and half beside herself with terror and with shame; Mrs. Munger grim and implacably determined, still hanging on and resolved in the face of discovery—indeed, even in the face of death—to cling desperately to the booty and to surrender nothing until her last rampart was stormed.

But Miss Maria, even though owning up to the crime, was her sister's able protestant. "I don't say she was right—no, Judie was pretty cruel. But then she had an excuse. Randolph had told us he'd see we had all the money we needed—that was after our mother died, his stepmother you know—and he promised Judie, too, he'd help her get on socially. It was that fever of hers to shine that brought us to the first step in our downfall. Judie said she'd have to know French if she was going to get on with the *best people* so she hired that young girl, Leonie Giraud—your mother, you understand," said Miss Maria, without looking at Nancy and still staring at the floor. "And about that time, too," she continued, gritting her teeth, "Randolph brought Sidney Harding to our home. Yes—he brought that man there, and from that very moment Judie set her cap for him."

"Eh?" exclaimed Mr. Appleby, astonished.

"Oh, yes—and so did I, for that matter," droned Miss Maria, listlessly.

For so, indeed, it had been. Sidney Harding had seen the interest the two women evinced in him and forthwith he had decided to profit by it. Laidlaw was in frail health; he might not live long and Sidney Harding had already been told by him that in event of his death, his money would go to his stepsisters.

It was at this time that vague whispers against Sidney Harding had begun to spread. His name among women was known; his fortune had been squandered in ways by which no gentleman may spend his money and still remain gentle; and though he was grudgingly tolerated at his clubs, there were many other doors in New York already closed against him. So in Randolph Laidlaw's sisters, the calculating Mr. Harding then well on toward forty, had seen a way to recoup himself.

Neither sister had suspected his doings with the other; and to Judie, as it turned out, he had made his first declaration. But Judie had been a bit of a coquette. She'd thought it part of a fine lady to keep him dangling a while. So in a silent but boiling passion at Judie the flirt, the impatient lover hurriedly transferred all his attentions to the other sister, Miss Margaret.

It was a fine, enterprising little comedy. While these three were prosecuting their own involved love-affairs, Randolph Laidlaw, in a quieter, more simple way was carrying on his own. "One day," narrated Miss Maria, dully, without emotion, "our stepbrother told us he was engaged to the French girl. Judie nearly fainted."

For Judie, it appeared, had even then been self-centered enough to see at a flash what effect her stepbrother's marriage would have on her future prospects. Had Sidney Harding learned at once of the impending marriage, it is doubtful whether the subsequent events would have taken place.

It was about this time, too, that Phil's father, Morton Harding, had given his brother Sidney still another chance. Morton Harding was associated in a bond concern with both Laidlaw and Mr. Appleby and for the first time since the squandering of his fortune, Sidney Harding began earning a little money in other ways than by his wits. But so far from appreciating his brother's kindness, the man having his hands near so much ready cash, availed himself of the opportunity.

Thereafter events transpired rapidly. Rumors of Sidney Harding's name among women were heard. Randolph Laidlaw's door was closed against him, the bond concern began to wake up and the stock market, after having gone from bad to worse, broke uncharitably and wiped out not only all of Sidney Harding's speculations, but pricked the bubble of his expectations, too.

Therefore the marriage! The secretive Miss Maria was led secretly to a secret place and there, as she was made to believe, she became the wife of our gentlemanly adventurer.

There were two reasons why he went through the form—for it was at least a form—of marriage. One was the hope of falling heir to the Laidlaw money, should Laidlaw die; the other and more imperative one now, was that if the embezzlement were discovered and the blame put upon the guilty person, Laidlaw would be less likely to proceed against him when he found him to be his brother-in-law. If neither of these events occurred, however, Miss Maria having been bamboozled into allowing the knot to be tied by an alderman whose name she hadn't heard, and who she was not in the least certain was even the alderman he was represented to be—Miss Maria having been cheated so, might go and whistle for her pains.

RANDOLPH LAIDLAW walked to the altar with his blushing little French language teacher and the modest, flourishing bond concern awoke to the fact that all its assets had been wiped out by a theft. But as we already know, the man had so arranged matters beforehand that the guilt fell on some one else, and that some one was his brother. There was no prosecution; Sidney Harding escaped scot-free and Randolph Laidlaw having arranged to leave his money elsewhere, Mr. Harding cheerfully disavowed the marriage.

It was curious to view her apathy when she came to this part of her tale. Long years of deceit and suffering had calloused Miss Maria's mind and she told it all with an impersonal frankness that was very close to the grotesque. "Judie guessed it first," she said casually with a little sigh, "and was going to turn me out-of-doors."

But Judie hadn't after all. Judie, with her usual decision of character, had sat down to think it out. The upshot was that she and Miss Maria exiled themselves in a quiet country town on Long Island; and there under an assumed name, the unhappy woman remained threatened with brain fever, until the crippled child came into the world.

"Judie said I'd have to leave the baby—she wasn't going to take any chances. So we came home together and Judie gave a party."

"A *what?*" burst out Mr. Appleby.

Miss Maria licked her lips as she blinked at him. "I tell you, Judie gave a party. She was always doing it. And when I dragged myself into the parlor, there was Sidney Harding."

"But, good heavens!" expostulated Mr. Appleby, "Laidlaw had kicked him out! How did she dare?"

"Randolph was in Europe and she thought he wouldn't find out. Anyway she'd asked Sidney Harding and he came, fast enough. I nearly fainted. All the evening I sat in a corner and when any one tried to talk to me I just stared at them. After a while, they all went to supper—all except us two. So that was my chance, I

Why Not Swear On?

A NEW YEAR'S MESSAGE FROM THE EDITOR

Why not swear on?

About this time of the year, you hear people saying: "Well, I'm going to swear off——"

What?

Mistakes—dishonesty—bad habits——!

Spoken however lightly, swearing off is the frank acknowledgment of shame and failure.

You may talk about the honest confession that is good for the soul, but who ever made good in the world by *not* doing things?

What man has ever left the world better and stronger simply because he has never made a mistake, nor a misstep? What counts in history, in business, in the home, in our social relations, in religion, is the thing that is *done!*

Don't waste your time swearing off. Swear on, and the swearing off will take care of itself.

Mistakes cannot be unmade by prayers or tears, by swearing off. So swear on something worth while for 1915.

Swear on strength, power, achievement and success—not just money or lands or trade, but the finest, highest form of success and power achieved by clean bodies, clean minds, clean hearts—the success which stirs not the envy, but the souls of men and women with whom you deal.

Swear on patriotism.

You say you're glad you are an American. Well, show it by being a *better* American in 1915 than you were in 1914.

While most of Europe is engaged in ruinous warfare, your government is protecting your life, your home and your means of livelihood.

Show your appreciation by upholding your government and supporting national industry.

Swear on love—for some one.

The man who has no love in his heart will not keep his resolution to swear off. We all need some one to work for.

If you are already working for some one, work not grudgingly, but with love in your heart.

If you swear on the successful spirit you will achieve power.

If you swear on patriotism, you will live a clean, strong life for your country.

If you swear on love, you will be living and working for the most vital thing in life. And you cannot fail.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

thought, and I got down on my knees to him and——"

"On your knees—to that scoundrel?"

Miss Maria nodded carelessly. "Yes, and I begged and begged him, but he only laughed at me. Then I told him if he wouldn't, I'd never speak to him again. Well, he wouldn't," said Miss Maria, sighing; "and I never have."

"Good Heavens!" interjected Mr. Appleby, his eyes staring; and Nancy, leaving her seat, went and put an arm around the sobbing, wretched creature.

"But of course, I *couldn't*," added Miss Maria, "no—not after the way he'd acted. And I never did—not a single word from that night right up to now."

HOWEVER, that wasn't all, it seems. A few weeks had passed, then one night Miss Maria had gone into the hall and found Judie Laidlaw with her hat on and a bag in her hand.

"Where are you going?" Miss Maria had asked, astonished.

Judie put down her bag. "I'm going out." Then she paused and looked at her sister. "I'm going to be married."

Miss Maria fairly screamed at her: "*Tell me his name!*"

It was as she thought. Judie had told and then Miss Maria, raving hysterically, had thrown herself on her knees. "You can't! He's the one! I tell you he's married to me!"

It appears that Judie had not taken the news kindly. She burst into a terrible wrath, raging at her sister for having deceived her, furious at having been played with and tricked, frenzied at the ruining of her dreams since she had hoped to find in the marriage, which no doubt, would have turned out no differently than her sister's—the path to social eminence. Then suddenly she had put a hand to her throat, gagged once and pitched over on her face in a fit.

"That's what made her lame," explained Miss Maria, apathetically. "She got a terrible limp from it."

And in addition to the limp, Judie Laidlaw had received a warning. She was advised to go slow or the next shock might prove fatal. For two years Judie eked out a morose and sullen existence, until Randolph Laidlaw's wife died and the widower became seriously ill; then Judie began to take a new interest in affairs.

"She said things were looking brighter," Miss Maria droned, exactly expressing it.

But not for long, it turned out. Laidlaw wrote that he was coming home to live with them; but on top of this came another letter saying he had changed his mind. Some one had told him how Judie, in defiance of his orders, had asked Sidney Harding to her home.

"I thought Judie'd have another fit," said Miss Maria, reminiscently; "but she didn't. She calmed down, after a while, and then she began to think.

"She said she guessed she'd have to tell him about my baby and so I got down on my knees again."

It was just another appeal; Miss Maria apparently had gone down on her knees a great many times in her wobegone existence.

"You see, Judie thought it'd be the only way to explain things. She was going to tell Randolph what Sidney Harding had done to me, and then say she'd brought him to the house only to make him acknowledge his marriage. I begged her to think of my poor, crippled child and what would happen to it if I were turned into the street. I kept on begging. I told her that he'd know she was only lying. I showed her how Randolph must already suspect that Judie wanted to marry Sidney Harding herself; and when I got that far, Judie sat back and began to bite her lip. 'Why, I hadn't thought of that,' she said. 'Yes, I guess I won't tell him yet, about you and your doings.' So I got up from my knees and Judie wrote a long letter, begging Randolph's forgiveness. She said she'd given a big party and that Sidney Harding had come without an invitation; but I don't think Judie did it very cleverly. Anyway, Judie pretty nearly had another stroke when she got his answer. I shall never forget that day.

"I GUESS he knew she was lying and he was angrier than before. He wrote that if the party was to blame, Judie should give no more parties. They were only extravagant and there was no reason why he should deny himself and his little girl to pay for Judie's amusements. So our allowance was reduced, and we had just enough to live on comfortably.

"I didn't care. It was enough to keep me and my baby and then I knew that he'd lost a lot of money when the bond concern failed. Sidney Harding, I guess, had pretty nearly cleaned them out; and though Randolph suspected him of the theft, that rogue had fixed up the books so they'd think his brother was guilty."

"Yes, the scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Appleby.

"Judie began to hate you right there," said Miss Maria turning to Nancy. "She said you and your mother had done her out of what was rightfully hers, Randolph's money you know, and she'd like to throttle you. Oh, she was hopping! But by and by, she turned around and got furious at me, too, for not letting her write about me and my baby. She said she was going to do it, and so I got down on my knees again. But it didn't do any good," added Miss Maria.

"I guess Judie was so upset she really didn't know what she was doing. She wrote telling everything and then gave as her excuse that she'd only had the man here to try and make him marry me. Afterward she apologized for having made such a mistake; it was only her kind-heartedness that had kept her from turning me out-of-doors, after the way I'd brought shame on them all. I told Judie she ought not to write that, but she said for me to mind my own business; and if I'd had my baby with me then, I don't think we'd have bothered Judie any more—or any one else," said Miss Maria, reflecting.

"Good Heavens! Oh, come, come!" protested Mr. Appleby; "you mustn't talk like that."

"No, it's too late now, anyway," answered Miss Maria, feebly; "besides, I have to take care of Judie."

But what had really happened was this: Judie had sent the second letter and Laidlaw had answered it, expressing profound regret for poor Miss Maria and her child, and contempt for a sister who could talk of turning the wretched woman into the street.

"Anyway, Randolph said that as I was the only one who hadn't wilfully lied to him, he'd stand by the baby, but Judie'd have to look out for herself. He cut off her allowance altogether—yes, he did!" affirmed Miss Maria, earnestly: "and Judie took on so, it nearly broke my heart.

"You see," continued Miss Maria, after a reflective pause, "she thought she'd have to find some work to support herself; a place in a store or companion to a lady—like she'd read about; or maybe she'd get to be a dressmaker. But Judie was too lame to stand up in a shop and she didn't know how to sew well enough to become a dressmaker, and when she thought of hiring out to wait on a lady, she'd almost go into hysterics at the idea of being snubbed and ordered around and made to wait on some one. She said she'd die first and I nearly cried my eyes out over her, I was so sorry. I used to pray then—it was before I got afraid to show myself in a church—and so I prayed and prayed for Judie and I think God heard my prayers. Anyway, Judie didn't have to take a place. Just as we were getting ready to move into a boarding-house, where Judie was going to stay until I found something to do, I got a telegram that Randolph Laidlaw was dying and Judie nearly went out of her mind. Anyway, she said my prayers had been answered."

When the message had come that Randolph Laidlaw was dying Judie had said she was going to him. Miss Maria had tried to dissuade her, but the determined woman only declared further that she was going to appeal to him on his death-bed. She wished to find out whether he wouldn't leave her something; and in a perfect fury of haste, she made her sister pack a bag and rush for a train. Randolph Laidlaw lay in the final coma when they reached the little cottage.

"I gave out and began to cry," sniffed Miss Maria. "Judie didn't, though. She took off her bonnet and began poking around just as soon as she'd taken one look at him; and I wondered what had got into her."

FOR in a short hour Randolph Laidlaw was dead and Judie had gone to work in earnest. Miss Maria, weeping at the bedside, had heard her opening and closing drawers and rummaging among papers; and presently she came in, crying gleefully: "I've found them."

"But see here!" protested Mr. Appleby, outraged. "Wasn't there any one else in the house?"

"Not then," answered Miss Maria, after a moment's thought; "the doctor had gone away and there were only two servants—a woman from the village, who did the cooking and housework, and Nancy's nurse. The nurse was an English girl that he'd brought over from the other side. Judie paid her passage home, a few days later, and gave her two months' wages besides. She thought Judie was mighty nice and kind."

"Humph! I have no doubt!" snorted Mr. Appleby. "But what was it that your precious sister found?"

Miss Maria looked at him sharply. "You mustn't talk like that about Judie," she retorted vexedly; "or I won't tell you any more."

"You were going to tell me what she'd found," suggested Mr. Appleby, mildly.

"Papers," answered Miss Maria going on. "Judie sent the house girl away on an errand and then she went out into the garden where you and your nurse were, and she sent your nurse away on another message. You were left playing alone in the garden, Nancy, and Judie found the papers."

"Laidlaw's will, I suppose," growled Mr. Appleby under his breath; "I imagined there was one."

"There were two," corrected Miss Maria, "or, at least, one and the part of another one. He'd tried to rewrite the old will, but hadn't strength enough. It left an allowance to Judie and me—the same allowance he'd made us before he took Judie's away. In the second will, he'd cut her out altogether and Judie burned that one before I could stop her.

"I got good and scared then," continued Miss Maria. "I was afraid she'd get into trouble, so I looked around while she was outside and I found a lot of other papers. I have them here in my hands."

Miss Maria leaned over and began untying the tape around the package, and after running through the papers, she looked at Mr. Appleby.

"You remember the papers your brother-in-law came after, Morton Harding, I mean? Judie was scared almost to death. Well, she told the truth when she said she hadn't seen them, because she hadn't. I stole them and she never knew where they were until I told her a few days ago—last Sunday, I guess it was. I knew what they were as soon as Morton Harding asked for them and then I took a look. They would have sent Sidney Harding to jail, if I had given them up. You can have them now."

Mr. Appleby fairly snatched the papers from her hands, bobbing his head still more energetically as he opened first one and then the other: Nancy gazed at Miss Maria piteously.

"Oh, Miss Maria—Aunt Margaret! How could you keep them? Don't you know what happened to Phil's father?"

"Yes, I know and I guess I was crazy. I thought maybe I could use them to make Sidney Harding marry me. Anyway, I didn't want to send him to jail, and—and—oh, well, I loved him. I wanted him to come back to me."

Mr. Appleby stared at her open-mouthed over the top of his glasses. "You mean to say that you'd have married that blackguard, after all?"

"Oh, yes—anyhow up till this morning. Then when I heard about his trying to marry Nancy here for her fortune—he'd seen the game was up, I suppose, and would really have married you for your money and to keep out of trouble—well, when I heard about it, something went *snap!* in my heart and I only hated him."

So Judie, it seemed, had made her plans. She had decided to take Nancy home to New York with her; for it appeared then to have been her intention to probate the undestroyed will and, as executrix, to keep control of the money. The document, written before Laidlaw had discerned his stepsister's real character, named her and Miss Maria as guardians in event of his death and he had tried too late to write another. Thus, on the face of it, the field was clear; and after disposing of Morton Harding who had come for his papers, and seeing Randolph Laidlaw into his grave, Judie, her sister and Nancy went back to the city and there Judie wasted no time.

"She didn't tell me a word what she meant to do," said Miss Maria, drearily. "The day after we came home, she went away early in the morning and when she walked in at night, she had my baby in her arms. I nearly died of joy and I threw my arms around her and told her how good she was to me. But she told me to shut up; she wasn't going to let me live with my little girl so that every one would find out about it. She only meant to have it nearer home. Then the next day she went out early again, and I didn't see her till night. But I didn't think about that. I had my baby and I tried all day to make it smile and I couldn't, and then part of the day I tried to get its arms and legs straight, and I couldn't do that either. So when Judie came in, I was crying. 'Stop your bawling,' she said to me; 'we're going to move.' "

AND move they did; and the crippled child was left behind with an attendant, who was told that it was Randolph Laidlaw's child. Miss Maria had gone down on her knees again on hearing this deceit, but to no avail. "I'll tell on you," she had threatened finally, and Judie had looked at her with a flaming face.

"Do it, if you dare!" she threatened in turn. "I've offered the will for probate, and if you say anything about the one I burned, every one shall know about that child of yours and your shame. Now go ahead and tell if you like."

"It's stealing!" Miss Maria had cried.

"No, it ain't," her sister had answered, with a ready retort; "the money's rightfully mine. Randolph Laidlaw promised to leave it to me and if it hadn't been for that French teacher and her youngster, I'd have had it."

But Miss Maria had still protested it was stealing. If Judie was not meaning to steal all of it, rather than a part only, why had she substituted one child for another? Precisely! And Judie had a ready answer for that, too. Nancy might not die and if she were allowed to remain known as the heir, there would be a lot of trouble when the time came to turn over her fortune to her.

Then Miss Maria had suddenly grown cold. "But my baby—my little girl whom you've put in her place!" she had wept. "She can't live very long. What will you do with all the money when she dies?"

Precisely—and Judie's eyes had glittered. Judie had already made plans for what she'd do with it.

"Now let's have an end to this foolishness," she had growled roughly. "We'll move where we're not known and your child'll remain here. She'll be known as Dorothy Laidlaw and I'll be known as Mrs. Munger. That's so we'll be safe, if any one recognizes us. If they do, and things come to the worst, I'll say Nancy's my child and that Sidney Harding's her father. That ought to satisfy you—yes, after the way you've howled around about your virtue, Miss Margaret Maria Laidlaw. We'll keep your child here in the Tenth Street house, and we'll move over to Bend Street where we're not known, and where there's a little house belonging to the estate. We can keep quiet for a while, then I'm going to move up-town where I can begin all over again. There's no one but trash anyway down here that come to my parties and I intend to have a good time. Is it a go?"

"It's stealing!" Miss Maria, still obsessed by conscience, had wailed. "I won't do it."

"All right, then," retorted Judie, grimly; "I suppose I'll have to go to jail. I've taken oath at the surrogate's office and now I'm in for it. You'll be glad when you see me in prison weaving baskets and pounding oakum and washing dishes for the convicts—cooking for them, too. Do you want me to learn cooking in jail?"

SO rather than see her sister cooking for the convicts, Miss Maria had given in. She said she'd submit, but in the same breath she swore to Judie that she'd never accept a cent of the ill-gotten booty and that when Nancy came of age, she would tell.

"Do as you please about that," Judie, now newly christened as Mrs. Munger had answered. "By the time she comes of age, I'll have had my fun, and can die, perhaps. Or maybe I won't mind going to jail after I've enjoyed myself."

So the farce had been carried out; the servants were dismissed and new ones engaged; the new house was opened and the old one left as it was, tenanted only by that substituted child and the attendants. In the neighborhood, the Laidlaws were said to have gone into the country and when the first year passed by safely, Mrs. Munger chuckled. She chuckled still more at the second; and half-way through the third year she became positively hilarious.

"Then the door-bell rang one day," said Miss Maria, simply; "and when I went down into the parlor, there was Sidney Harding. He threw back his head when he saw me and laughed and laughed, and I gave him one look and then went up-stairs and told Judie."

For it had been as Miss Maria had suspected. Sidney Harding had smelled out the fraud and had come to demand his share.

(*Continued on Page 34*)

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

CUTTING OUT SKIRTS

"Zip Dalton," Football Hero, Kicks His Way to Another Goal

By Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd

Illustrations by George Brehm

ZIP DALTON did not tango. Even the one-step was beyond his ken. The dancing craze flooding through Burton, had swirled around him, dashed against him and left him unmoved. Dancing was all right for a fusser. Personally, young Dalton considered it piffle.

Far back in the dim past, before prep school had rescued him from petticoat rule, his mother had led him forth to a dancing class where a conscientious young woman had tried to interest him in the waltz and two-step. That was a matter of history but he had lived it down; and, even at the time, he had failed to learn either the waltz or the two-step.

At Burton, he had been far too busy with the vital issues of life to bother about dancing. Mallonby, captain of the football team and idol of the school had said to him in his first term:

"You've got the wind and the nerve, Kid, and you are going to have the shoulders and the weight. I've got my eye on you, but you'll have to buck up and run straight. No team if you flunk exams, you know. Takes some doing to keep 'em both in the air at once. There's just one thing you can spare. That's skirts. They're time-wasters. Take my word for it, Son, and cut out skirts right from the start. Time enough for them when you've helped us to lick the stuffing out of Andover and Taft."

The words were the words of wisdom. Coming from Mallonby, the Great, they took on the character of divine revelation and the awed and worshiping first-year boy fixed his eyes upon the shining goal before him and never allowed them, by so much as a flicker, to express approval of feminine charms.

Cutting out girls was not in the nature of a strain. Zip had never liked them and keeping away from them was one of the easiest things he did. Why any decent fellow like Morsman, his roommate, for example, should spend his time in dancing with girls and spend his money in buying them flowers and food was more than Dalton could understand. Morsman did not even try for the team, did not train for anything, except tango teas. The idiot actually went down to New York whenever he could get away from school and paid six dollars a lesson to some dance shark for teaching him the newest steps. Zip told his roommate plainly that he was a mutton-headed, rubber-legged goose; but he couldn't help liking the old chap, even if he did dance too well, and did have letters from half a dozen different girls in a morning's mail.

AND so the first year passed. The second year brought the shoulders and the weight that Mallonby, the omniscient, had foretold. Zip made the football team and was looked upon as a potential hero.

"Watch Dalton," the knowing ones said. "Mallonby thinks there's something doing there."

Gradually the captain's infallibility was once more proved to the school world. There was certainly something doing in the immediate vicinity of Zip Dalton; and after the game with Taft, the something was not merely doing. It had been done. Week after week added to the boy's laurels. Mallonby, the Great, walked about with his arm thrown comradewise across his young half-back's broad shoulders. Dr. Burton, the Head Master, stopped Dalton on the chapel steps, shook hands with him and invited him to dinner—an honor coveted by the old boys because of the exceeding prettiness of the Doctor's daughter; but regarded by Zip as an unmerited affliction, to be accepted with resignation and endured with fortitude.

The pretty daughter improved her opportunity to the best of her ability, but made no headway.

"At first, I thought he was shy," she reported to her girl friends, "but it isn't that. He simply doesn't care about girls. They bore him."

Dodging was difficult business, after that. Zip's stock went soaring. To be the girl who did not bore the young football hero seemed to the girls of the school town a most worthy ambition; and each youthful belle who came to visit in the town or to attend school functions in which brothers figured, developed an absorbing interest in "that splendid-looking fellow who doesn't like girls," and insisted upon meeting him. Even Zip's best friends turned traitors and trapped him into being introduced to girls bent upon lionizing, and confident of their own charms; but it was Mallonby who took him to Mrs. Bostwick's.

THE invitation followed close upon the heels of the Andover game, the big game of the season, the game upon which Burton's highest hopes and darkest doubts centered. *If* Burton could beat Andover—but what an if! Barring miracles, the feat seemed impossible. Andover was incredibly fast. Andover had the weight. Buzz Follerton of Andover was the infant phenomenon among goal kickers. Stinger Cox of Andover could carry a ball through a stone wall. Burton assumed an easy confidence, in public; but, man to man, the school admitted that the chances were against the home team. Only Mallonby, imperturbable, cheerful, calm, maintained an air of serene assurance; and, looking at him, Burton gulped down its pessimism and took heart.

"If we need miracles, we'll work them," he said, confidently, to the team; "but it won't come to that. Straight football, with Burton grit behind it, will do the trick. You know your game. Go to it, fellows. We *can't* lose."

But, as the Andover team rollicked out upon the field, bulky, fit, sure of victory, Mallonby laid a hand upon young Dalton's shoulder for an instant.

"If it should come to miracles, Zip," he said, and there was appeal as well as encouragement in the low voice, "remember I believe you're the handiest little miracle-worker in the bunch."

"The Talking-Machine Ground Out 'Too Much Mustard' and Morsman Clasped His Roommate's Hand in Daintily Correct Fashion"

Zip's heart swelled. Miracles! He could turn them off in dozens for old Mallonby and for Burton! They would be needed. That was evident from the start. The home team fought well, even brilliantly; but little by little, the game went against them. Andover was outplaying them, fairly, steadily outplaying them and at the end of the first half, Burton's men trotted off the field with serious faces. Mallonby advised, criticized, encouraged, exhorted, put heart of grace into his team, like the born leader that he was.

"You'll get your chance," he prophesied. "It always comes. The thing is to know it when it comes. Watch for it. Take it. We're on to that pass of theirs now. They can't put it across on us again and we've got our new play up our sleeves. Trot it out, at the right moment and they won't wake up till everything's over. All together does it. Charters and Benson are their weak spots. The break will come there. Then it's up to you. Don't let anything stop you."

And Burton came up smiling, in the face of a scoreboard recording seven to nothing in Andover's favor.

"Plucky beggars!" commented an ex-Yale coach, as he watched the home team settle down to the second half. "They're going after it. I've seen our men pick a game out of a deeper ditch than this, when they had to do it. A team with the right stuff in it is at its best when it's bucking a losing game."

Burton was finding itself. The boyish jaws were hard set. The boyish eyes were keen. The boyish bodies were made of quicksilver and gutta-percha, with an occasional bar of pig iron thrown in for weight. Surely, steadily, they forced the play down field. Andover was on the defensive now. The time for blithe aggression was past.

And then suddenly the break that Mallonby had prophesied came. Burton saw it, used it. A crouching figure was hurled like a catapult through the breach. A moment or two later, Mallonby, cool, nonchalant, master of his nerves as he was master of his team, made the first touchdown for Burton. The goal was added quickly and the sympathizing crowd in the grand stand went mad with joy.

"One more! One more!" chanted the cheering squad between yells; but Andover had grasped the inwardness of Burton's new pass and had no idea of allowing the "one more" to go on record. A tie score was bad enough. They would better that, if they could; but, at all costs, they must prevent Burton's scoring again.

Up and down between goal lines the battle raged, brawn against brawn, brain against brain, pluck against pluck. Boy after boy went down in the scrimmages and was carried off to the side lines, while eager-eyed substitutes stripped off sweaters and jumped into the vacant places.

HERE and there, in the grand stand, a mother's lips were white or a girl's eyes were frightened; but the lust of battle surged up from the struggling teams to the watching crowd and thumbs were down in the old Roman way. It was a good fight and all the world loves a fighter, as it loves a lover—rather better, in point of fact.

The moments flew. The time for doughty deeds grew shorter and shorter. And then, at the very last gasp, the miracle came!

Even the Burton team hardly knew how it had happened; but Zip Dalton had the ball and was off around the left of a plunging, writhing human mass, with, for the instant, no one to say him nay. Only for an instant. Then Andover rose at him; but Burton, too, had caught its breath. Vainly Andover tackled. The flying form was not there. On it went, darting, turning, dodging, and its fellows fought for freedom like a demon band; while

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Burton's girls hugged whoever happened to be nearest and Burton's schoolmates rent high heaven with their yells.

Stringer Cox beat off interference at last and lunging forward, brought the runner crashing to the ground; but the touch-down was won. Zip was carried off the field on the shoulders of young maniacs, bruised, battered, bleeding; but with a smile on his white lips and, in his heart, the ineffable content of the boy who knows that he has won the big game of the year.

The bruises were in the pale yellow and green stage, on the night of Mrs. Bostwick's party and one or two of them were rather disfiguring; but Zip had not offered them in excuse. Coming from Mallonby, an invitation to an under-classman and football player was like being commanded to Windsor. It left no alternative. Incidentally, it was an honor highly coveted and seldom accorded. Zip was flattered yet reluctant; and as he struggled into the dress clothes he loathed, he speculated drearily as to the earliest moment at which he could make his escape without offending his sponsor.

Mrs. Bostwick was Mallonby's aunt and the social columns of New York newspapers featured her name extensively during the winter season; but she owned a country place outside the little town where Burton flourished and she had a way of running to it occasionally, with a gay house party in tow.

THE Burton boys sometimes heard echoes of the doings through Mallonby, but that was all. Mrs. Bostwick's house parties were not for schoolboys. At last, however, an exception had been made.

"Aunt Maria is trotting a goddaughter around this Winter," Mallonby had explained to Zip. "Not out, you know. In school near New York; but a nice little thing. Aunt Maria's gone quite dotty about her. The house party is for her and some of her friends; but they need a few extra boys and one of the girls who saw the Andover game put the old lady up to asking for you. Guess you'll have to come along, old man. I've asked Morsman, too."

There were times when Zip felt that one could pay too dearly for athletic honors.

Mrs. Bostwick's rooms were comfortably filled when the Burton contingent arrived. The boys made their way to the hostess, who passed them on to a group of strange girls; and a moment later, Zip, abandoned to his fate by his friends, was listening mutely to a dashing brunette who adored football and thought that he was too perfectly wonderful and was sure that he must have suffered agonies from his honorable wounds. Zip put in a modest disclaimer occasionally, when the fumes of the incense became overpowering; and watched for a loophole of escape almost as eagerly as he had watched for the now historic break in the Andover defense. Girls did talk such rot—and so much of it! What in thunder fellows saw in them—!

A wave of the chattering crowd swept up and engulfed the ardent brunette and her victim. When it subsided, the victim had disappeared. Mallonby had taught him how to seize an opportunity.

The air was mild for November and the veranda to which Zip fled through one of the long French windows of the library, was moon flooded. With a long drawn sigh of relief, the fugitive sat down on the low railing and lighted a cigaret. This wasn't half bad. In course of time, it would be decent for him to go home. Meanwhile no one would know but what some strong and relentless girl had him corralled in a corner. He could smoke and possess his soul in peace.

He wouldn't have objected to having his overcoat. There was a fair chance of his taking cold; but, as he thought of the brunette, he felt resigned to anything short of pneumonia. What was a cold, more or less? The football season was over anyway. He didn't have to feel fit.

A sound of footsteps intruded upon his placid content. Around the corner came two figures—a boy and a girl. Zip checked a groan. Fussers! Oh, well, they might not notice him.

But they did. Not only did they notice him, but they stopped before him; and he saw that the boy was Morsman. He did not look at the girl. He seldom looked at girls. They did not interest him.

"Why, hello, Zip!" Morsman's voice was saturated with surprise. "Smoking, eh? Miss Barnaby, this is Dalton, my roommate. It's sad but he's the worst sort of cigaret fiend. Can't do without them for a minute."

"He couldn't play football as he does, if that were true."

There was something about the voice that gave Zip a curious desire to see the girl to whom it belonged. He turned his head toward her, looked at her, and took a firm grip upon the railing, with both hands. A fellow must cling to something when the world reels round.

She was absolutely unlike all other girls. Zip realized that, the moment he saw her. If girls had been like her, he never could have made the football team.

STANDING there in the moonlight, she looked like—what was it she looked like? He fumbled for the thing that was worthy to be compared with her. A lily! That was it. He was enormously pleased with the originality of the idea. The lover's litany was all unknown to him. That other girls had been compared to lilies did not occur to him. There were no other girls.

She was slender and sweet and heart height. Her gown was silver in the moonlight and her face—it was her face that had made the world suddenly reel round. Another year of prep school and four years of college? The thing wasn't to be thought of. He would chuck college and go into business.

There were soft little curls that fluttered against her forehead; her eyes were dark and unfathomable; but the moonlight played with dimples in her cheeks and her lips were smiling.

Something stirred and woke in the heart of the football hero. It was a queer sensation—something like that of winning a big game, and something like that of leaving home for the first time and a little like that of smelling yellow honeysuckle on a summer night; but a great deal of it wasn't like anything within the range of Zip's experience. He wondered vaguely whether this was the way other fellows felt about ordinary girls, but discarded the idea, unhesitatingly. No fellow had ever felt just as he did. That was probably because no girl had ever looked as she did. The boy soul of him went on its knees to her and rendered homage; and old Nature laughed, in the moonlit world, at the boy who had not liked girls.

"Don't let me keep you, Mr. Morsman," the Girl was saying. "I think I'll stay out here a little while. It's so very hot in the house and I have a headache. Will I spoil things for you, Mr. Dalton?"

"Oh, yes—that is no—I mean—do stay," stammered Zip. He meant the "yes." She had already spoiled everything else for him. She was the only unspoiled thing in a new heaven and a new earth.

MORSMAN left, without protest. Zip marveled at his stoicism. The Girl sat on the railing, from which, after his first dizziness, Zip had risen. She drew the long white cape that had hung from her shoulders, more closely around her.

"I don't mind smoke," she said, "and you won't mind my not talking, will you? What a night!"

"What a night of nights!" Zip's heart echoed. His last mental reservation melted away. She was not going to tell him that she adored football. This was beyond a shadow of doubt, the queen of girls. There was something in the Bible about "rose of Sharon and lily-of-the-valley." There were lots of good things in the Bible even if chapel was deadly. A girl who didn't want to talk! Ye gods! What a pearl of great price! He rather thought that was some more Bible; but he wasn't sure. She was a pearl, all right enough.

He leaned against a pillar and looked down at her. Such a straight, white part on the top of her head, and such thick, soft hair waving away from it. He could touch it by stretching out his hand. A wave of odd feeling surged through him and he promptly thrust both hands deep into his pockets.

"Why don't you sit down?" she asked. He could see her face better if he should sit down, so he did it; and then, after all, he was afraid to look into her face at such close range. It was enough to be there beside her. Her arm touched his and a thrill of ecstasy shot through his nerves. The breeze whipped a fold of her cloak across his knees, and; as she reached for it, his hand and hers met, met, and for an instant, clung—and parted, leaving the Boy, storm-shaken, the Girl smiling softly, mysteriously, in the moonlight. . .

There was nothing to say. It couldn't be said; so he sat and listened to the thumping of his heart and she made no effort to keep up a conversation.

"It's so very lovely," she said, contentedly. Zip agreed with her. It was so very lovely. But, after a while, the sound of music came drifting out and the Girl rose.

"I must go in," she said. "I'm sorry." A sweet, half-whispered regret. Zip caught at her hand recklessly.

"Don't go," he begged. "It's lots better out here."

"Lots better," she agreed, "but I've promised dances and there's a chaperon and—you'll come in, too, won't you?" Of course he would.

She slipped off her cloak in the empty library and turned to him.

"You want some dances, don't you?" Half daring she was, half shy, as she held her card out to him.

ON the spot, then and there, Zip Dalton had a vision of misspent life.

"I don't dance," he confessed. He said it as though he had been pleading guilty to murder in the first degree; there was something akin to anguish in his honest eyes.

"Oh—really?" She was disappointed, amazed. "I supposed of course—why, how queer! Don't you?" A lank and drooping youth invaded the library.

"I've been hunting everywhere," he announced, in reproachful accents. The Girl turned to him with a smile.

"Yes; it is our dance, Mr. Stimson. I thought you had forgotten."

And Zip had to stand impotently by, while the languid Mr. Stimson slipped an arm around the Queen of Girls quite as though it were not a stupendous, a breath-snatching, a heart-shaking thing to do, and dipped and glided and swayed off into the crowd. Not a word of leave-taking did she toss to the boy who did not dance; but as she went she looked back at him, and her eyes said, quite plainly that she was sorry.

Zip was not sorry. He was enraged. His football victories were Dead Sea fruit. He would have given every goal he had ever made for Morsman's ability to dance. Nobody missed him when he slipped away. The Girl was dancing with a very elaborate young man from New York; and Mallonby and Morsman were winning laurels for old Burton. "Peace hath its victories as well as war."

The next afternoon, Morsman, reclining luxuriously upon a couch piled high with embroidered cushions that were offerings from Fair Ones, looked up in surprise as his roommate came in, carrying a talking-machine.

"Rented it in the village," Zip explained, as he deposited his load on a table. "This is where you get busy, teaching me to dance."

"Suffering Moses! You?"

Morsman refused to believe it; but conviction came when he was jerked from the cushions to his feet, by a grim and determined boy larger than he and in excellent training.

"Pleased to oblige, I'm sure," he murmured politely. "What, if I may make so bold, is your august will in the matter of dances? one-step? hesitation? fox trot? tango? maxixe?"

"Cut out the maxixe. We've got only three days."

"Raving, poor fellow—raving in delirium! Three days!"

"Got to put it over. Mallonby's going to take us to another little dance there Saturday night. She's going away Monday."

"Oh—oh, yes!" Morsman grasped the situation. "The curse has come upon me, cried the Lady of Shalott! My son, you shall dance with her, if it costs me a leg—if it costs me two legs. Never shall it be said that Joe Morsman doused the glim of love's young dream! Metaphors a little mixed, but you get me?"

"Idiot! We're wasting time."

The talking-machine ground out "Too Much Mustard." Zip set his teeth and furrowed his brow. Morsman clasped his roommate's large brown hand in daintily correct fashion and valiantly gripped the tweed-clad waist. The merry war was on.

FOR three days and three evenings, with brief intervals for meals and classes, the two wrestled with Terpsichore, behind closed doors. Groups of school fellows, consumed by curiosity, gathered in the hall, listened to the strains of the talking-machine and the padding thud of moving feet and hurled ribald jests over the transom. One of the bolder spirits tried to follow the jests through the transom but abandoned the idea precipitately and with sundry casualities. Zip was determined. Morsman was a loyal friend and a good sport. When Saturday evening came, the two were tired but exultant.

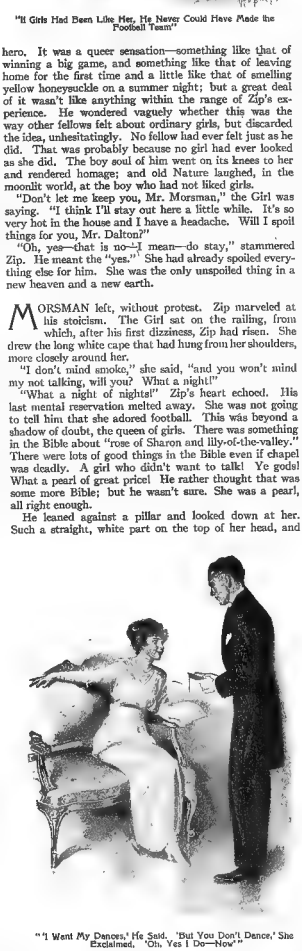
"Talk about Jacob serving seven years for his girl!" said Morsman, "You've beaten him to it, in three days."

That night, Zip donned the once despised dress clothes as joyously as ever knight put on armor and went to the little dance at Mrs. Bostwick's.

She was there—in pink. It suited her even better than the other gown. If Zip had put the whole force of his intellect into action, he might have figured out the original proposition that she looked like a rose in pink; but he hadn't time to bother with similes.

(*Continued on Page 53*)

"If Girls Had Been Like Her, He Never Could Have Made the Football Team"



"'I Want My Dances,' He Said. 'But You Don't Dance,' She Exclaimed. 'Oh, Yes I Do—Now'"

Digitized by Google
Origina from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THE WRONG SANTA CLAUS

The Twelfth and Final Octavius Story

By

Frederic Arnold Kummer

Photographs from The Edison Company

OCTAVIUS was delighted, the other morning, to receive a letter from some friends in New Jersey asking him to spend Christmas with them.

"Bully!" he exclaimed, handing the letter to me. "They want me to act as Santa Claus, too, and distribute the presents." He appeared quite enthusiastic over the idea.

His enthusiasm arose from three distinct causes. The first was that he would be part of a real Christmas celebration, which was certainly much better than to spend the day over a tiresome restaurant dinner and a stupid show.

The second was that he would have a chance to wear a disguise. There is nothing that Octavius likes better. Two hours after getting the letter, he had bought a complete Santa Claus outfit, wig, beard and all and was trying it on for my benefit.

The third reason he confided to me shortly before his departure.

"Mrs. Randall," he said—this was the name of the lady who had invited him—"has one of the most charming daughters——"

I saw that the Christmas spell was working but I hoped for the best. I don't want to see Octavius married. I can see his weak points—as a husband.

He started out on Christmas Day in high spirits. His suitcase contained a nice little assortment of gifts for his hostess and her family. Octavius is generosity itself. I believe he remembered even the cook.

He reached Oakville, the little station at which the Randall's place is located, just in time for their afternoon dinner and he tells me that he enjoyed it to the full.

After dinner, the party adjourned to the library for music. Mrs. Randall drew Octavius aside as he was leaving the dining-room, and asked him to follow her to the parlor.

The room was closed, because in it had been placed the tree and the presents. The gifts, all wrapped up and appropriately tagged, were piled on a large center-table. As Mrs. Randall explained, Octavius was to go quietly up to his room, get into his Santa Claus outfit and then return to the parlor, switch on the lights and throw open the sliding doors which separated it from the library. The presents he was to place in a large basket, from which he was to distribute them in accordance with the names on the tags.

"You had better go up now," she said, "and get ready, I'll keep everybody busy in the library until you throw open the doors. And don't forget to light up the tree, here's the switch. You will find your Santa Claus suit in the closet in your room."

HE didn't say anything about the suit he had brought along, for fear of hurting Mrs. Randall's feelings. It had never occurred to him that one would be provided.

He went quietly to his room, which was located on the second floor, in the rear, and proceeded to dress.

It took him a good while to get into his suit, but finally he got everything arranged to his liking and was about to go down-stairs, when he thought he heard a slight noise behind him.

He turned quickly and to his amazement, saw another Santa Claus, who might have been his double, emerge with great rapidity from the closet.

The newcomer wore precisely the same kind of a wig and beard, red suit and exaggerated paunch. Evidently Mrs. Randall had purchased a duplicate of the suit Octavius had brought. They were alike as two peas. Octavius uttered an exclamation and stepped back toward the door.

"Wh—who are you?" he stammered, eying the other in some alarm.

He was about the same height as Octavius, but a little more heavily built. In his upraised hand he held an object that looked suspiciously like a blackjack. He did not reply to Octavius's question. Who he was apparently made very little difference. Without uttering a word, he bore down upon Octavius and with a quick swing struck him a blow upon the head.

It was a glancing blow, and its force was somewhat checked by the wig and cap which Octavius wore, but still it was sufficiently heavy to send him reeling to the floor. In an instant the man had passed him, and snatching up the basket that had fallen from Octavius's hand, he dashed out of the room and locked the door behind him.

For several moments Octavius lay, dazed and uncertain. No doubt his assailant had supposed him unconscious from the blow, but he wasn't. He was pretty foggy, however, and it took him some time to collect his scattered senses.

After a while he rose unsteadily to his feet. There was no doubt about what had happened. A burglar had entered the house by one of the second story windows, and having been surprised by Octavius's entrance, had hidden in the closet. As for the suit the burglar wore, it was undoubtedly the one Mrs. Randall had provided for his own use. And then a sudden realization of the dangers of the situation came over Octavius. Suppose the burglar were to go down to the parlor, steal the presents and make away with them. He would probably not even be seen, but if he were, every one would suppose him to be Octavius.

It was a situation requiring prompt action and Octavius realized it. He rushed to the door, only to find that it was locked. Then he began to call for help, hammering on the door with all his might, but for a long time no one heard him.

THE talking-machine in the library was going at full speed and the notes of a tango came faintly up the stairs. No doubt they were all dancing while the burglar was ransacking the parlor. It was a maddening situation.

Octavius redoubled his efforts, beating on the door with his fists and calling at the top of his voice for help. After what seemed ages, he heard footsteps in the hall and presently the door was thrown open and Mrs. Randall stood on the threshold.

"Why, Octavius!" she exclaimed in amazement. "What has happened? How did the door come to be locked? I was sure I saw you come down-stairs ten minutes ago and go into the parlor. We were all waiting in the library for you to open the doors."

Octavius groaned. "It was the wrong Santa Claus that you saw," he said. "Come with me, quick. I am afraid that the presents have been stolen."

Mrs. Randall gazed at him in wide-eyed astonishment. She must have thought that he had been drinking.

"I don't understand," she began. "Who was it that I saw?"

Octavius offered no explanations. He realized that there was no time, if the thief were to be caught. He dashed down the stairs three steps at a time, followed by his bewildered hostess.

Once in the parlor, his worst fears were realized. All the gifts, with the exception of a few toys for the children, were gone.

Mrs. Randall gave a cry of alarm. "What shall we do?" she exclaimed.

"I'll get them back," Octavius announced and then, completely forgetting the way in which he was dressed, he rushed to the front door, sprang down the steps and set off at full speed in the direction of the railroad station.

There was just a chance, he thought, that the thief would attempt to make his escape by train.

A west bound train was just pulling in as he got within sight of the station. Two or three persons were waiting on the platform. Among them Octavius saw his double, the other Santa Claus, basket in hand, approaching one of the cars.

He ran down the road at full speed, calling to the trainmen to wait for him. They could not have heard him, however, for the train started up while he was still a hundred feet or more away.

He sprinted as he had never sprinted before and just managed to swing aboard the last car, completely out of breath, as the train swept out of the station.

Octavius started through the train to look for the burglar, and located him in the smoking-car, calmly enjoying a cigar. The basket of presents reposed on the seat beside him.

The few other occupants of the car had not manifested any great interest in the single figure in Santa Claus costume, doubtless supposing him to be on his way to some Christmas celebration; but when Octavius appeared, as like the first man as though he had been his twin brother, they began to sit up and take notice.

Their interest was further stimulated by Octavius's actions. He lost no time. As soon as he perceived the object of his pursuit he rushed up to him.

"Here, you," he cried in no gentle tones. "I'll thank you to hand over those presents."

The man turned to Octavius and gazed at him with a perfectly unruffled countenance.

"What's eatin' you, friend?" he inquired, drily.

Octavius was a little taken aback by the man's coolness, but he had no intention of allowing himself to be bluffed.

"I said I want those presents you've stolen, and I mean to have them." He squared off, ready for instant action.

Again the man looked at him, this time not so pleasantly. The other passengers left their seats and crowded about, eager for the fight they felt was coming. A trainman who had been standing near the rear of the car hurried off to find the conductor.

"I don't know what you're talking about," the burglar said, eying Octavius very coldly, "but from the stuff you're handing out, I should say you had just escaped from the crazy house." He turned to the other passengers for sympathy. "Here I am, a hard-working man, going home to my wife and kids with a few little Christmas gifts and this gink here wants me to turn them over to him." He wheeled on Octavius with an oath.

"I don't know what this is you're trying to hand me," he said, "but for the love of Mike, cut it out. I ain't got no time to bother with you." He resumed his seat and his cigar.

MURMURS of sympathy arose from the crowd. The conductor came up to listen to the altercation.

"The fellow is lying," exclaimed Octavius, turning to the crowd. "He stole those presents from the house of Mrs. Randall, in Oakville, and I want them back."

The burglar rose in his seat. "You say these things ain't mine, hey," he growled. "Very well. If they belong to you, tell me what's in this package." He held out a square box done up in wrapping-paper.

Octavius suddenly realized that he was helpless. He hadn't the remotest idea what the box contained. On it was written, "To Gertrude, from Mother." Gertrude was Mrs. Randall's oldest daughter.

"Well, come on, friend. What's in it?" the man urged, with a jeering laugh. "Speak up now. I'm ready to turn the things over to you," he continued, as he saw from the expression of Octavius's face that he was unable to answer, "if you will tell these gentlemen what the package contains."

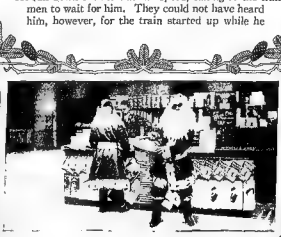
"I—I don't know," Octavius stammered, "but it's for Miss Gertrude Randall. Her name's on it."

The man laughed. "What are you trying to give me?" he said. "There ain't nothing on here about any Miss Randall. This here present is for my daughter Gertrude. My name's Brown—Martin Brown. If you think you're going to get these things away from me with any such chatter as that, you've got another guess coming. Say"—he appealed to the conductor. "Can't I ride on this blamed road in peace, without being bothered by guys like this?"

The conductor nodded. "You sure can," he said. "Look here, my friend," he turned to Octavius, "you just keep quiet, understand, or I'll have to put you off at the next station. If you've got any charges against this man here, wait till we get to the ferry, and make 'em to a policeman. I don't intend to have any rough stuff pulled on this train. Get me?"

Octavius did. The circumstances were too greatly against him. He could not

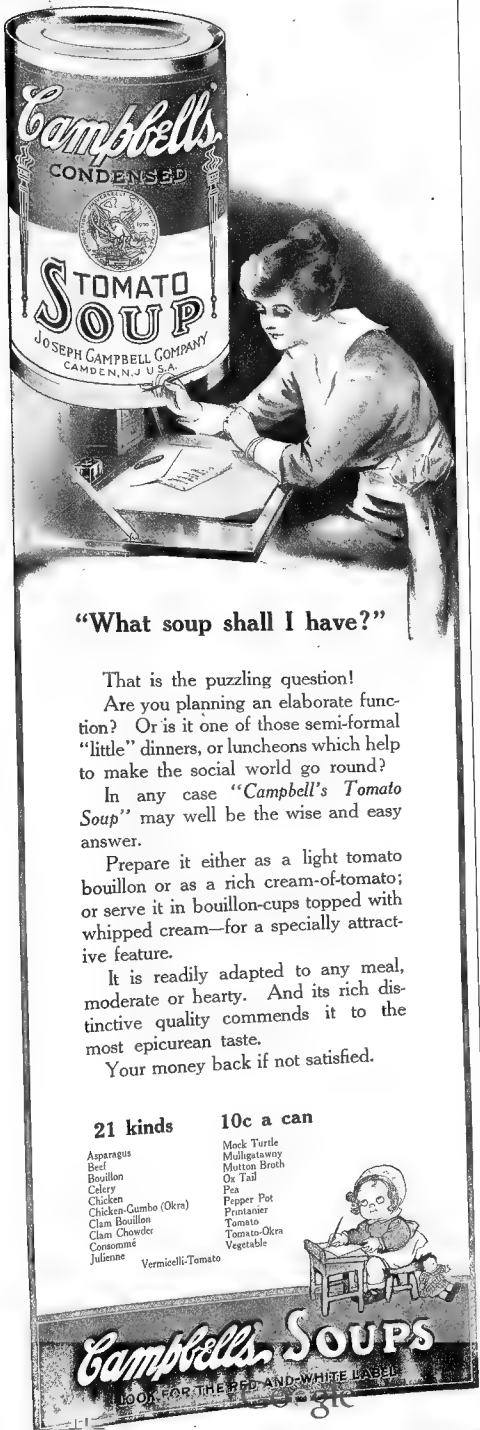
(*Continued on Page 26*)



"Like a Flash He Darted toward the Basket and Picked It Up"

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

(Here's The Answer)



"What soup shall I have?"

That is the puzzling question!

Are you planning an elaborate function? Or is it one of those semi-formal "little" dinners, or luncheons which help to make the social world go round?

In any case *"Campbell's Tomato Soup"* may well be the wise and easy answer.

Prepare it either as a light tomato bouillon or as a rich cream-of-tomato; or serve it in bouillon-cups topped with whipped cream—for a specially attractive feature.

It is readily adapted to any meal, moderate or hearty. And its rich distinctive quality commends it to the most epicurean taste.

Your money back if not satisfied.

21 kinds

Asparagus
Beef
Bouillon
Celery
Chicken
Chicken-Gumbo (Okra)
Clam Bouillon
Clam Chowder
Consommé
Julienne
Mock Turtle
Mulligatawny
Mutton Broth
Ox Tail
Pea
Pepper Pot
Printanier
Tomato
Tomato-Okra
Vegetable
Vermicelli-Tomato

10c a can

Campbell's SOUPS
LOOK FOR THE RED AND WHITE LABEL

The Wrong Santa Claus

(*Continued from Page 25*)

for a moment run the risk of being put off the train, for then the burglar and the presents would both be lost to him forever. He was forced to content himself with sitting in a near-by seat fully determined, however, to act upon the conductor's suggestion as soon as they reached the ferry.

As the train drew into the station, Octavius sprang out and began to look for a policeman. As luck would have it, he found one in the waiting-room, just as the burglar with the basket of presents came hurrying along.

He pointed with an accusing finger to the burglar. "I want this man arrested," he declared.

"What for?" asked the policeman.

"He stole the presents in that basket from a house in Oakville——"

The burglar raised his hand and tapped his forehead significantly.

"This guy's nutty," he informed the policeman. "He's been bothering me for the last hour. You'd better run him in, I guess. He may be dangerous."

This, of course, made Octavius hopping mad. "He's a thief, I tell you," he shouted. "He hit me with a black-jack, and took the things out of the parlor. I've followed him all the way in from Oakville, and I want them back."

"Same song and dance he handed me on the train," replied the burglar. "I asked him to identify the contents of any one of these packages, and he couldn't do it. He can't do it now. If he can, I'll hand 'em over. The conductor told him he'd put him off if he didn't keep quiet."

The policeman gazed at Octavius with a coldly critical eye. "Is that right?" he asked. "If you claim these things, you ought to be able to identify them."

"They don't belong to me," Octavius stammered, conscious of the disadvantage at which he was placed. "I was a guest at Mrs. Randall's, but——"

"If you can't put up anything stronger than that, young fellow," the policeman remarked, "I guess I won't make no arrests. You'd better let the gentleman alone."

"But," roared Octavius, losing his temper, "I insist that you do your duty."

The policeman began to get angry, too, at this. "Duty, is it!" he exclaimed. "Well, I guess I don't need the likes of you to tell me what it is. Take my advice and beat it," he pushed Octavius not very gently toward the door. "If you don't, I'll run you in for disorderly conduct."

His manner was anything but pleasant. Octavius saw that it would be useless to offer any resistance. He left the waiting-room and went out into the platform. Then, fearing that his man would escape him, he ran around through the passageway used by teams, and stationed himself at the door through which the thief would leave the waiting-room in order to go aboard the ferry.

There was no boat in the slip, and one of the station men informed him that it would be several minutes before it would arrive. He went up to the waiting-room door and peered in.

The thief had placed the basket of presents on one of the seats, and was purchasing a paper and some cigars at the news-stand. He was at least ten feet away from the basket. Octavius saw his chance.

He cautiously pushed open the swinging door and entered the waiting-room. Then like a flash, he darted toward the basket and picked it up. The burglar was still occupied with his purchases.

The policeman was standing near the opposite door, gazing out toward the train platform. Octavius went up to him. He intended to try a bold move, and counted on the peculiar resemblance between the thief and himself in their Santa Claus costumes, to enable him to carry it out successfully.

Octavius had gone about half the distance to the policeman, when the burglar discovered his loss. He gave a cry and dashed across the room at full speed. Octavius went up to the policeman and tapped him on the arm.

"Say," he exclaimed hastily, nodding toward the oncoming thief, "that fellow's after me again."

This was enough for the policeman. He took in the situation, or thought he did, at least, at a glance. Octavius, with the basket on his arm, he supposed to be the same person that had carried it originally. The onrushing thief he supposed to be Octavius.

"Here, you," he said, grasping the latter by the arm as he came up. "Didn't I tell you if you tried any more of this funny business I'd run you in?"

"I want my basket," the man roared.

"That's what you said before," the policeman retorted.

It was the burglar who lost his temper this time. "You blamed idiot!" he shouted. "Don't you see that *he's* got it now? I'm the one that had it first. Them things belong to me. He's double crossing you."

The policeman seized the irate burglar by the collar. "Call me an idiot, do you," he cried. "Well, just for that, you're going to have a ride in the hurry-up wagon. Come right along with me." He dragged the fellow, in spite of his protests, toward the street.

"You're in wrong," the man shouted. "I ain't the one you think I am. You think I'm him, but I ain't. He's got you all mixed up. Give me a chance to explain, can't you?"

"You had have all the chance you want when you get to the station," observed the policeman with a grin.

"Let me go!" cried the other.

The policeman tightened his hold upon the fellow's collar, effectually smothering his cries. Octavius waited him until he was dragged from sight.

Suddenly he heard one of the station-men calling a train. He went out and inspected the sign-board at the gate. To his delight he found that the train stopped at Oakville. He lost no time in getting aboard, nor did he feel at ease until they drew out of the station.

An hour later he was ringing Mrs. Randall's door-bell, basket in hand. They had almost given him up. Needless to say, no Santa Claus ever received a more royal welcome.

"They thought what I had done was wonderful," he declared the next day when he returned to town, "especially Miss Randall."

"Well, Octavius," I said, "I will admit that you saved the situation in great shape. Did they give you a present?"

"Oh, I got several," he admitted. "But Miss Randall gave me the nicest."

"Miss Randall? Is that the one you like so much?"

"I think she is the most delightful girl——"

"Really, Octavius, I can't get up a bit of enthusiasm over that statement. I've heard it too often. Why don't you tell me something new?"

"Do you want me to?" he asked, getting very red and flustered.

"Certainly," I replied. "What's up?"

"Well," he said, "You know I've admired Miss Randall for a long time, and——"

"Octavius," I interrupted, sternly. "Do you mean to tell me that you've gone and asked that girl to marry you?"

"That's exactly what I've done," he exclaimed.

I congratulated him, of course, although I am afraid I wasn't over-enthusiastic.

"What about your career as a detective?" I asked.

"Oh, I'm going right ahead with that. Gertrude says she wouldn't have any use for a man who didn't *do* things. In fact, she's going to help me."

"That *will* be nice, Octavius," I said, as I filled my pipe. "From now on the baffled police won't have a ghost of a chance. I really feel sorry for them."

"Of course, if you're going to make game of me," he began.

"I'm not making game of you, my dear fellow. Two heads are always better than one, you know. I wish you all the luck in the world."

Of course, I might have known it would come. Every Christmas since I've known Octavius, he has announced his intention of getting married. There seems to be something about the Christmas spirit, the buying of presents for loved ones, the kiddies crowding the toy shops, that makes Octavius sentimental. "Bachelors at Christmas time," he says, "are a joke."

And so each Christmas he has lost his heart on some girl who was "just the prettiest, most delightful girl ever," but somehow he has managed to get over it without really getting engaged. Octavius's methods are always original but effective, and each year I've breathed a deep sigh of thankfulness, for Octavius is an awfully good chap. Perhaps, however, Gertrude may help him in his work.

Just the same, I can't help wondering whether this won't put an end to Octavius's career as an amateur detective.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This twelfth and final Adventure of Octavius, Amateur Detective, will be shown, as the preceding ones have been, in motion pictures simultaneously with its appearance in this magazine.

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page* 10)

added the speaker, heavily, "he's sick."

"Dying?" said Julia dramatically.

"No—he ain't dying. It's like this," pursued the narrator, still with his air of secrecy, "there's a party there that runs the boarding-house,—her name's Lottie Clute, she's had it for years, and she's got on to the fact that George is insured for nine thousand dollars, d'ye see? Well, she's got him to promise to make the policy over to her."

"Ha!" said Julia, interested at last.

"Well, d'ye see?" said Mr. Palmer triumphantly. "So I come up to town last week, and I thought I'd drop in on your mama! No good letting this other little lady have it *all* her own way, you know!"

"That's right, too, she's no more than a thief!" Julia commented simply. "I don't know what Mama can do, but I guess you can leave it to Mama!"

Mr. Palmer, agreeing eagerly to this, took his leave, after paying a hoarse tribute to the beauty of his old friend's daughter and Julia dismissed the matter from her mind

She told Connie that she meant, as soon as this amateur affair was over, to try the stage in real earnest and Connie, whose own last venture had ended somewhat flatly, was nevertheless very sanguine about Julia's success. She took Julia to see various managers, who were invariably interested and urbane, and Julia, deciding bitterly that she would have no more to do with her fellow-performers in the cast of "The Amazons," had Connie accompany her to rehearsals and went through her part with a sort of sullen hauteur.

SHE and Connie were down in the dressing-rooms one day after a rehearsal, chatting with the woman star of a traveling stock company who chanced to be there, when Barbara Toland suddenly came in upon them.

"Oh, Miss Page," said Barbara in relief, "I *am* so glad to find you! I don't know whether you heard Mr. Pope announce that we're to have our dress rehearsal on Saturday, at the yacht club in Sausalito? There is quite a large stage."

Julia shook her head.

"I don't know that I can come Saturday," she objected, only anxious to be disobliging.

"Oh, you *must*," said Barbara brightly. "Do try! You take the one forty-five from the Sausalito ferry—and somebody'll meet you! And if we should be kept later than we expect, somebody'll bring you home!"

"I have a friend who would come for me," said Julia stiffly, thinking of Mark.

For just a second, mirth threatened Barbara's dignity, but she said staidly.

"That's fine! And remember, we *depend* on you!"

The family of Doctor Robert Toland, discovered at breakfast in the Tolands' big house in Sausalito on an exquisite May morning, presented to the casual onlooker as charming a picture of home life as might be found in the length and breadth of California. There were seven children, five girls and two boys; there was the gracious, genial mother at the head, and at the foot, the wiry, gray-haired and gray-bearded surgeon; there was, as usual, Jim Studdiford, and to-day, besides, there was Aunt Sanna, a magnificent younger sister of the doctor's and a little black-eyed, delicate ten-year-old guest of the eleven-year-old Janie, Keith Borrough, who was sitting near to Janie and evidently adoring that spirited chatterbox. And there was Addie, a cheerful black-clad person in a crackling white apron, coming and going with muffins and bacon and Toy, who was a young cousin of Hee, the cook, and who padded softly in Addie's wake, making himself generally useful.

Barbara, very pretty, very casual as to what she ate, sat next to her father, she was the oldest of the seven Tolands, and slipping very reluctantly out of her eighteenth year. Ned, a big handsome fellow of sixteen, came next in point of age and then a tall, lanky, awkward blond boy, Richie, with a plain thin face and the sweetest smile of them all. Richie never moved without the aid of a crutch and perhaps never would. After Richie and nearing fourteen was a sweet, fat, giggling lump of a girl called Sally, with a beautiful skin and beautiful untidy hair, and a petticoat always dragging, a collar buttoned awry and a belt that never by any chance united her pretty shirtwaist to her crisp linen skirt. Only a year younger than Sally was Theodora, whose staid, precocious beauty Barbara already found disquieting—"Ted" was already giving signs of rivaling her oldest sister; then came Jane, bold, handsome, boyish at eleven and lastly eight-year-old Constance, a delicate, pretty, tearful little girl who was spoiled by every member of the family.

The children's mother was a plump, handsome little woman with bright, flashing eyes, dimples and lovely little hands covered with rings. There was no gray in her prettily-puffed hair and, if she was stouter than any of her daughters, none could show a more trimly controlled figure.

Women who knew Mrs. Toland spoke of her as "wonderful" And indeed she was wonderful in many ways: a splendid manager, a delightful hostess, and essentially motherly and domestic in type. She was always happy and always busy, gathering violets, chaperoning Sally or Barbara at the dentist's, selecting materials for the girlies' winter suits. Her married life—all her life, in fact—had been singularly free from clouds, and she expected the future to be even brighter, when "splendid honorable men" should claim her girls, one by one, and all the remembered romance of her youth begin again That the men would be forthcoming she did not doubt; had not Fate already delivered Jim Studdiford into her hands for Barbara?

James Studdiford, who had just now finished his course at medical college, was affectionately known to the young Tolands as "Jim," and stood to them in a relationship peculiarly pleasing to Mrs. Toland. He was like a brother and yet, actually, he bore not the faintest real kinship to—well, to Barbara, for instance. Years before, twenty years before to be exact, Dr. Toland, then unmarried and unacquainted as it happened, with the lovely Miss Sally Ford, had been engaged to a beautiful young widow, a Mrs. Studdiford, who had been left with a large fortune and a tiny boy some two years before. This was in Honolulu, where people did a great deal of riding in those days, and it presently befell that the doctor, two weeks before the day that had been set for the wedding, found himself kneeling beside his lovely fiancée on a rocky headland as she lay broken and gasping where her horse had flung her, and straining to catch the last few agonized words she would ever say.

"You'll—keep Jim—with you, Robert?"

How Dr. Toland brought the small boy to San Francisco; how he met the dashing and indifferent Sally and how she came at last to console him for his loss, is another story, one that Mrs. Toland never tired of telling. Little Jim had his place in their hearts from their wedding-day. Barbara was eleven years old when, with passionate grief, she learned that he was not her half-brother, and many casual friends did not know it to this day. Jim, to the doctor's delight, chose to follow the profession of his adopted father, and had stumbled with not too much application, through medical college. Now he was to go to New York for hospital work and then to Berlin for a year's real grind, and until the Eastern hospital should open classes, was back in his old enormous third-floor bedroom upstairs, enjoying a brief season of idleness and petting, the handsome, unaffected, sunshiny big brother of Mrs. Toland's fondest dreams.

"And he can hardly keep his eyes off Babbie," the mother confided to her sister-in-law.

Miss Toland gave her a shrewd glance.

"For heaven's sake don't get that notion in your head, Sally! Babbie may be ready to make a little fool of herself, but if ever I saw a man who isn't in love, it's Jim!" said Miss Toland, who was a thin, gray-haired, well-dressed woman of forty, with a curious magnetism quite her own. Miss Toland had lived in France for ten years and had a Frenchwoman's reposeful yet alert manner, and a Frenchwoman's art in dressing. After many idle years she had suddenly become deeply interested in settlement work, and had built a little settlement house, "The Alexander Toland Neighborhood House," in one of the factory districts south of San Francisco, and she was in a continual state of agitation because worthy settlement workers were at that time almost an unknown quantity in California. Just at present she was availing herself of her brother's hospitality because she had no assistant at all at the "Alexander," and was afraid to stay in its very unsavory environment alone. She loved Barbara dearly, but she was usually perverse with her sister-in-law.

The morning slipped by and afternoon came, to find Barbara welcoming the arriving players at the yacht-club and looking her very prettiest in a gown of striped scarlet and white, and a white hat. "Hello, Matty—Hello, Enid—Hello, Bobby—and did any one see Miss Page? Ah, how do you do, Miss Page, awfully good of you to make it."

THE girls dressed in a square room, lined with hooks and mirrors. Julia was not self-conscious, because, while different from the crisp snowy whiteness of the other girls' linen, it did not occur to her that her well-worn pink silk underwear, her ornate corset cover and her shabby green silk skirt were anything but adequate.

Carter Hazzard was not in evidence to-day, to Julia's relief. The rehearsal dragged on and on, everybody thrown out because Miss Dorothy Chase, the girl who was to play Wilhelmina, failed to appear. Julia took the part when it was finally decided to go on without Dorothy, but by that time it was late and the weary manager assured them that there must be another rehearsal that evening. Hilariously the young people accepted this decree, and Julia was carried home with the Tolands to dinner.

Good-hearted Mrs. Toland could be nothing less than kind to any young girl and Julia's place at table was next to the kindly old doctor, who saw only an extremely pretty girl and joked with her and looked out for her comfort in true fatherly fashion. Julia carried herself with great dignity, said very little, being in truth quite overawed and nervously anxious not to betray herself—and after the first frightened half hour she enjoyed the adventure thoroughly.

The evening rehearsal went much better, a final rehearsal was set for Sunday and Julia was driven to the ten o'clock boat in the station omnibus, which smelled of leather and wet straw. She sat yawning in the empty ferry building, smiling over her recollection of dinner at the Tolands'; the laughter, the quarrels, the joyous confusion of voices.

Suddenly struck by the deserted silence of the waiting-room, Julia jumped up and went to the ticket office.

"Isn't there a train at ten-thirty?"

The station agent yawned, eyed her with pleasant indifference.

"No train now until twelve," said he.

For a moment Julia was staggered. Then she thought of the telephone.

A FEW minutes later she climbed out of the station omnibus again, this time to be warmly welcomed into the Tolands' lamp-lighted drawing-room. Barbara and her mother were still at the yacht-club, but the old doctor himself was eagerly apologetic. Dr. Studdiford, Ned and Richie added their cheerful questions and regrets to the hospitable hubbub, and Sally, who had been at the piano, singing Scotch ballads to her father, took possession of Julia with heartening and obvious pleasure.

Sally took her up-stairs, lighted a small but exquisitely-appointed guest-room, found a stiffly embroidered night-gown, a wrapper of dark blue Japanese crêpe, and a pair of straw slippers. Julia, inwardly trembling with excitement, was outwardly calm as she got ready for bed; she hung her clothes in a closet delightfully redolent of pine and brushed and braided her splendid hair. Sally whisked about on various errands and presently Mrs. Toland bustled in, brimful of horrified apologies and regrets, and Barbara dawdled after; rolling her belt and starched stock, and generally unhooking and unbuttoning.

Perhaps the haughty Barbara found the round-eyed, golden-haired girl in a blue wrapper a little more companionable than the dreadful Miss Page, or perhaps she was a little too lonely to-night to be fastidious in her choice of a confidante. At all events she elected to wander in and out of Julia's room while she undressed, and presently sat on Julia's bed and braided her dark hair. And if the whole adventure had excited Julia, she was doubly excited now, frantic to win Barbara's friendship, nervously afraid to try.

"You're an actress, Miss Page?" asked Barbara, scowling at her hair-brush.

"Will be, I guess! I've had dozens of chances to sign up already, but Mama don't want me to be in any rush."

The other girl eyed her almost enviously.

"I wish I could do something—sometimes," she sighed. And she added, giving Julia a shamefaced grin, "I've got the blues to-night, I guess."

It was from this second that Julia dated her love for Barbara Toland. A delicious sensation enveloped her—to be in Barbara's confidence—to know that she was sometimes unhappy, too; to be lying in this fragrant, snowy bed, in this enchanting room——

"Well," said Barbara presently, jumping up, "you'll want *some* sleep. If you hear us rushing about, at the screech of dawn to-morrow it's because some of us may go out with Dad in the *Crow*—if there's a breeze. Do you like yachting? Would you care to go?"

"I've never been," said Julia.

"Oh, well then you ought to!" Barbara said with round eyes. "I'll tell you—I'll peep in here to-morrow, and if you're awake I'll give you a call!" she arranged, after a minute's frowning thought.

"I sleep awfully sound!" smiled Julia.

But she was awake when Barbara, true to her plan, peeped in at five o'clock the next morning and presently found herself in a middy blouse and brief blue skirt, with a white canvas hat on her head and a boy's old gray Jersey buttoned loosely about her, following muffled shapes through the cold house and into the wet, chilly garden. Richie was going, and Sally had the gallant but shivering Jane and the dark-eyed Keith by the hand. Barbara hung on her father's arm.

The waters of the bay were gray and cold; a sharp breeze swept their steely surfaces into fans of ruffled water. The little *Crow* rocked at her anchor, her ropes and brass work beaded with dew. Julia, sitting in desperate terror upon a slanting upholstered ledge, at first felt her teeth chatter, and wondered why she had come.

Growing every instant warmer and more content, however, Julia let her whole body and soul soak in the comfort and beauty of the hour. Her eyes roved sea and sky and encircling hills; she saw the last wisp of mist rise and vanish from the stern silhouette of Tamalpais, and saw an early ferry-boat cut a wake of exquisite spreading lacework across the bay. And whenever her glance crossed Sally's, or the doctor's, or Richie's glance, she smiled like a happy child and the Tolands smiled back.

They all rushed into the house, ravenous and happy, for a nine o'clock breakfast; Julia so lovely, in her borrowed clothing and with her bright, loosened hair that the young men of the family began, without exception, to "show off" for her benefit as Theodora scornfully expressed it. And there were bacon and rolls and jam for every one, blue bowls of cereal, glass pitchers of yellow cream, smoking hot coffee always ready to hiss from the spout of the big silver urn.

"And you must eat at least four waffles," said Ned, "or my father will never let you come again! He has to drum up trade, you know——"

It was all very delightful, not the less so because it was all tinged, for Julia, with a little current of something exquisitely sad; not envy, not regret, not resentment but a

(*Continued on Page* 30)

There was a man in our town
And he was wondrous wise;
He fed his children Eagle Brand—
They won the Baby Prize!

Among the ancients the highest praise that could be given a country was that it produced an abundance of milk. Hence the proverbial Biblical phrase, "a land flowing with milk and honey." And until 1857 good milk was only available in places close to dairies and rich pasture lands.

Have you ever realized what a debt of gratitude mothers everywhere owe to the inventor of

Gail Borden
EAGLE
BRAND
CONDENSED
MILK
THE ORIGINAL

which makes it possible for babies everywhere to have pure milk in any quantity and at any time?

Not only as a safe and satisfactory substitute when mother's milk fails, but as an emergency food when traveling, or when a change of diet is necessary, Eagle Brand, the *original* condensed milk, has stood the test of generations of use. Our little book, "Baby's Welfare," will tell you why more babies are fed today on Eagle Brand than on any other food, mother's milk alone excepted.

Borden's Condensed Milk Co.

"Leaders of Quality"

New York

ESTABLISHED 1857

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

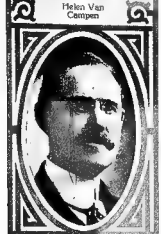
Arthur Train

Maude Radford Warren

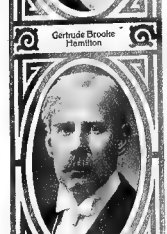
Maximilian Foster

Alice Brown

Helen Van Campen


Crittenden Marriott

Gertrude Brooke Hamilton


Irving Bacheller

The Best Work of the Best Story-Tellers for 1915

EVERY number of PICTORIAL REVIEW will contain from four to eight short stories by the world's greatest authors—really good, interesting, worth-while stories, every one of them. On these pages we show portraits of some of these celebrated writers. They are:

ALICE BROWN
Author of "The Story of Thyrza," etc.

MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
Author of "The Whistling Man," "The Forgotten House."

MAUDE RADFORD WARREN
Author of "The Land of the Living," etc.

ARTHUR TRAIN
Author of "True Stories of Crime," etc.

HELEN VAN CAMPEN
Author of "At the Actors' Boarding-House," etc.

CRITTENDEN MARRIOTT
Author of "Sally Castleton, Southerner," etc.

GERTRUDE BROOKE HAMILTON
Author of the "Mrs. Mahoney" stories, etc.

IRVING BACHELLER
Author of "Eben Holden," "D'ri and I," etc.

RALPH HENRY BARBOUR
Author of "Joyce of the Jasmines," etc.

ZONA GALE
Author of "The Loves of Pelleas and Etarre," etc.

P. G. WODEHOUSE
Author of "Chickens," "Rallying Round Clarence," etc.

ELLIS PARKER BUTLER
Author of "Pigs Is Pigs," "That Pup," etc.

MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN
Author of "The Jamesons," "The Butterfly House," etc.

CONINGSBY DAWSON
Author of "The Garden Without Walls," "The Raft," etc.

EMERSON HOUGH
Author of "The Mississippi Bubble," etc.

JOHN FLEMING WILSON
Author of "The Man Who Came Back," etc.

RUPERT HUGHES
Author of "Excuse Me," "What Will People Say?"

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS
Author of "The Incandescent Lily," "The Penalty."

MOLLY ELLIOT SEAWELL
Author of "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac," etc.

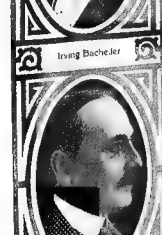
LARRY EVANS
Author of "Once to Every Man," etc.

IRVIN S. COBB
Author of the "Judge Priest" stories, etc.

ELEANOR HOYT BRAINERD
Author of "The Personal Conduct of Belinda," etc.

JOHN LUTHER LONG
Author of "Madam Butterfly," etc.

FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER
Author of "The Brute," "The Green God," etc.


Ralph Henry Barbour

Zona Gale

P. G. Wodehouse

Ellis Parker Butler

Digitized by Google

PICTORIAL RE

Announcement of Very

Corra Harris

THE GREAT OF THI

THE STORY OF

By Kathleen

SHOULD a girl who has had an unfortunate husband? Julia Page did. Around this realistic character drawing and intense dram author of "Mother" and "Saturday's Child" The story of this young girl's rise from success, with the ensuing tragedy, her untrium victory—comes close to being an epic of three of this issue.

ONE OF FAME'S LITTLE DAYS

By Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

THIS time the well-known author of "The Sick-a-Bed Lady," "Molly Make-Believe" and "The White Linen Nurse," takes the modest and retiring author of "one of the best sellers" for her hero. Incidentally he is married which, for his admirers, is a sorry complication. His misadventures in living up to his popularity make a delicious comedy full of fun and harmless intrigue. Something happens every minute—just the type of story for midsummer reading.

This serial will begin in a summer number of PICTORIAL REVIEW.

THE CO-

By Corra

MRS. HARRIS'S best-known books are "A and "The Recording Angel."

In this story a quiet and secluded widow suddenly in a little Southern town. Immediately a will that works a social and political revolution find out. But we venture to say that this serial country over. It would spoil this story to say "The Co-Citizens" will begin in PICTORIAL REV

Eleanor Hallowell Abbott

NO more long-dra TORIAL REVIEW. stories are full- be published complete instalments. You get REVIEW for 1915—fo one year's subscriptio

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

L R VIEW FOR 1915

t of Ve Special Fiction Features

Kathleen Norris

THE FOUR REAT SERIALS OF TE YEAR

THE STORY OF JULIA PAGE

By Kathleen Norris

d an uniform experience tell her heart's secret to her future Accordingly situation, Mrs. Norris has written a novel that in and intermediate interest is greater than anything the famous rdays Child's yet done.

Is rise hardid surroundings to the pinnacle of social ndy, her long fight to regain her own self-respect, and the an epic of an American life. This serial begins on page

THE WORLD FOR SALE

By Sir Gilbert Parker

FOR vivid action, strength of situation that fairly carries one off his feet, the celebrated Anglo-Canadian author of "By Right of Sword," "The Right of Way," and "The Seats of the Mighty," has no equal. Our story is a return to his earlier style, a striking tale of love, adventure and intense dramatic action, the scene of which is laid in the Canadian Northwest. It is a big, human, worth-while story—our pièce de résistance for 1915.

"The World for Sale" will begin in PICTORIAL REVIEW next Fall.

THE CITIZENS

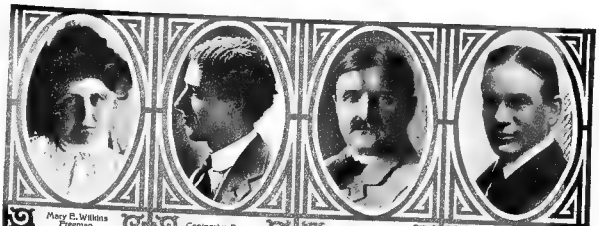
By Harris

...Circuit Rider's Wife," "Eve's Second Husband,"

...incidentally a very large property owner, dies ...the most amazing things happen! She leaves ... Just how, you will have to read the story to ...will hold the interest of every club-woman the ...re at this moment. Just wait. ...REVIEW for May.

...n-out serials in PIC- ... While all the above ...ngth novels, each will ...n not more than four ...hem all in PICTORIAL ...complete novels—for

Sir Gilbert Parker



Mary E. Wilkins Freeman — Coningsby Dawson — Emerson Hough — John Fleming Wilson

$3,000 in Cash Bonuses for Your Favorite Authors

WHAT kind of stories do you like best? Good stories, of course; stories where something really happens; stories with plenty of action; stories of love and romance, adventure, humor and mystery. In fact, it is our belief that women like to read much the same kind of stories that men do, and that is the kind of fiction you will find in PICTORIAL REVIEW from now on. The world's greatest writers will do their utmost to please you each month.

AS an additional incentive and to make sure that we get their very best work, we have decided to pay $3,000 extra in cash bonuses to the authors of the best short stories published in PICTORIAL REVIEW during 1915. And you are to decide which the best stories are.

THESE bonuses, of course, will be in addition to the regular prices paid the authors. Next December, a year from now, you will be asked to vote as to the short story published during 1915 that YOU liked the best. Nine cash bonuses will be awarded:

First Bonus	$1000
Second Bonus	750
Third Bonus	500
Fourth Bonus	250
Five $100 Bonuses	500

THIS contest is open to all. All votes must be in our hands by December 15, 1915. In case of a tie vote the bonus will be duplicated to the tying contestants.

DO NOT VOTE NOW. FULL PARTICULARS WILL BE PRINTED NEXT DECEMBER

Rupert Hughes

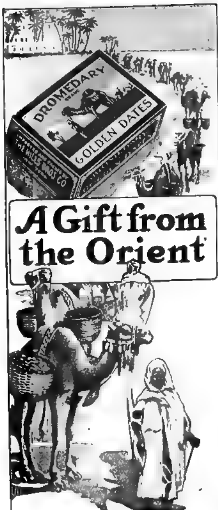
Gouverneur Morris

Molly Elliot Seawell

Larry Evans

Frederic Arnold Kummer — John Luther Long — Eleanor Hoyt Brainerd — Irvin S. Cobb

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



A Gift from the Orient

Dromedary Dates

FROM THE GARDEN OF EDEN

The choicest of the choice, because they are selected in The Orient, from the choicest dates grown. They are again selected before being packed in the individual dust-proof packages, which bring them to you fresh, clean and luscious.

Dromedary Dates have shown how good dates really are. More and more of them are being used in this country every year. They are a growth food for children and a real food for men and women.

Buy Dromedary Dates regularly, as you buy meat and bread. They belong in your regular diet and may be used in many unusual dishes described in

Prize Recipe Books

Free on Request

Ask your grocer or fruit dealer for Dromedary Dates and other standard Dromedary Products

The HILLS BROTHERS Co.

Dept. 8, 375 Washington Street, New York

Standard DROMEDARY Products

Any one mailed for your grocer's name and 10 cents

The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 27*)

little of all three. This happy, sun-flooded life free from care was not for her; how far, far, far from her, indeed! She was here only by accident, tolerated gaily for hospitality's sake, her coming and going only an insignificant episode in their lives. Wistfully she watched Mrs. Toland tying little Constance's sash and straightening her flower-crowned hat, wistfully eyed the cheerful, white-clad Chinese cook grinning as he went to gather lettuce, wistfully she stared across the brilliant garden from her deep porch chair. Barbara, in conference with a capped and aproned maid at the end of a sunny corridor, Sally chatting with Richie, as she straightened the scattered books on the library table, Ted dashing off a popular waltz with her head turned carelessly aside to watch the attentive Keith; all these to Julia were glimpses of a life so free, so full, so invigorating as to fill her with hopeless longing and admiration.

At twelve o'clock a final rehearsal of "The Amazons" was held at the yacht club, and to-day Julia entered into her part with zest, her enthusiasm really carrying the performance as the appreciative Matty assured her. She had the misfortune to step on a ruffle of her borrowed white petticoat, at the very close of the last act and as soon as the curtain descended she slipped into the dressing-room to pin it up.

The dressing-room was deserted. Julia found a paper of pins and putting her foot up on a chair began to repair the damage as well as she could. The day was warm and only wooden shutters screened the big window that opened on one of the club's wide porches. Julia, humming contentedly to herself, presently became aware that there were chairs just outside the window, and girls in the chairs, Barbara Toland and "Ted," and Miss Grinell and Miss Hazzard, and one or two Julia did not know.

"Yes, Mother's a darling," Barbara was saying. "You know she didn't get this up, Margaret; she had *nothing* to do with it, and yet she's carrying practically the whole responsibility now! She'll be as nervous as we are to-morrow night!"

SHE pinned on serenely. It was in no code of hers to move out of hearing.

"The only thing she really bucked at was when she found Miss Page at our house last night," Ted said. "Mother's no snob—but I wish you could have seen her face!"

"Was she perfectly awful, Ted?" somebody asked

"Who, Miss Page? No-o, she wasn't perfectly awful—yes, she was pretty bad," Theodora admitted. "Wasn't she, Babbie?"

"Oh, well—" Barbara hesitated, "she's—of course she's terribly common. Just the second-rate actress type, don't you know?"

"Did she call your mother 'ma'am?'" giggled Enid Hazzard. "Do you remember when she said 'Yes, ma'am?' And did she say 'ain't', and 'between you and I' again?" Something was added to this, but Julia did not catch it. The girls laughed again.

"Listen," said Ted, "this is the richest yet! Last night Sally said to her, 'Breakfast's at nine, Miss Page; how do you like your bath?' and she looked at Sally sort of surprised and said, '*I* don't want a bath!'"

"Oh, I don't think that's fair, Teddy," Barbara protested, "she's never had any advantages—it's a class difference, that's all. She's simply not a lady; she never will be. You'd be the same in her place."

"Oh, I would not—I wouldn't mark my eyebrows, and I wouldn't wear such dirty clothes and I wouldn't try to look twenty-five—" Ted began

Again there was a quick commentary that Julia missed and another laugh. Then Barbara said:

"Poor kid! And she looked so sweet in some of Sally's things."

Julia, still bent over her ruffle, did not move a muscle from the instant she first heard her name, until now, when the girls dismissed the subject with a laugh. She felt as if the house were falling about her, as if every word were a smashing blow at her very soul. She felt sick and dizzy, cold and suddenly weak.

She walked across the room to the door, and stood there with her hand on the knob, and said in a whisper:

"Now, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

At first she thought she would hide, then that she would run away. Then she knew what she must do; she opened the dressing-room door and walked unchallenged through the big auditorium. Groups of chattering people were scattered about it; somebody was banging the piano; nobody paid the least attention to Julia as she went down the stairs and started to walk to the Toland house.

She was not thinking, now. She only wanted to get away——

Nobody stopped her. The house was deserted. A maid put her head in Julia's door and immediately apologized, as she found Julia dressing.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Page! I thought——"

"That's all right," said Julia quietly. She was very pale. "Will you tell Mrs. Toland that I had to take the two o'clock boat?"

"Yes'm. You won't be here for dinner?"

"No," said Julia, straining to make a belt meet.

"Could I bring you a cup of tea or a sandwich?"

"Oh, no, thank you!"

The maid was gone. Julia went down through the house quietly, a few moments later. Her breath came quick and short until she was fairly on the boat, with Sausalito slipping further and further into the background. Even then her mind was awhirl and fatigue and perhaps hunger, too, made it impossible to think seriously. Far easier to lean back lazily in the sun and watch the water slip by and make no attempt to control the confused, chaotic thoughts that wheeled dreamily through her brain. Now and then memory brought her to a sudden upright position, brought the hot color to her face.

"I don't care!" Julia would say then, half aloud.

"They're nothing to me and I'm nothing to them and good riddance!"

May—but it was like a midsummer afternoon in San Francisco. A hot wind blew across the ferry place, papers and chaff swept before it. Julia's skirt was whisked about her knees, her hat was twisted viciously about on her head. She caught a reflection of herself in a car window, disheveled, her hat at an ugly angle, her nose reddened by the wind.

Mrs. Tarbury's house, when she got to it, presented its usual Sunday afternoon appearance. The window curtains were up at all angles in the dining-room, hot sunshine streamed through the fly-specked panes, the draft from the open door drove a wild whirl of newspapers over the room. Cigaret smoke hung heavy upon the air. She went slowly up-stairs, helping herself in passing to some crackers and a large green pickle.

Mrs. Tarbury, dressed in a loose kimono, with her bare feet thrust into well-worn slippers, was lying across her bed, in the pleasant leisure of Sunday afternoon; a dramatic supplement held in one fat, ringed hand, her head supported by pillows in soiled muslin cases, and several satin and velvet cushions from a couch. In the room also were Connie Girard and Rose Ransome, who had a bowl of soap-suds and several scissors and orange-wood sticks on the table between them, and were manicuring each other very fastidiously.

Later she went up-stairs with Rose and Connie, put on loose clothing, and lay on her bed watching them dress. The girls were to dine together with two admirers, and urged Julia to ask a third man and come too. Julia refused steadily; she was very quiet and the others thought her tired.

She lay on her side, one hand falling over the edge of the bed, her serious magnificent eyes moving idly from Connie's face to Rose's, and roving over the room. Hot sunlight poured through the dirty windows and the torn curtains of Nottingham lace, and flamed on the ugly wall-paper, and the flawed mirrors. A thousand useless knick-knacks made the room hideous, every possible surface was strewn with garments large and small, each bureau was a confusion of pins and brushes, paste and powder boxes, silk stockings and dirty white gloves, cologne bottles and powdered circles of discolored chamois, hair kids and curls of false hair, handkerchiefs and hat-pins, cheap imitations of jewelry, cheap bits of lace, side combs, veils and belts and collars and a hundred other things, all wound up in an indistinguishable mass. From these somewhat sodden heaps Connie and Rose cheerfully selected what they needed, leaning over constantly to inspect their faces closely in the mirror.

JULIA watched them with a sudden new and almost terrifying distaste growing in her heart. How dirty and shiftless and common—yes, common,—these girls were! Julia felt sick with the force of the revelation. She saw Connie lace her shabby pink brocade corset together with a black shoestring; she saw Rose close a great hole in the heel of a black silk stocking with white thread. Their crimped hair, their rouge and powder and cologne nauseated her. She could hardly listen in patience to their careless, and sometimes coarse, chatter.

And when they were gone she still lay there, thinking—thinking—thinking. The sunlight crept lower and lower over the room's disorder: its last bright triangle was gone, twilight came, and the soft early darkness.

She lighted the bedroom and idly began to fold and straighten the clothes that were strewn about everywhere. But she very speedily gave up the task—there were no closets to hang things in and many things were too torn or dirty to be hung up, anyway! Julia went down one flight of stairs to the nearest bathroom in search of hot water, but both faucets ran cold and she went up-stairs again. She hunted through Connie's bureau and Rose's for a fresh night-gown, but not finding one, had to put on the limp and torn garment one of the girls had loaned her a week or two before.

Then she sat down on the edge of her bed, vaguely discouraged. Tears came to her eyes, she did not quite know why. She opened a novel, and composed herself to read, but could not become interested and finally pushed up the window the two inches that the girls approved, turned out the lights and jumped into bed She would want her beauty sleep for "The Amazons," to-morrow night. Julia had been fully determined, when she got home, to abandon the amateur company, to fail them at the very hour of their performance, but a casual word from Connie had caused her to change her mind

"Don't you be a fool and get in Dutch with Artheris!" Connie had said and upon sober reflection Julia had found the advice good.

But she got no beauty sleep that night. She lay hour after hour wakeful and wretched, the jumbled memories of the last twenty-four hours slipping through her mind in ceaseless review. The green, swift-rushing water with gulls flying over it; the coffee-pot reflecting a dozen joyous young faces; the garden bright with roses——

And then, with sickening regularity, the club-house and the girls' voices——

How she hated them all! Raising herself on one elbow to punch her sodden pillow she sent a hot, restless glance toward the streak of bright light that forced its way in from a street lamp. How selfish, how smug, how arrogant they were—with their daily baths and their chests full of fresh linen and their assured speech! What had Sally and Theodora Toland ever done to warrant their insufferable conceit? Why should they have lovely parents and an ideal home, frocks and maids and delightful meals, while she, Julia, was born to the dirt and dangers of O'Farrell Street?

Julia twisted about on her arm and began to cry. She cried for a long time.

True, she could marry Mark and Mark would be rich some day. But would Barbara Toland Studdiford—for Julia had married them as a matter of course—ever stoop to notice Julia Rosenthal? No, she wouldn't marry Mark——

Then there was her mother's home over the saloon. Julia finally went to sleep planning, in cold-blooded childish fashion, that if her father died and left her mother a really substantial sum of money, she would persuade Emeline to take a clean bright little flat somewhere and leave this neighborhood forever.

"And we could keep a few boarders," thought Julia drowsily, "and I will learn to cook, and have nice little gingham dresses——"

THE amateur performance of "The Amazons" duly took place the following night, with a large and fashionable audience packing the Occidental Theater, and society reporters flitting from box to box between the acts. Julia found the experience curiously flat. She had no opportunity to deliver to Barbara a withering little speech she had prepared and was paid no attention by anybody. The performers were excited and nervous, each frankly bent upon scoring a personal and exclusive success and immediately after the last act they swarmed out to greet friends in the house, and Babel ensued.

Walking soberly home with Mark at half past eleven, with her check in her purse, Julia decided bitterly that she washed her hands of them all; she was done with San Francisco's smart set, she would never give another thought to a single one of them.

Days of very serious thinking followed this experience. The face of the world was changed. Much that had been unnoticed, or taken for granted, became insufferable to Julia now. She winced at Connie's stories, she looked with a coldly critical eye at Mrs. Tarbury's gray hair showing through a yellow "front;" the sights and sounds of the boarding-house sickened her. She was accustomed to helping Mrs. Tarbury with the housework, not in any sense as payment for her board, for never was hospitality more generously extended, but merely because she was there and idle and energetic; but she found this a real hardship now. The hot, close bedrooms, odorous of perfume and cigaret smoke, the grayish sheets and thin blankets were odious to her, she longed to set fire to the whole and start afresh, with clean new furnishings.

Presently Connie asked her if she would care to talk to a manager about going on an "eleven weeks circuit" as assistant to a sleight-of-hand performer.

"Twenty a week," said Connie, "and a whole week in Sacramento and another in Los Angeles. All you have to do is wear a little suit like a page and hand him things. Rose says he looks like an old devil—I haven't seen him, but you can sit on him easy enough. And the Nevilles are making the same trip and she's a real nice woman. Not much, Ju, but it's a start and I think we could land it for you."

"Yes, I know," Julia said vaguely.

"Well, wake up!" said Connie, briskly. "Do you want it?"

"I'd rather wait until Mama gets here," the younger girl decided, uncomfortably. And that afternoon, in vague hope of news of her mother, she took a Mission Street car and went out to call on her grandmother.

About ten days later, unannounced, Emeline came home, and with her came a stout, red-faced, gray-haired man in whom Julia was aghast to find her father They reached Mrs. Tarbury's at about four o'clock in the afternoon and Julia, coming in from a call on a theatrical manager, found them in the dining-room George had been very ill and moved ponderously and slowly. He looked far older than Julia's memory of him. There were sagging and red pockets under his eyes and his heavy jowls were darkened with a day's growth of gray stubble. He and Emeline had had a complete reconciliation and entertained Mrs. Tarbury with the history of their remarriage, and an outline of their plans

George took a heavy, sportive interest in his pretty girl and Julia could not realize their relationship sufficiently to permit of any liberties. She smiled an uneasy, perfunctory smile when George kissed her and moved away from the arm he would have kept about her.

(*Continued on Page 31*)

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Story of Julia Page

(*Continued from Page 30*)

"Don't like to be kissed?" asked George.

"Oh, I don't mind," replied Julia, in a lifeless voice, and with averted eyes. "Did you go to the flat, Mama?" she asked, clearing her throat.

"I did," Emeline answered, biting a loose thread from a finger of her dirty white gloves. "I got Toomey's rent and told them that we might want the room on the first."

"Going to give up the flat?" Julia asked, in surprise.

"Well—" Emeline glanced at her husband. "It's this way, Ju," said she, "Papa can't stand the city, sick as he is now——"

GEORGE coughed loosely in confirmation of this and shook his head.

"And Papa's a half-interest in a little fruit ranch down in Santa Clara Valley," Emeline pursued. "So I'm going to take him down there for a little while and nurse him back to real good health."

"My Heaven, Em! you'll die,' Mrs. Tarbury said frankly. "Why'n't you go somewhere there's something doing?"

"My sporting days are over, Min," George said with mournful satisfaction "No more midnight suppers for mine!"

"Nor mine, either. I guess I'm old enough to settle down," Emeline added cheerfully. She and Mrs. Tarbury exchanged a look, and Julia knew exactly what concessions her mother had made, before the reconciliation, knew just how sincere this unworldly wifely devotion was.

It was decided that Julia should not stay at Mrs. Tarbury's, but should spend the next week or two with her grandmother on Mission Street. Julia's quiet acceptance of this arrangement was both unexpected and pleasing to her parents.

But as a matter of fact the girl was rather dazed, at this time, too deeply sunk in a miserable contemplation of her own affairs to be conscious of the immediate discomfort of the moment. She had dreamed many a happy dream, as the years went by, of her father, had thought he would claim her some day, be proud of her. She had fancied a little home circle of which she would be the center and star, spoiled alike by father and mother. Dearer than any dream of a lover had been to Julia this hope for days to come, when she should be a successful young actress with an adoring Daddy to be proud of her. Now the dream was clouded; her father was an old man, self-absorbed; her mother—but Julia had always known her mother to be both selfish and mercenary. More than this: her little visit in Sausalito had altered her whole view-point. Ignorant of life as she was and bewildered by the revelations of that visit, she was still intelligent enough to feel an acute discontent with her old world, an agonizing longing for that better and cleaner and higher existence. How to grasp at anything different from life as it was lived in her mother's home—in her grandmother's—in Mrs Tarbury's—Julia had not the most remote idea. Until a few months ago she had not known that she wanted anything different.

Mark was very much the devoted lover, just now, but the contemplation of marriage with Mark never for a moment entered Julia's head. She had really liked him much better when he was only Hannah's big brother, who ignored all small girls in kindly, big-boy fashion. His adoring devotion embarrassed her and his demand for a definite answer to his suggestion of marriage, worried and perhaps a little frightened her.

One summer Sunday Mark asked her to go to the Park with him and they wandered through wide sunny stretches of lawn and white roadway to the amphitheater where several thousand persons of all ages and conditions were already listening to the band Benches were set in rows under a grove of young maple and locust trees, and Julia and Mark sauntering well up to the front, found seats and settled themselves to listen.

Mark was pleasantly aware that his companion's beauty made her conspicuous, even though Julia was plainly, almost soberly dressed to-day, and showed none of her usual sparkle and flash. The change in her appearance, and some more subtle change in face and voice and manner affected Mark like a strong wine.

"Do you know you're different from what you used to be, Julia?" he said, laying his arm about her shoulders, on the back of the bench and squaring about so that his handsome black eyes could devour her.

"Getting older, maybe," Julia smiled, indifferently. "I'll be sixteen in no time, now!"

"My mother was only fifteen when she was married," Mark said in a deep and shaken voice, yet with pride and laughter in his eyes. Julia flushed, and looked at the toe of her shoe.

"Well, what about it—eh?" Mark pursued, in an eager undertone. Julia was silent. "What about it?" he said again.

"Why—why, I don't know—" Julia stammered, uncomfortably, with a nervous and furtive glance about her, anywhere but at his face.

"Suppose I *do* know?" he urged, tightening a little the arm that lay about her. "Suppose I know for us both?"

Julia straightened herself suddenly, evaded the encircling arm.

"Don't, Mark!" she pleaded, giving him a glimpse of wet blue eyes.

"I'm not teasing you, darling," he said tenderly. "I'm not going to tease you! But you do love me, Julia?"

A silence, but she tightened the hold of the little glove that rested on his free hand.

"Don't you, Julia?" he begged.

"Why—you know I do, Mark!" the girl said, and both began to laugh.

"Then what's the matter?" Mark asked, serious again.

"Well—" Julia looked all about her and finally brought her troubled eyes to rest on his.

"Well what, you darling?"

"Well, it's just this, Mark. I don't know whether I can get it over to you." The girl interrupted herself for a little puzzled laugh. "I don't know that I can get it over to myself," she said. "But it's this. I feel as if I didn't know myself yet, d'ye see?—I don't know what I want, myself, and of course I don't know what I want my husband to be like—d'ye see, Mark? I—I feel as if I didn't know anything—I don't know what's good and what's just common—I haven't read books, I haven't had any one to tell me things and show me things!" She turned to him eyes that he was amazed to see were brimming again "My mother never told me about things!" she burst out incoherently, "about how to talk and taking baths—and not using cologne."

Max could not quite follow this argument, but he was quick with soothing generalities.

"Aw, pshaw, Julia—as if you aren't about as good as they make 'em, just as you are! Why, I'm crazy about you—I'm crazy about the way you look and about the way you act; you're good enough for me! Julia," his voice sank again, "Julia, won't you let me pick out a little flat somewheres? Pomeroy said I could have any one of the old squares for nothing; we could get some rugs and chairs from an easy payment company. Just you and me, Julia; what do you think?"

"I—I'd like to have a cute little house," said Julia, with a shaky smile.

"Sure you would! And a garden——"

"Oh, I'd love a little garden!" The girl smiled again.

"Well then, why not, Julia?"

She looked at him obliquely.

"Suppose I stopped loving you, Mark?"

Mark gave a great laugh.

"Once I have you, Ju, I'll risk it!"

CHILD that she was, a glimpse of that complete possession stained her cheeks crimson.

"I have to go down to Mama in Santa Clara next week," she submitted awkwardly

"Well, go down But—how about New Year's, Julia; will you marry me then?"

Julia got up and they walked away across the soft green of the grass.

"I don't honestly know what I want to do, Mark," she said, a little drearily "I don't believe I want to be an actress—Artheris offered me small parts in stock, playing fourteen weeks and twenty plays, this Winter, but I thought of getting up there and having to hunt up a boarding-house—" her voice sank indifferently. "I don't believe I'd take anything less than ingénue," she added, presently. "Florence Pitt played ingénue in stock when she was only fifteen!"

"You could work up, Ju," Mark suggested, honestly anxious to console.

"Yes, the way Connie and Rose have!" the girl answered dryly "Con's been in the business six years and Rose nine!" Her eyes traveled the blue spaces of the summer sky. "I wish I could go to New York!" she said vaguely.

"They say New York is packed with girls hanging round theatrical agencies," Mark submitted, to which Julia answered with a dispirited, "I know!"

George had promised to send five dollars each week to old Mrs. Cox for Julia's board, so that her stay in the Mission Street house was agreeable for more than one reason and her cousins Evelyn and Marguerite, who stayed with the grandmother, understood perfectly that Julia was to remain idle while they continued to be self-supporting. They had no room in their crowded lives for envy of the prettier and more fortunate Julia, but Julia vaguely envied them, seeing them start off for work every morning and joined by other girls and young men as they reached the corner. Evelyn and Marguerite each had an admirer, and between the romance of their evenings and the thousand little episodes of the factory day, they seemed to find life cheerful enough.

JULIA tried early in her stay to make the room she shared with her cousins, and her grandmother's kitchen, a little more attractive. But the material at hand was not very easily improved. In the bare bedroom there was an iron bed, large enough to be fairly comfortable for three tenants, two chairs, a washstand, and a chest of drawers that would not stand straight. The paper was light and streaked with dirt, and the bare wooden floor was strewn with paper candy bags and crumpled programs from cheap theaters. There were no curtains at the two windows, and the blue-green shades were faded by the sun. Not a promising field for a reformer whose ideal was formed on a memory of the Tolands' guest-room!

The kitchen was quite as bad; worse in the sense that while Julia might do as she pleased in the bedroom her grandmother resented any interference in what old Mrs. Cox regarded as her own domain. The old woman found nothing amiss in the dirty newspapers that covered the table, the tin of melting grease on the stove, the odds and ends of rags, rope, clothes-pins and stockings that littered the chairs and floor, the flies that walked on the ceiling and buzzed over the sugar bowl Julia quite enraged her on that morning that she essayed to clean a certain wide shelf that, crowded to its last inch, hung over the sink.

"Do you need this, Grandma—can I throw this away?" the girl said over and over, displaying a nearly-empty box of blacking, a moist bag tightly rolled over perhaps a half a pound of sugar, a broken egg beater, an alarm-clock that would not go, a bottle of toothache drops, a dog's old collar, a cracked saucer with a cake of brown soap tightly adhering to it, a few dried onions, a broken comb, and a score of similarly assorted small articles.

"Jest don't meddle with 'em, Julia," Mrs. Cox said over and over again uneasily. "I'm going to give all that a thorough cleaning, when I get around to it!"

She was obviously relieved when Julia gave the whole thing up as a bad job and went back to her aimless wandering about the house. Mrs. Cox never went out except to church, but now and then Julia went down to Mrs. Tarbury's and vaguely discussed the advisability of taking a theatrical engagement, exactly as if several very definite offers were under consideration.

It seemed to Julia almost as if she could not continue living at her grandmother's house; a disgust for everything and everybody in it shook her from head to foot. She was sorry for her grandmother, her cousins, but the simple fact remained that they could bear this sort of existence and she could not—it was stifling her, it was killing her.

"If they minded things as I do they would change them, somehow!" said Julia to herself, as she walked along after lunching at Mrs. Tarbury's one noon. "My grandmother would never have let things get to such a pass—I can't bear it! The smells and the fights——"

She stopped a car, one of the cable-cars that ran out into the factory district. Julia had no idea where she was going, nor did she care. She got on because one of the small forward outside seats was empty, and she could sit there comfortably The car went on and on, through a less and less populated district, but Julia buried in unhappy thought, paid no attention to route or neighborhood.

"All off!" shouted the conductor presently. Julia had meant to keep her seat for the return trip, but the man's glance at her young beauty annoyed her and she got off the car.

She walked aimlessly along a battered cement sidewalk, between irregularly placed and shabby little houses. These were of too familiar a type to interest Julia, but she presently came to a full stop before a wide, one-story brick building with a struggling garden separating it from the street and straggling window-boxes at every one of the wide windows. A flight of steps led up from the garden to the pretty white front door and a neat brass plate, bore the words: "Alexander Toland Neighborhood House."

It would have been a pretty house anywhere; with its crisp dotted muslin curtains, its trim Colonial walls, but in this particular neighborhood it had an added charm of contrast, and Julia stood before it literally spellbound by admiration and smitten, too, with that strange sick fascination to which the mere name of Toland subjected her

And while she stood there Miss Sanna Toland came to the door and glanced down at the street. Julia's heart began to beat very fast and the blood rushed to her face. She bowed, and Miss Toland bowed.

"Oh, Miss Page!" said Miss Toland then, crisply ready with the name and the request "This is very fortunate! I wonder if you won't come in and help me a moment! I've been trying for one hour to make the hall door key work——"

Julia said nothing. She mounted the steps and followed Miss Toland into the hall.

(To Be Continued)

A Little Love

By

Florence E. Buek

A little love snatched from the mesh of things
That go to make life full of murmurings,
Viewed in the light of retrospect—one day,
Will prove a jewel that shines bright for aye.

A little sympathetic clasp of hand
Is language all the world can understand
Words are but wasted, where the human heart
Can thus interpret life—it is an art.

A recollection that in after years,
Can fix the balance—weigh the smiles and tears
In just proportion—free the soul from strife—
This is the best analysis of life.

Yet better still, a spirit dauntless, brave—
To drain the cup, the portion that He gave,
To love—to work—to suffer—then to die
Triumphant, with the cross uplifted high!

The Comforts of Home

can be fully enjoyed only by those who are mentally and physically well—

Health first, pleasure follows.

Health of body and brain calls for proper food to repair the daily waste from work or play.

The everyday diet is often deficient in some of the essentials needed for balanced upkeep—such as phosphates for the brain, iron for the blood and lime for the bones.

Grape-Nuts FOOD

—made of prime wheat and malted barley—contains in easily digestible form, all the nutriment of the grains, including the vital mineral salts.

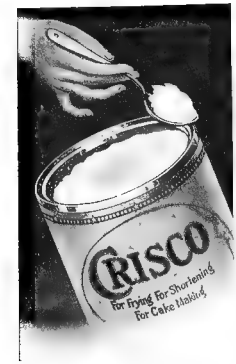
That, along with delicious flavour, is why Grape-Nuts has become a favorite breakfast dish the world over.

For brain workers, growing children, and those who would make their lives tend toward the best possible health and happiness.

"There's a Reason" for Grape-Nuts

Sold by Grocers Everywhere!

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY



PURITY

The spotless, creamy appearance of Crisco in its freshly opened can is only the outward sign of the purity of its make-up.

It is entirely vegetable, containing no animal fat to become rancid or to overtax the digestion. It is made from pure materials under conditions as nearly ideal as human brains can contrive. It is untouched by hand in the processes of manufacture.

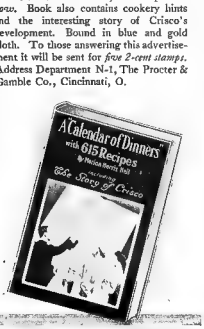
CRISCO
For Frying-For Shortening
For Cake Making

Crisco represents perfect purity—and because of that purity has won a deserved place in the better homes throughout the nation.

Use Crisco in all cooking where shortening or frying is to be done.

Beautiful cloth-bound book of new recipes and a "Calendar of Dinners" for five 2-cent stamps!

This handsome book by Marion Harris Neil gives 615 excellent tested recipes. Also contains a "Calendar of Dinners"—a dinner menu for every day in the year. The Calendar tells *what;* the recipes tell *how.* Book also contains cookery hints and the interesting story of Crisco's development. Bound in blue and gold cloth. To those answering this advertisement it will be sent for *five 2-cent stamps.* Address Department N-1, The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati, O.



Pop-Corn Sweets

A Much Neglected Dainty in Many New Forms

By MARY MASON WRIGHT

EXCELLENT, inexpensive and nourishing are pop-corn sweets. For making these the pop-corn kernels should be large, crisp and have no hard centers. Put enough corn in the popper to cover the bottom. Sprinkle a very little water over the corn and hold the popper some distance from the heat at first. Continue this for three or four minutes, then place it more directly over the heat. The fire over which corn is popped should be hot and even. Shake the popper quickly and steadily until nearly all the grains have popped.

When the corn begins to pop almost every grain should open at once. The cold water sprinkled over the corn causes a steam to generate, making the corn swell and burst open from the center in large, crisp kernels. If you are not ready to make the sweets as soon as the corn is popped, store it in paraffin bags or air-tight glass jars, as popped corn soon grows tough if exposed to dampness.

Molasses Pop-Corn Balls

1 Cupful Brown Sugar
1 Cupful Light Molasses
Pop-Corn
½ Cupful Water
1 Teaspoonful Soda
3 Tablespoonfuls Butter

THE old-fashioned molasses corn balls are always popular. Boil the sugar, molasses and water to the hard ball stage, then add the butter. Boil to the crack stage, add the soda and pour over some freshly popped corn in a bowl. Stir until the sirup is evenly distributed over the corn, but be careful not to break the grains. Dip the hands in water and form the pop-corn into balls

Chocolate Corn Balls

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Water
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
4 Ounces Sweet Chocolate
Pop-Corn

CHOCOLATE lovers may prefer the chocolate, rather than the molasses, balls. Boil the sugar, water and cream of tartar until it forms a hard ball when tested in cold water. Add the vanilla. Pour part of the sugar sirup over some pop-corn, stirring until the sirup is evenly distributed through the corn. While doing this let the remainder of the sirup stand on the back part of the range. Form into tiny balls and then boil the remaining sirup to the crack stage. Dip each ball in this and place on paraffin paper to cool. When cool, dip into melted sweet chocolate.

Snow Corn Balls

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Corn Sirup
2 Eggs
2 Cupfuls Pop-Corn
½ Cupful Water
½ Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
Cocoanut

THE corn sirup, sugar, water and cream of tartar should be boiled until it will form a soft ball when tested in water, then flavor with vanilla. Pour over the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs Beat until light and when it begins to harden, stir in the crisp pop-corn. Dip the hands into corn-starch and mold into balls while the corn is still warm. Roll balls in grated cocoanut. Wrap in paraffin paper until cold. Unwrap and heap on a platter.

Iced Pop-Corn Balls

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Water
Pop-Corn
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
½ Cupful Rock Candy

THESE iced pop-corn balls make a pleasing confection for a winter party. Boil the sugar, water and cream of tartar to the crack stage and pour over some pop-corn in a bowl, stirring until the sirup is well mixed with the corn. Form into small balls. While the balls are warm, roll in finely chopped rock candy to simulate ice.

Pop-Corn Dainty

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
1 Pint Pop-Corn
½ Cupful Water
2 Eggs
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla

POP-CORN dainties are very popular with little folks. The sugar, water and cream of tartar must be boiled to the soft ball stage. Just before removing from the fire stir into the sirup the pop-corn that has been put through the food-chopper. Add the vanilla, pour over the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs, and beat until light and foamy. Pour into buttered pans and cut into squares when cool, or drop from a spoon onto paraffin paper and press a whole pop-corn grain into the center of each.

Crystallized Pop-Corn

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Cream
Pop-Corn
2 Tablespoonfuls Corn Sirup
Extract and Coloring

CARE must be taken to follow this recipe exactly. Boil the sugar, corn sirup and cream until it will harden when dropped in water. Divide into four portions, pouring each onto a separate plate. Flavor one with almond, one with orange, one with strawberry and one with maple. One portion may be left white if desired, or the amount of sirup may be doubled and divided into more portions. Beat each portion until creamy, coloring the portion that is flavored with strawberry, pink; that flavored with orange, yellow, and the almond with pale green. Select large, crisp kernels of corn and dip until all are used. Dry the grains on buttered paper.

Pop-Corn Bars

2 Cupfuls Sugar
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Cupful Water
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
Pop-Corn

THESE bars are among the most delicious of all pop-corn sweets. Boil the sugar, water and cream of tartar to the hard ball stage; add the flavoring. Crush some fresh pop-corn with a rolling-pin, and stir into the sirup. When the corn has been thoroughly mixed with the sirup, press into a square or oblong buttered pan to the depth of about an inch, patting it smooth on the top. When cool, cut into bars with a sharp knife.

Pop-Corn Macaroons

1 Cupful Pop-Corn
1 Cupful Almonds
3 Eggs
½ Cupful Sugar

RUN freshly popped corn through the food-chopper, and add chopped, blanched almonds that have been pounded to a paste. Put these together in a bowl. Beat the whites of the eggs until stiff, then add the sugar and beat for about five minutes. Mix the pop-corn and almond paste slowly into other ingredients until thoroughly blended. Drop from a spoon onto paraffin paper in a pan and sprinkle with powdered sugar. Bake in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. The centers may be decorated with crystallized pop-corn after they are removed from the oven.

Pop-Corn Almond Nougat

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Corn Sirup
½ Cupful Water
1 Cupful Pop-Corn
½ Cupful Almonds
1 Teaspoonful Almond Extract

MELT the sugar, corn sirup and water over the fire until the sugar is melted, boil to the cracking stage. Stir in the pop-corn, the almonds, and the almond extract. Pour into a large buttered pan, and when cold break into pieces or cut into squares.

Pop-Corn Brittle

1 Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Corn Sirup
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Cupful Water
1 Cupful Peanuts
2 Quarts Pop-Corn
½ Cupful Butter

BOIL the sugars, sirup and water to the hard ball stage, add the butter and vanilla and boil until it becomes brittle when dropped in cold water. Place the pop-corn and nuts in a bowl. Mix well. Pour the sirup over them and stir until the corn and nuts are well coated. Turn into buttered pans and cut into squares with a sharp knife.

Pop-Corn Fudge

2 Cupfuls Sugar
2 Tablespoonfuls Butter
1 Cupful Pop-Corn
½ Cupful Milk
½ Cupful Peanuts
1 Teaspoonful Salt
1 Teaspoonful Almond Extract

AT last—a novel fudge recipe! Boil the sugar, milk, butter and salt to the soft ball stage. Flavor with the almond extract. Stir in the pop-corn and nuts that have been run through a food-chopper or chopped fine. Stir until creamy, and when cool cut into squares.

Bran Does What Salts Do

But does it in Nature's way. It is a food essential if you would do away with drugs. Yet nearly every wheat food omits this needed bran.

Pettijohn's is choice soft wheat *with the bran.* It is rolled into luscious flakes. As a cereal delicacy it has been famous for 20 years, and nothing else is like it.

Those who eat it in the morning need no pills at night. It means better breakfasts and better days. Your doctor will endorse it.

Pettijohn's
Rolled Wheat With the Bran

If your grocer hasn't Pettijohn's, send us his name and 15 cents in stamps. We will send one package by parcel post, and try to arrange for your future supplies. Address The Quaker Oats Company, Chicago.

I Am Making a Special Factory Price On 10,000 Rapid Fireless Cookers

Big bargain to introduce cooker into new neighborhoods quick. Write before price advances.

30 Days' Free Trial

Cooker is aluminum lined of course. Complete outfit sent sent anywhere. Write for Free Book with 250 recipes and Bargain Prices direct from factory

Wm. Campbell Co., Dept. 49, Detroit, Mich.

This Catalog Free

Write for it—

J. M. Hanson-Bennett Magazine Agency is the largest in the world.

Save Magazine Money

Our 1915 catalog lists more than 3000 Periodicals and Club Offers. It's a Big Money-Saver. Send us your name and address today.

Our Magazine, in colors, 25c (almost 2 x 3 ft. in size) for

J. M. HANSON-BENNETT Magazine Agency
223 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU USE ARTISTS' MATERIALS

You should have a copy of our 32 page catalog which we will send you on receipt of 5 cents, mentioning the PICTORIAL REVIEW. We can supply you with all the extras for OIL, WATER COLOR, and CHINA PAINTING.

THE FRY ART CO.
35-37 West 31st St., N. Y. City

DRESS GOODS AGENTS WANTED

To introduce our very complete Spring line of beautiful wool suitings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, laces, petticoats, etc. Up to date N. Y. City patterns. Finest line on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you can sell our prices low. Agents can make $10.00 to $30.00 weekly in your town. Samples, self outfit, terms in next issue. Catalog free upon request. No money required. Exclusive territory. Write for particulars today.

Standard Press Goods Company, 35-101st St., Rochester, N. Y.

YOU CAN BE A NURSE

We positively guarantee to train you in your own home, furnish uniform, and assist you to positions paying $12 to $25 a week. Send for free catalog and illustrated book of "National Nurses."

National School of Nursing, Dept. 45 Elmira, N.Y.

OUTFIT FREE TO AGENTS Best selling Handkerchiefs, Crepe Goods and Fancy Goods on the market. Quick sellers, big profits. Demand is big, no near factory. Send stamp for particulars. FREEPORT MFG. CO., 39 Main St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The cheapest thing on the order and the best—

NONE SUCH MINCE MEAT

"LIKE MOTHER USED TO MAKE"

10¢ at your grocers

Send your name for a free set of None Such Poster Stamps

MERRELL-SOULE CO. SYRACUSE NEW YORK

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Home-Made Candies

Holiday Goodies for All Your Friends

By

MARY MASON WRIGHT

THE Holidays without candy could not be holidays and the recipes here are varied and delicious enough to suit any taste. If daintily packed in a pretty box, with a sprig of holly peeping from beneath the tissue wrappings, candy always makes an acceptable gift, especially for those away from home.

Maple Marshmallow Foam

2 Cupfuls Maple-Sugar
1 Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
½ Doz Marshmallows
½ Cupful Water
½ Cupful Shelled Walnuts
2 Eggs

"FOAM" candies are popular and this one is no exception. Boil sugars, water and cream of tartar until the mixture will make a firm ball when tested in water, then add the marshmallows, cut into small pieces. Cover and let stand on the back of the stove for five minutes. Pour over the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Beat until light, drop from a spoon onto a buttered paper and place a half walnut on top of each.

Strawberry Caramels

1 Cupful Sugar
1 Cupful Corn Sirup
1 Glassful Preserved Strawberries
1 Tablespoonful of Butter
½ Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Strawberry Extract
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar

THIS recipe is unusually delicious. Place the sugar, sirup, milk and cream of tartar in a saucepan. After boiling to the soft ball stage, add the preserved strawberries, and boil until the mixture will harden when tested in water. Remove from the fire and add the strawberry extract. Boil up but do not stir, then pour immediately into buttered pans about a half-inch in depth. Mark off into small squares.

Nut Foam Chocolates

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Water
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
Nuts and Chocolate
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
2 Eggs

NUT bonbons are always popular. Put the sugar, water and cream of tartar into a saucepan and boil until it will harden in water. Take from the fire and add the vanilla. Over the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs pour the mixture and beat until light. Drop by spoonfuls onto a buttered plate that has been spread with finely chopped nut meats. Roll each bonbon in these until entirely coated. Let cool, then dip into melted chocolate. They should be allowed to mellow for a day or so.

Chocolate Nut Chips

1 Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Cupful Molasses
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
1 Cupful Nut Meats

TO make this delicious candy, put all the ingredients except the nuts and vanilla, into a saucepan. Boil until it will harden in water, add nut meats, chopped fine. Boil until the mixture will crack, remove and flavor with vanilla. Pull into thin strips and cut into small pieces with a pair of sharp, clean scissors. When cold, dip in melted chocolate flavored with a little vanilla. Light-colored molasses should be used.

Fig Fudge

2 Cupfuls Light Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Chopped Figs
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
½ Teaspoonful Ginger
1 Tablespoonful Butter
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Cupful Nut Meats
1 Cupful Milk

FIG lovers will welcome this candy. Into a saucepan put all the ingredients except the vanilla and nuts, and boil to the soft ball stage, stirring often enough to keep the mixture from sticking. Remove from the fire, add the vanilla and nuts and beat until creamy. Pour into buttered pans and cut in squares.

Christmas Stars

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Cream
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
1 Teaspoonful Orange Extract
½ Cupful Candied Orange-Peel
½ Teaspoonful Glycerin

THESE make very pretty candies for the Christmas party. Boil the sugar, cream, glycerin and cream of tartar in a saucepan, until it will form a soft ball when tested in cold water, or to about 240 degrees by the candy thermometer. Pour onto a large platter and when it is slightly cool, cover with candied orange-peel, cut very fine and add the extract. Work with wooden spoons from the sides of the platter until it is creamy and smooth; then knead thoroughly. Roll out into a sheet, cut into stars and decorate the top with little stars of candied orange-peel. Lemon rind may be used if desired.

Old-Fashioned Taffy

1 Cupful Sugar
½ Cupful Butter
½ Cupful Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Molasses
½ Cupful Milk
1 Tablespoonful Vanilla
Pinch of Salt
1 Teaspoonful Vinegar

A FAVORITE addition to the many Christmas sweets is taffy. Mix the sugar, salt, butter, milk and molasses; boil until mixture will form a hard ball when tested in cold water. Add the vanilla and vinegar, pour into pan and mark into squares.

Maple Delight

1 Cupful Maple-Sugar
1 Cupful Light Brown Sugar
½ Cupful Corn Sirup
1 Teaspoonful Vanilla
½ Cupful Water
½ Cupful Chopped Raisins
½ Cupful Walnut Meats
2 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar

MAPLE-SUGAR furnishes the "different" note. Place the sugars, water, sirup and cream of tartar in a saucepan and boil for a few minutes. Add the raisins chopped fine, and the chopped nut meats. Boil until it will ball in water, flavor with vanilla, and pour over the stiffly beaten whites of the eggs. Beat until light and foamy, then drop from a spoon onto wax-paper, and place a raisin on the top of each. They are also nice dipped in melted chocolate when cool.

Cherry and Almond Confection

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Corn Sirup
½ Cupful Candied Cherries
½ Cupful Almonds
½ Cupful Milk
1 Teaspoonful Almond Extract

THIS cherry and almond combination is most tempting. Into the saucepan put the sugar, sirup and milk and boil until it forms a ball in water. Add the almonds, finely chopped, the candied cherries, chopped fine and the extract. Stir until creamy and pour into a buttered pan or a box lined with paraffin paper. When cold, cut into squares.

Chocolate Almonds

1 Pound of Almonds 6 Ounces Sweet Chocolate

BLANCH one pound of almonds by pouring hot water over the almond meats and letting them stand on back of stove for about five minutes when the skins can be slipped off. Place on a pan in the oven until dark brown, but be careful not to let them burn. When cool, dip each almond in melted sweet chocolate and place on wax-paper to cool. These are nicer if dipped twice but after dipping in the chocolate the first time, let them cool before dipping them the second time.

Pineapple Divinity Fudge

2 Cupfuls Sugar
½ Cupful Corn Sirup
½ Cupful Water
2 Eggs
½ Teaspoonful Cream of Tartar
½ Cupful Candied Pineapple
½ Cupful Nut Meats

PUT all the ingredients into a saucepan except the pineapple, nuts and eggs and boil to the firm ball stage or to 250 degrees by the candy thermometer. Add the vanilla or any desired extract and pour over the beaten whites of the eggs. Beat until it begins to stiffen, stir in the pineapple and nuts chopped very fine. Pour into pans and cut into squares.

Golden Fondant

2 Cupfuls Confectioners' Sugar
1 Egg
1 Orange

UNCOOKED fondant should be used the day it is made. Beat the egg before adding the confectioners' sugar. After mixing the two well, pour in the orange-juice. Form into balls of bonbon size with small pieces of orange, or half a walnut meat in the center.

QUALITY has been gained and maintained in the biscuit baked by the National Biscuit Company through steady adherence to one aim—to deliver biscuit in perfect condition from oven to table.

Accomplishment of this aim has been made possible by improving its manufacturing methods; inventing new machinery; exercising ceaseless care; using greatest skill; selecting finest flour, sugar, butter, eggs, nuts, spices, fruits and flavors; and building of model bakeries.

The problem of delivery has been solved by the use of the famous In-er-seal Trade Mark packages. In these the many varieties of biscuit—sweetened and unsweetened—known as crackers and cookies, wafers and snaps, retain their oven freshness.

Everywhere, grocery stores are constantly supplied by the nation-wide delivery service of the National Biscuit Company. There you will find them, each the best of its kind, always fresh and good.

Buy biscuit baked by

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Always look for that Name

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Would you have the complexion of childhood, winter and summer?

Would you keep that clear, smooth, fine-textured skin free from roughness or unsightly redness and chapping while enjoying outdoor life in any climate? This is not only possible but easy and agreeable in its accomplishment when

Hinds Honey and Almond **Cream**

(Guaranteed to contain all its advertised ingredients and to conform to the required standards of purity and quality.)

is used,—just a little before and after exposure to the weather, also on retiring and again in the morning. It will soothe and soften the skin, it will freshen and invigorate, yet never injure the most delicate complexion.

Selling everywhere, or postpaid by us on receipt of price. Hinds Cream in bottles, 50c; Hinds Cold Cream in tubes, 25c; Do not take a substitute; there are dealers in every town who will gladly sell you Hinds Cream without attempting to substitute.

Samples will be sent for 2c stamp to pay postage

A. S. HINDS 258 West Street Portland, Maine

You should try HINDS Honey and Almond Cream SOAP. Highly refined, delightfully fragrant and beneficial. 25c postpaid. No samples.

PAVLOWA

uses her Columbia Grafonola with Columbia Dance Records to rehearse her entire company.

PAVLOWA WRITES:

Since I have been in your country I have been amazed to see the popularity of the talking machine record when used with the dance. This so excited my curiosity that I have made it a great study and think it is due you to say that Columbia instruments and Columbia dance records over all others have my unqualified endorsement. I use your Grafonola and dance records in my rehearsals with complete satisfaction and find your dance records truly represent the very spirit of the dance. Their tempo, rhythm, clarity and musical qualities simply charm me.

I am convinced that all who dance can get great satisfaction from the use of your Grafonolas and records.

Four dance instruction records just out. One-Step, Hesitation, Maxixe and Tango. *Will play on your Columbia or Victor.* 75c each—$3.00 for the set; with Dance Instruction Book, FREE.

COLUMBIA

Graphophone Company

Woolworth Bldg. New York

Dealers Everywhere

The Forgotten House

(Continued from Page 22)

An hour later, Judie had lurched back up the stairs, her face like a death mask. She was gasping and her form trembled as if with a palsy. "I've fixed him," she wheezed, and fought for breath. "He knows all about it—the fiend—but I've fixed him. He's to have a third of my income regularly or he'll go and tell. I've promised him."

"Every year, since then," said Miss Maria without emotion, "he's sucked the blood-money out of us. Once or twice, in years when he'd lost in Wall Street, he made Judie give him more than half."

BUT after this shock had come a worse one. The Hardings and Mr. Appleby moved into the house behind the little gentleman's present residence. "One of our servants told me, Mr. Appleby," said Miss Maria, coming to this. "The servant told me who was moving in and I nearly fainted. I'd just been to see my little girl, so I rushed up-stairs to tell Judie. But Judie'd found out already and was raging. She knew your brother-in-law had recognized us, because she heard your nephew calling Nancy. For weeks afterward, we wondered why nothing was done about it. Why, every time the door-bell rang, Judie and I just died of fright! But nothing happened and we never knew why."

"I can explain that," said Mr. Appleby, soberly; "my brother never told any one but the boy. He and Phil were alone in the house; my sister and I hadn't finished packing up at our old home. That same night you ran away from Bend Street, Morton Harding killed himself."

But after the women and the child had fled to another part of the city, Sidney Harding had taken the abandoned house. He insisted on Mrs. Munger giving it to him, but would offer no explanation other than that he wished it. The reason they learned later; he had heard from Mrs. Munger of the probable existence of those papers Morton Harding had demanded and the thought of them filled his soul with alarm. He decided that Mr. Appleby and Mrs. Harding were holding them back until they got a good chance to strike. "That's what smashed us up," said Miss Maria, frankly. "If it hadn't been for his trying to work on your nephew, Mr. Appleby, we'd never have been found out."

Mr. Appleby looked at her doubtfully. "How do you mean, madam? I don't think I follow you."

"Why," explained Miss Maria, "he tried to get at Phil. His idea was to corrupt Phil with money and presents, so that he'd steal the papers and bring them to him."

"Ah, yes, I understand! the scoundrel!" muttered Mr. Appleby.

"After that, we never had a moment's peace," said Miss Maria. "One thing after another happened. Nancy found the Laidlaw books in the garret. Then she began to insist on being told who she was and the more Judie told stories, the worse it got. I was getting down on my knees regularly now," Miss Maria went on, listlessly; "but Judie wouldn't give up her comforts. She kept at it and even then she might have fooled you, Nancy, if Sidney Harding hadn't made Judie, herself, get after Phil."

"What's that?" demanded Mr. Appleby, again.

Miss Maria looked at him blankly and then seemed to understand.

"Oh, you don't know about it? Why, he had a scheme for Judie to hire Phil as an architect and when she got him interested, she was to give him an office with a safe in it. He'd be expected to keep his valuable papers there, and Sidney Harding kind of hoped the ones he wanted would be among them. Then some night he would go get them."

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Appleby, remembering Mrs. Munger's offer of an office with a safe in it. "That makes it all clear, now. Well go on, if you please."

Judie, as Miss Maria clearly showed, hadn't taken kindly to the idea. She had protested from the start that it was sheer idiocy. It was worse than that, when he persisted coming to her house to see how matters were getting along.

"That first Sunday night a week ago she nearly had a stroke, she was so frightened. She found out you were trying to locate the house where we'd lived, Nancy. That young man let it out unconsciously. So we knew you'd been stirred up and Judie thought he'd told you."

It came out further, that this had been a memorable evening in more than one respect; a crucial turning-point in the fortunes of all concerned. For despite the fact that Miss Maria had learned her child was in critical health, Mrs. Munger had not only gone on with her party, but had insisted on Miss Maria's presence.

"Why, she was so frightened she cried," volunteered Miss Maria; "and the next morning she made me stay and watch you. She went down to see how my baby was getting on,"—Miss Maria's baby must have been nearly twenty, then—"and afterward she walked all the way to Sidney Harding's to tell him she wasn't going to take the risk for him, or any one else; no matter what he did to her. It was the first time she'd ever been there since we ran away from that house, and she was frightened out of her senses."

"Yes, I know," said Nancy, quietly; "I saw her."

Miss Maria stared vaguely a moment, but made no comment. "There isn't but a little more now," she went on. "He made her keep at it; your advertisement appeared, Mr. Appleby, and then I knew it was all over. But Judie wouldn't give in. She said she was afraid to, and the way she told stories to poor Nancy just made me heart-sick. Then Sidney Harding came and Judie said to him: 'We're all going to jail, I guess.' She told me afterward he grinned at her, and said he didn't know what she meant. 'You'll go to jail perhaps, Judie, but they can't do anything to *me*.' But I guess he was pretty uneasy just the same, because the morning after I'd seen you, Mr. Appleby, he came up here and forced his way into Judie's room. But when Judie said again we were all going to jail, he still laughed and said it was none of his concern where she went. She could go to Jericho if she chose, only he thought she was making a mountain out of a mole-hill. He was always saying that."

"Yes, I heard him say it," said Nancy, remembering.

"Humph!" sniffed Miss Maria, savagely; "but he'd forgotten all about *me!* If there was any jail opening for us, I made up my mind he'd get a look into it, too. So on Sunday morning—last Sunday, you know—I told Judie about the papers I'd stolen years ago. They were the ones I've just given you, Mr. Appleby. 'Oh, my God!' screamed Judie, clutching me by the arm; 'and you've had them all this time and let that man bleed me to the last drop of blood? Give them to me!' But I wouldn't. I said I had them and I was going to keep them till the time came. 'But you've got them—you're sure?' asked Judie, and it's a wonder she didn't get her stroke then. 'If you've got them, I can get rid of that cheat and blackmailer!'"

So armed with this weapon, Mrs. Munger had hurried away from the house in Tenth Street, leaving Miss Maria to watch beside her dying daughter. That night she had served a warning on Sidney Harding that she would submit to his brutality no more; and had she not feared he would inform on her, she was outraged enough to have refused further payments of blackmail.

"I just knew, though," observed Miss Maria, thoughtfully; "that he'd do what he did—steal our papers, I mean. I knew he was after the ones I've given to you, Mr Appleby, but Judie was afraid he'd try to get his hands on the Laidlaw papers. But he was after the ones you have now, Mr. Appleby, when he broke into Judie's room and I guess he just took the others because they were handy."

"Well, a lot of good they'll do him now," snapped Mr. Appleby; "and if he ever shows his face in New York again, I'll know how to take care of him. But of course he won't hang around now," added the little gentleman, regretfully, "not when he knows the cat's out of the bag."

"No; I guess he'll skip," observed Miss Maria, solemnly. "Well, as I was saying, Sidney Harding broke into Judie's room and then Judie came home and had her shock. Now she's all paralyzed, and—and —"

MISS MARIA drew a long breath and slowly took off her spectacles. She looked up at the ceiling while she wiped them on the fold of her dress and then she sighed deeply.

"Well, that's all," she said, and with a little gagging sob, buried her face in her hands.

So now the story was told, the grotesque and shameful farce laid bare, and when Miss Maria came to the end of her tale and covered her face with her hands, Nancy and Mr. Appleby sat looking at her silently. In the little gentleman's face was a curious expression; he bit his lip dubiously, and fell to tugging energetically at his forelock.

"Madam," he said reflectively, "I believe you've been punished enough already—well, upon my soul, I believe I'm sorry for you!"

Miss Maria recovered herself far enough to look up at him wryly. "I'm not asking your pity," she retorted; "you can keep it till it's wanted."

But this gleam of spirit was only a flying spark; it burned itself away quickly. Miss Maria turned toward the girl. "What are you going to do to us, Nancy?"

Nancy sadly shook her head. "Nothing, Miss Maria. I would have done nothing, even if I hadn't given my promise."

"And you won't send Judie to prison? There! I told Judie you'd be kind and soft-hearted like that, when you knew. You're going to be nice and sweet to Judie, aren't you? Just think how she's suffered."

"Oh, good Heavens!" exclaimed Mr. Appleby, and flounced across the room.

But Nancy evaded the question. "Does Mrs. Munger know you've told me?" she asked.

Miss Maria sighed regretfully. "I think she suspects. That's why I wanted an hour to make up my mind. I told Judie I guessed we'd better give in and that anyway she couldn't give any more parties or wear fine things or eat such a lot of good things any more. She's got to take care of herself; and besides, how'd she look walking around in jail with a cane! 'Why, you'd look like a perfect fool, Judie!' I told her, and I shouldn't wonder but she thought so, too."

"I want to see her a few minutes," said Nancy, suddenly. "Won't you please tell her I'm coming?"

Miss Maria got up slowly. "You won't be cross?" she pleaded; and Nancy shaking her head, Miss Maria glided away—dowdy, stoop-shouldered, more self-debased than ever; yet, with all that, almost noble in her devotion to the greedy, selfish woman who had wretchedly debauched such love. Presently Miss Maria returned and crooked her finger at Nancy.

The twisted, masklike face lay among the pillows, its closed eyes turned upward to the ceiling. At the noise of the door shutting,

(Continued on Page 35)

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Forgotten House

(*Continued from Page 34*)

Mrs. Munger breathed deeply, and a movement ran through her frame outlined largely beneath the coverings, as if she strove to huddle down in the four-poster. Then her one eye opened furtively and, as quickly, shut itself; Mrs. Munger breathed again deeply; and Nancy, standing by the bed, silently looked at her.

Mrs. Munger spoke:

"What are you going to do to me?" she demanded grimly, perhaps defiantly. "I haven't stolen anything."

Nancy made no reply.

"No, I haven't," reasserted Mrs. Munger. "You've got more money now than there ever was." There she caught at her breath; a little whimper came breaking from her lips, and a tear, pendent on one thick lid, rolled across her leathery face. But it was a tear of self-pity rather than for any regret of what she had done to this girl. "I suppose I'm going to be turned out, and lose all I got. But I thought—I thought," she whimpered, her voice breaking. "I thought maybe you'd be a little kind to me, now that I made Maria tell you. Yes, I just had to make her do it. Aren't you going to forgive me? I haven't really stolen anything."

"Forgive you? No, I can never forgive you, Mrs. Munger."

The figure in the bed tried forcibly to raise itself. Then, after the futile effort, Mrs. Munger lay back among the pillows, and began to mutter thickly. "I didn't steal anything, I tell you. No, I didn't. I didn't steal a thing. You've got more than there ever was, I say."

Nancy threw out her hands in a gesture of appealing wistful trouble. "Oh, Mrs. Munger!" she cried brokenly, "how can I forgive you when you've stolen away my childhood!"

"Huh!" grunted the figure in the bed, and so Nancy left her.

MR. APPLEBY, who had been peering through the draperies of the drawing-room window, suddenly exclaimed wrathfully. "Confound him! I'd like to know now what the young idiot's up to. *Hey!*" beckoning furiously through the glass, and then—"Oh, my dear young girl! I beg your pardon. Excuse me, just a [illegible]"

Mr. Appleby hurried to the front door, and Phil, who had stopped on the sidewalk opposite to moon up at the windows, scowled frightfully and walked on when he saw his uncle. "Hey! you there!" bawled the little gentleman; and Phil having turned, Mr. Appleby violently signaled him to draw near.

"What do you want?" Phil demanded darkly.

"Nothing, except that you won't make a fool of yourself," retorted Mr. Appleby. Then from his height on the front steps he began to nod and grin and wink and to jerk his thumb over his shoulder in the most expressive, if inelegant, way.

And after the little gentleman had prolonged this pantomime to unreasonable lengths, it seemed to dawn on Phil that he was requested to step inside.

"Yes, come on in!" chirped Mr. Appleby. "She says she'll see you again."

Phil, with a lowering brow, came up the steps. "Look here, Uncle Phil," he growled savagely, "I don't know what you've told Nancy, but I wish you to know that it won't do any good. You're wasting your breath trying to make her give me up. She won't and I'll tell you why: Because I won't let her!"

"Oh, Great Scott!" exclaimed Mr. Appleby. "Why—oh, now!" He darted to the drawing-room door. "I'm choking—yes, I do believe—Nancy, where can I get a glass of water? Oh, to be sure. Oh, yes, in the dining-room, of course!" And dashing away, Mr. Appleby effaced himself tactfully, only stopping at the end of the hall to cry:

"You go in there, Phil. Miss Dorothy Laidlaw wishes to see you!"

Phil, standing in the vestibule, glared after him. "I wish to see Nancy," he growled; "I don't care to see that other girl."

"Phil! Oh, Phil."

Then he had her in his arms, her cheek against his and then——

But never mind what then. They were still standing there when Mr. Appleby returned from the dining-room. "Oh, excuse me!" murmured the little gentleman, stealing away; but they had not heard or seen him. "Why!" muttered Mr. Appleby to himself and blushed rosily as he said it; "I believe, now honestly I do, I believe he was kissing her. What is worse, I believe she was letting him."

But the little gentleman was wrong in his painful surmise.

"Phil—dear, dear boy; you needn't look around for that other girl you didn't wish to see. There's only one Dorothy Laidlaw here and I am she, Phil. I am Dorothy Laidlaw. Don't you understand? —and I love you so—love you—love you, Phil—and it's all right now. Haven't you anything to say to me, Phil, when I tell you I love you?"

She took his dazed face between her hands and looked up at him. "Don't you dare, Phil? Well, *I* do!"

Then he awoke, and with his arms around her and with her love of him willing now——

It was thus, if it need be said, that Mr. Appleby had seen them.

A word or two more and then you may clap on your own moral to adorn the finished tale.

Exit Mr. Gaylord, in the first place. It was little Mr. Appleby who dragged out of that now thoroughly frightened gentleman the admission that he had, indeed, married Miss Maria in the long ago. Mr. Appleby gave him his alternative—to confess that he was lawfully married to her, or, if the marriage had been a cheat, to repair the cheat by making her now his legal wife. If Mr. Gaylord refused, he had the choice of going to jail; and to back up his threat, Mr. Appleby wagged the bundle of papers in his face. So Mr. Gaylord confessed—he had been lawfully married in the beginning And Mr. Appleby, worming out of him the alderman's name, and then assuring himself that the alderman had really married the two, gave the agitated Sidney Harding twenty-four hours in which to get out of New York. Is it necessary to say that he accepted the terms?

BUT about Mrs. Munger. No—let us say little of the day when Mrs. Munger, brought down from her room above, departed from the scene of her glories and of her downfall. She hobbled down the steps on Miss Maria's arm and a dingy cab drove off with them, Mrs. Munger leaning back in grim silence, Miss Maria, quietly weeping. Yet let us draw a veil over that and let us tell only briefly how Nancy offered a home to Miss Maria, which Miss Maria refused. "No, my place is with Judie. I can't stay here with you. I've got to take care of my sister; she needs me more than ever now. Of course, if you could take her in, too——"

So the two departed. The big house in West Seventy-fifth Street was closed and Nancy went away to her happiness—a happiness that seemed to be worth all the pain it had cost to bring it to her. And then, one day, a year later, Nancy returned home at nightfall.

"Hello, dearest—oh, just a moment," said Phil laughing; "I've gone and knocked ashes all over my drawing. Now—dare me again, will you?"

But Nancy had turned away to stare solemnly at the floor. "Phil," she said, after a long pause, "I took Virgie out motoring with me to-day."

"Yes, sweetheart, and then what?"

"A tire burst and we got out and walked."

"Did you? And where did you walk, Nancy?"

"We took a street car when we were tired walking; and, Phil——"

Phil put down his pipe and quietly laid a hand on hers. "What is it, dear?"

"Phil, I saw Mrs. Munger."

And so she had; though in the crowded car neither Mrs. Munger nor Miss Maria, had seen her.

They had got on with the crowd at Forty-second Street, Mrs. Munger scowling and grumbling fretfully at Miss Maria, who was trying to help her aboard.

"Miss Maria had her arms full of bundles," said Nancy. "It looked as if they had been out buying their dinner."

But when Mrs. Munger had lumbered aboard, the crowd of shoppers had filled the car and there were no seats left. So Mrs. Munger had transferred her scowl from Miss Maria to a man sitting near her; and the man burying his face in his newspaper and affecting not to see that she wished his seat. Mrs. Munger had crooked her cane through a strap and clung on, Miss Maria hanging to another strap, and holding out her elbow to support her sister.

"And then, Phil, Miss Maria dropped one of her bundles. It broke open, and there were a few tomatoes in it and one orange. They rolled around under the people's feet, and when the passengers stooped over to help Miss Maria pick them up, I could see Mrs. Munger muttering at her. Phil, she was just as shabby and threadbare as—well, an old apple woman. So was Miss Maria, too, of course; but Mrs. Munger's cloak and skirt were faded almost green and when the car lurched and she put out a hand to support herself, I could see her waist. It was an old plum-colored brocade she'd made me make over for her, long ago and now it was all worn and mended so much I hardly knew it.

"And you should have seen her bonnet. Oh, Phil, it was so shabby. The flowers were faded and the strings were all frayed out. And she had that same old sable veil tied over it Her cotton gloves were out at the finger-tips and, oh, Phil, when I thought of all she and Maria had been through since I fixed over that plum-colored brocade, I felt so sorry for them.

"But after they'd picked up the things from the floor, a man got up and Mrs. Munger shoved herself into the vacant seat. She didn't offer to take poor Miss Maria's packages, but sat there with her two hands leaning on her stick and her jaw set and frowning straight ahead of her. Finally, I couldn't stand it any longer, so I told Virgie I had to get out."

"H'm!" said Phil, reflectively.

Nancy dropped her chin into her hand, and stared again across Phil's drawing-table.

"Phil, I feel as if I couldn't stand it any longer, when I think of her."

"Who? Mrs. Munger?"

"No, Phil. I mean Miss Maria. Don't you think I should give them the same allowance my father made them? Miss Maria tried as much as she could to be kind."

Phil's hand stole out and laid itself on Nancy's.

"Dear, you mustn't ask me. It's your money and you must do with it as you think best. But Nancy——"

Holding her to him, he looked down into her tearful eyes.

"Dear, little tender-hearted girl!" he whispered.

[THE END]

New-Year's Newest Dish

Sweet Bubbles of Toasted Corn

The New Year enters with a dish unknown a year ago. It's a dainty made by puffing hearts of corn.

Eight years have been spent on it by Prof. A. P. Anderson, the man who puffed Wheat and Rice. Now Corn Puffs comes as the latest addition to this guild of dainty foods.

The sugary milk in the heart of the corn ripens into bits of sweetness. We take just that sweet part and make it into pellets.

Those pellets, sealed in huge guns, are toasted for an hour, then exploded. Thus come these brown globules, light as air, flaky, thin and porous. You never saw anything made from corn anywhere near so inviting.

You know the flavor of toasted corn. Here is that flavor fairly trebled by an hour of fearful heat.

It comes to you in drop-like bubbles, composed of ten thousand tissue walls. You will revel in it. You never have dreamed that such bewitching morsels could be made from any grain that grows.

CORN PUFFS

"The Witching Food"

15c per Package

Start the New Year with it. It belongs with all things that are new. Many a year will pass, in all probability, before another such dainty will come to your table.

Don't tell folks what it is. Let them see it and taste it and guess. Serve with cream and sugar, or mixed with fruit, or floating in bowls of milk. Then douse some Corn Puffs with melted butter for the children to eat at play.

Get it now. It will always be a goody but it will not long be new.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(722)

"On the Firing Line"

The man or woman who accomplishes anything in business or in the home has to be "on the firing line." Keeping "at the front" in any department of human activity calls for good brain and muscular energy, and these must come from the foods you eat. To keep at top notch efficiency eat

Shredded Wheat

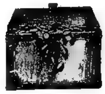
the food that contains all the body-building material in the whole wheat grain prepared in a digestible form—a natural, elemental food—contains no yeast, no baking powder, no chemicals of any kind—just pure wheat steam-cooked, shredded and baked.

For breakfast, heat the Biscuit in the oven to restore crispness; then pour hot milk over it, adding a little cream; salt or sweeten to suit the taste. A warm, nourishing breakfast for a chilly day. Deliciously nourishing for any meal with sliced bananas, baked apples or canned or preserved fruits of any kind.

Made only by

The Shredded Wheat Company,

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

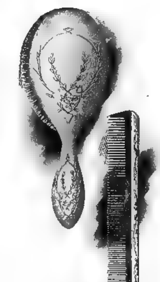


Daughters of the Golden Treasure

To Bring Money and Good Things to the Women of America

I'VE made a New Year's resolution! It's this: I, Peggy Key Scott, hereby resolve to let no opportunity escape to tell every girl in this country about our fine, big club—the Daughters of the Golden Treasure. And I want you Daughters to help me by telling all your friends about it, too. It is such a pity that there should be even *one* girl in the whole United States who is not a member of the Daughters of the Golden Treasure and who does not know about the wonderful secrets of our Society and the splendid surprises it holds in store. So I'll do *my* part by writing to our big PICTORIAL REVIEW family every month, and you do *your* part by telling your friends. Then between us we'll bring joy and gladness to thousands of girls who want to earn a little money.

I'm so eager to receive your New Year's letters, dear girls, but even before they come I can almost tell what they will say. I know that you have resolved to make the year 1915 the most successful year that you ever have known. I know that you are determined to fill it to the brim with happiness and with all the good things that money can buy—for you will have plenty of money to get the things for which you have always longed.



Our Daintily Designed Silver Toilet Ware

It gives me the greatest happiness to know that here in PICTORIAL REVIEW, we have a club organized specially to bring money to the girls of America. When the Editors asked me to organize this club for you, I knew that there were many girls who needed to earn extra money for the little things that they could not regularly afford to buy. But I did not realize that there were so many thousands and thousands of you girls. Now that I have found out how great a need there is for this club of ours I shall plan more and more wonderful things.

Some time, I hope it will be possible for us all to meet and talk things over. It would be like having a great convention just for ourselves. How much we would have to say, and how many experiences there would be to tell! But until that is possible we shall have to be content with letters. I wish that I could show you some of the splendid ones that have come to my desk this morning. They are so buoyantly enthusiastic, so full of life and interest, that it seems as if each girl has visited me personally. That is the way I always feel about your letters. So write me as freely and frankly as you always have done—confident in the belief that I shall understand and sympathize with you in all your hopes and ambitions as well as in your discouragements.

Our Diamond Lavaliere

NO Daughter of the Golden Treasure feels that she is a fully initiated member until she has been made a Guardian of the Pearl. This is an honor to which every Daughter aspires. It is really the first aim of every member to wear our mystic ring set with the wonderful lustrous pearl. The ring was specially designed for us. Jewelers, the best in New York, worked for months over hundreds of designs before we finally chose this one. The pearl is set in the cup of a lily and the letters "G. P." standing of course, for Guardians of the Pearl, are cleverly wrought in the gold. The lily is especially significant for it typifies the pearl and stands for the ideals of the Guardians—steadfastness, sincerity, purity.

Just one more thousand of these rings have been made. When the last has been sent to the last lucky member, the pattern will be destroyed. Search the world over and you will never find another ring just like these, made especially for the Guardians of the Pearl. When you see some one wearing a ring like yours, whether it is in the crowded streets of a city, on board a ship, on a train or in some quiet village, you will know that you have found a sister member of the Daughters of the Golden Treasure.

Here is a letter from Catherine Clark—a newly welcomed Guardian of the Pearl.

"Dear Peggy Key Scott:
If you were here perhaps I could tell you how I love that perfectly beautiful ring which has just come. I feel as if I were having a birthday and a Christmas all in one! It's so hard to say things in a letter and to make them sound the way they would if they were spoken. But I'm sure you must know how much we girls love the beautiful things that you are constantly doing for us. It is not only the chance to make money that we appreciate. Your letters, so full of courage and good cheer and inspiration, mean almost as much to me as the money. And then there are the gifts, those delightful surprises which come at unexpected times. I'm afraid you are spoiling us, but it's such a lovely way to be spoiled that I can't say stop.

Catherine Clark."

DO you want to make money? Could you use a few extra dollars every month? Are there things that your regular salary or your husband's income will not pay for? Is it necessary for you to stay home and take care of the children? Are you unprepared to earn the money that you long to have? Then join the Daughters of the Golden Treasure, to-day—and you will find it the simplest thing in the world to fill your purse to overflowing with jingling coins and crisp, crinkly bills.

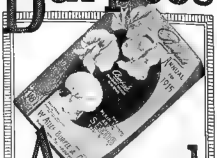
There are so many other things about the Guardians of the Pearl that I want to tell you. There is our Club pin—of fourteen carat gold and the diamond lavaliere, the sterling silver bracelet watch—and the Silver Circle. It would take a whole page to tell you about the Silver Circle and the beautiful set of solid silver toilet articles that I have chosen for your dressing-table. Then, too, there are all sorts of exquisite articles in flat silver for the dining-room—a complete set of table silver that would be the loveliest thing you ever saw for a "Hope Chest." Just write me a letter or postal card, saying that you are interested in the Daughters of the Golden Treasure and I will send you a beautiful book "The Treasure Chest," which tells more about these wonderful surprises than I can tell you here.

If you want to make money, if you want to have dollars to spend just as you please without asking anybody in the world for them, send to-day for this book. It is yours for the asking. I shall be so glad to hear from you about your money problems, and tell you one beautifully simple way of solving them.

Peggy Key Scott

President, Daughters of the Golden Treasure,
PICTORIAL REVIEW BUILDING, NEW YORK.

Burpee's Annual



The Leading American Seed Catalog for 1915 is a bright book of 182 pages, with hundreds of illustrations and carefully written descriptions of Vegetables and Flowers. It tells the Plain Truth, and is a safe guide to success in the garden. It is mailed free to everyone who wants to plant

Burpee-Quality Seeds that Grow

Our reputation for efficient service is built about the Burpee Idea of Quality First, and to "give rather than to get all that is possible." Hence, we have not advanced prices because of the shortage caused by the war, and we deliver seeds free by parcels post. We trust that you will read our **Silent Salesman.** A post card will bring it. Write today, and kindly mention *Pictorial Review.*

W. ATLEE BURPEE & CO.
Burpee Buildings Philadelphia

Seeds, Plants, Roses

Trees, Shrubs, Bulbs, etc., by mail, express or freight. Safe arrival and satisfaction guaranteed. Everything you want for lawn, garden or orchard. 1200 acres devoted to growing stock, 60 in hardy roses alone. 45 greenhouses. 61 years' experience. 192-page Catalog Free. Write for it today. (87)

THE STORRS & HARRISON CO.
Box 407 Painesville, Ohio

DINGEE ROSES
Sturdy as Oaks

Dingee roses are always grown on their own roots—and are absolutely *the best* for the amateur planter. Send today for our **"New Guide to Rose Culture" for 1915** —it's free. It isn't a catalog—it's an educational work on rose growing. Profusely illustrated. Describes over 1000 varieties of roses and other flowers, and tells how to grow them. Safe delivery guaranteed. Established 1850. 70 greenhouses.
THE DINGEE & CONARD CO., Box 155, West Grove, Pa.

10 PACKAGES SEEDS 25c

Send 25c and we will send these seeds:
Zinnia, Poppy, Portulacca, Wallflower, Sweet William, Summer Cypress, Petunia, Ponderosa Tomato, Early Spring Cabbage, French Breakfast Radish. Full line of Flower and Vegetable seeds, Shrubs, Vines, Roses and Trees. Our 1915 Garden Book, Free. It will help you with your garden.
German Nurseries & Seed House, Box 24, Beatrice, Neb.

SUCCESS WITH POULTRY. Our book on how to feed for profit has description of Poultry Houses and Plans, pictures of our farms and fowls. It is worth dollars to you. Sent for ten cents cash or stamps. We are the largest breeders of poultry in the world. United Poultry Farms, Box 59 Hope, Ind.

Sunshine Lamp 300 Candle Power FREE
To Try In Your Own Home

Turns night into day. Gives better light than gas, electricity or 18 ordinary lamps at one-tenth the cost. For Homes, Stores, Halls, Churches. A child can carry it. Makes its light from common gasoline. No wick. No chimney. Absolutely SAFE.

COSTS 1 CENT A NIGHT

We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our SPECIAL FREE TRIAL OFFER. Write today. AGENTS WANTED.
SUNSHINE SAFETY LAMP CO.
253 Factory Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

KEITH'S 20 WONDER HOUSES

A New Book of 20 Plans showing photo views of actually built and large floor plans for 20 selected types of Keith's best ideas in Bungalows, Cottages and Houses, costing $2 000 up. They are Wonder Houses for practical, inexpensive homes. Send silver or stamps. 10c

M. L. KEITH
669 McKnight Bldg.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

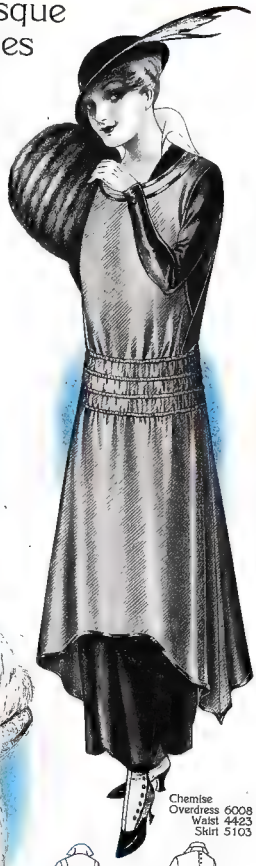
Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

One-Piece Frocks Rival Basque Tunic and Chemise Dresses

5990—The popular long-waisted basque and the equally popular plaited tunic are, in this costume of blue gabardine, joined; and the seam may be covered by a girdle of self-material, or a leather or velvet belt may be adjusted loosely at normal waistline. To accentuate the width of the tunic, the two-piece underskirt, which may be in regulation or shorter length, is quite narrow, measuring but 1¼ yard, while the tunic is about 2¾ yards wide. The unlined basque may be made with standing collar or open neck and flare collar. The tunic may be plaited or gathered, in one piece with front edges meeting, or it may be cut in two sections, with open front as shown. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch gabardine, 2¾ yards 36-inch satin. Price, 15 cents.

6008—4423—5103—Another style that is much favored is the chemise frock, so called from the long loose lines on which it is cut. This model shows a chemise overdress, having separate waist and skirt sections joined with cord shirrings. Regulation skirt length is allowed in the pattern, and when this is used, no underskirt is required; but perforations are given for tunic length as illustrated in this view, the tunic forming a point at the sides, and a simple two-piece underskirt is worn. No sleeves are provided in the overdress pattern, but a plain waist is worn with two styles of sleeves, and high or several low neck outlines. Chemise Overdress No. 6008, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Waist No. 4423, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5103, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 2⅞ yards 54-inch serge, and 4¼ yards 36-inch satin.

Basque Tunic Costume 5990



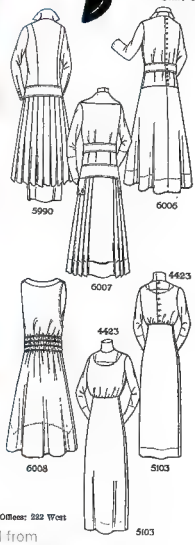
Chemise Overdress 6008 Waist 4423 Skirt 5103

6007—One of the style features of the Winter is the one-piece frock in velvet, broadcloth, velveteen or velours. Very smart is this frock of powder-blue broadcloth with long-waisted basque joined to a four-piece plaited skirt. A belt may be adjusted at normal waistline, or it may be omitted, and the shaped girdle band, pocketed in the newest mode, may serve instead. A lower-edge width of 2¾ yards shows the vogue of wide skirts. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6006—Another version of the chic one-piece costume is presented here, fashioned of midnight blue velvet, with the popular long close-fitting transparent sleeves of cream shadow lace. A distinct style note is the double belt effect, one arranged at normal waistline, the other several inches below, and smartly braided. The back of this dress extends over the shoulders forming a yoke in front, and the full-length sleeves are perforated for shorter length. The skirt is in one-piece circular style, in regulation length, and measures at the foot about 3 yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 44-inch velvet, ⅞ yard 36-inch lace allover for sleeves. Price, 15 cents. Braiding 11138 on collar, transfer patterns, 15 cents. Braiding 11451 on band, transfer, 15 cents.

One-Piece Costume 6007

One-Piece Costume 6006



On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 326 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 506 North 7th Street, St. Louis; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., 82 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford Street, Boston; 260 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Rotonde 5976

Chemise Overdress 6008
Waist 4423 Skirt 5103

Rotonde 5979

Waist 6010
Tunic Skirt 5771

Sleeveless Evening Gowns And Graceful Rotondes

5976—A sumptuous, swathing wrap is this cape, known as the "Rotonde" which may be worn to afternoon or evening functions, according to the material of which it is fashioned. Charming for evening wear is soft panne velvet in delicate rose pink with skunk, fitch or ermine collar, and lining of gold brocaded taffeta. Or less expensive would be white velours, with collar of rose chiffon plush. It is suitable for ladies and misses, and is adjusted to a small yoke, though this is covered when the large collar is worn. If preferred, a Directoire collar may be substituted for the large one. The fronts of the cape may lap, or they may be closed at the direct center-front. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

6008–4423–5103—Over a close-fitting foundation of soft satin is slipped a chemise overdress of palest pink chiffon wrought in silver beads enriched by a tracery of rhinestones and pearls, and a band of closely beaded trimming weights the bottom of the fluttering chiffon, and outlines the V-shaped décolletage. The straight line from bust to hips that is so chic is noted in this model, below which is attached with cord shirrings, the two-piece skirt. Perforations permit of cutting this in tunic length to show the underskirt, and an outline, either straight around or with a deep point at the sides may be selected. The armholes are large, edged with the merest thread of rhinestone trimming, and the flare collar of chiffon may be similarly edged. A simple back-closing waist with long or short sleeves, or, as in this case, sleeveless, and with several neck outlines is joined to a plain two-piece skirt about 1½ yard wide to form the underslip. Chemise Overdress No. 6008, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Waist No. 4423, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5103, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4¾ yards 36-inch satin, 3¾ yards 44-inch chiffon.

5979—Quite the most picturesque evening wrap is the "Rotonde," and in this one of black chiffon plush, the shirred heading and round yoke give a touch of novelty. Instead of the Italian collar shown, high neck with turnover collar, or open neck with flare collar may be chosen, and the possibility is also given of short outline in front, sloping down into greater length at sides and back. The cape is suitable for ladies and misses. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 4¼ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5996–5946—Not fitted, but adjusted to the figure is this long-waisted bodice of silver-brocaded satin, with fashionable square neck, and sleeveless. Provision is made for a short draped sleeve; and for afternoon wear there are full-length sleeves perforated for shorter length. Just as attractive is the one-piece skirt, gathered, or with the fulness held in by rows of cord shirring. It may be worn as a skirt, or shortened to form a tunic. It is about 2¼ yards wide at foot, and is arranged over a three-piece foundation lengthened by a straight flounce section about 1½ yard wide. Waist No. 5996, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 bust. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5946, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 waist. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3½ yards 36-inch satin, 5¼ yards brocade or net.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 52*)

Waist 5996
Gathered Skirt 5946

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and building designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 225 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 505 North 7th Street, St. Louis; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 53 and 54 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford Street, Boston. 250 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

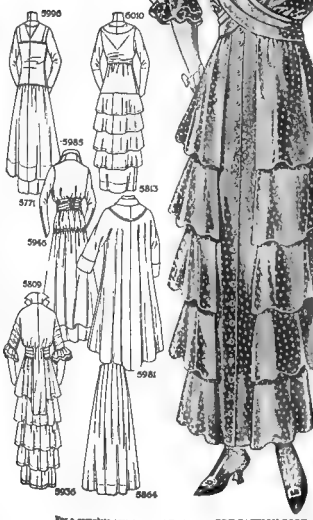
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Waist 5996
Tunic Skirt 5771

Waist 6010
Ruffle Skirt 5813

Waist 5985
Shirred Skirt 5946

Dress Coat 5981
Pleated Skirt 5864



Waist 5809
Ruffle Skirt
5936

Afternoon Gowns and Coat In Smart Flaring Effect

5996–5771—Vaguely suggestive of the Medieval cuirass is the long-waisted bodice of this charming afternoon gown of Reboux pink satin and creamy Chantilly lace. Straps of satin, bead-edged, hold the waist over the shoulders, and an underbody of lace matching the tunic and with the fashionable long close sleeves, forms the foundation. High, round, V, and two depths of square neck outline, as well as shorter sleeves are among the possibilities of the pattern The waist does not fit tightly, but is slightly wrinkled in to the figure, and fastens at the back. On the opposite page this waist is illustrated as it is being worn by smart women in the evening, to dances, the opera, and other formal social functions, with low square neck, and sleeveless. It is quite the newest model of the Winter. In this view it is combined with a tunic skirt, and could be worn to the theater, luncheons, restaurant dinners, or any formal afternoon affair. On a three-piece foundation lengthened by a straight flounce section, the one-piece tunic which may be plaited or gathered, is arranged. Lower edge width of underskirt about 1¼ yard. Waist No. 5996, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5771, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch satin, 1⅞ yard allover lace, 2⅞ yards lace flouncing.

6010–5813—Because of the varied styles of the season, women are finding it an easy matter to select fashions that suit them individually. If the long-waisted bodice described above is unbecoming, this model, that extends only to the normal waistline and is worn outside the skirt, with a girdle that is an extension of the back, may prove much easier to wear. It is lovely fashioned of soft chiffon or panne velvet, with underbody and long close sleeves of net or chiffon. Many shades of cerise are coming into favor for afternoon wear, as well as the darker claret and Burgundy tones, and any of them could be selected for this gown. On the underbody, which is made with front and back in one, but seamed on the shoulders, and with high, round, square or V-neck, a facing of the velvet is applied. Equally chic is the skirt, a two-piece model in regulation or fashionable short length, on which are mounted four one-piece circular ruffles, very effective in velvet. Width at lower edge about 1¾ yard. Waist No. 6010, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5813, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. In medium size the costume requires 5⅞ yards 42-inch velvet, and 1½ yard 40-inch chiffon.

5809–5936 -This gown o dotted satin displays the fashionable sash bodice, the girdle or sash of which is an extension of the fronts, carried around the waist and looped at the back. Waist, elbow-length mousquetaire sleeves and sash are cut in one piece, and arranged over a lining with high, round or square neck, and long one-piece sleeves perforated for shorter length. A charming version of the flounce skirt completes the costume. It is made with four-piece foundation, on which are disposed five straight gathered ruffles that may be carried right around the skirt, or cut away at center-front to show the underskirt, which is about 1⅞ yard wide. Waist No. 5809, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5936, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch material, with 2⅞ yards for foundation. Price, 15 cents.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 52*)

For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 35 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Chemise Silhouette, One-Piece Frocks, and Chic Suits

6009–5989—Plain and flaring in the newest mode, the skirt of this jacket is dropped, tunic-wise, over a smart circular skirt. Many possibilities are provided in the jacket pattern. It may button up to the neck at the side front, or it may be worn with fronts turned back to form revers. A deep belt is given which may be omitted at will. While the jacket is quite long as one illustration shows, perforations permit of shortening it, and of shaping the fronts in cutaway style. A second view is given showing the short length. The skirt section flares considerably, in accordance with the latest mode, and may be made with front edges meeting or cut off to show the dress skirt. Broadcloth, velvet, velours, zibeline, cheviot and covert cloth are adapted to this style. The jacket may be worn with a matching skirt, or velvet might be used for the jacket and cloth for the skirt. Completing the suit is a smart circular skirt in one or two-piece style, closing front or back, with high waistline, and measuring about 3 yards at the lower edge. Jacket No. 6009, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires for long jacket, 4 yards 54-inch material, ½ yard velvet for collar. Shorter length requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material, ½ yard contrasting for revers. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5989, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires for one-piece skirt, 2¾ yards 54-inch material; for two-piece skirt, 2¼ yards 44-inch or 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

The many possibilities of this jacket pattern make it very desirable, as it may be worked out in so many different styles. Both lengths are fashionable, so whichever is becoming is the style to be chosen. The tendency toward more fitted effects is noticeable, as is the trend toward fuller, shorter skirts.

(*Descriptions continued on Page 52*)

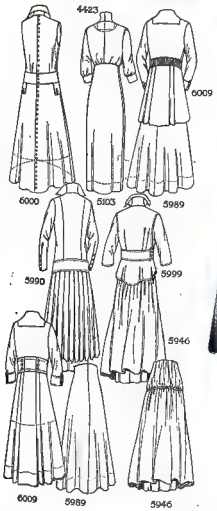
Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Winter-Time Suits and Costumes Showing New Lines

Chemise Overdress 6000
Waist 4423 Skirt 5103

Jacket 6009
Circular Skirt 5989

Basque Tunic
Costume 5990



Jacket 6009
Circular Skirt 5989

Military Jacket 5999
Shirred Skirt 5946

6000—4423—5103—Velvet lends itself admirably to the fashioning of this smart costume which consists of a chemise overdress, closing at the back and cut off to form a tunic pointed at each side, worn over a foundation composed of a plain waist closing at the back, and a simple two-piece skirt. The overdress has large armholes, and is long enough to form a skirt, though it is perforated for the tunic length illustrated. Waist and skirt sections are separate in front, but the back is in one from neck to hem. Two small box-plaits on the front serve to fit it in a little to the figure. As no sleeves are provided in the overdress pattern, a waist is a necessity, and the model illustrated may have high, round or square neck, and long or short sleeves. The two-piece high-waisted underskirt may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 1 ¾ yard wide. Overdress No. 6000, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Waist No. 4423, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5103, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume in medium size requires 5 yards 42-inch velvet, ⅞ yard 36-inch satin for sleeves, ½ yard white faille for yoke facing and collar, and 1⅞ yard lining for top of skirt. Braiding No. 11809, on neck and armholes, transfer pattern containing 2 yards 1¼ inch wide, price, 15 cents. Braiding No. 11514 on girdle, transfer pattern of 3 yards, 2½ inches wide, price, 15 cents.

(*Continued on Page 52*)

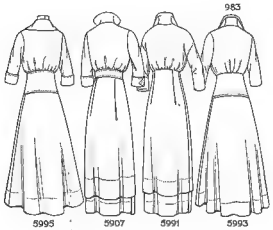
On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 325 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 506 North 7th St., St. Louis; 617 Mission St., San Francisco, Cal.; 82 and 84 North Broad St., Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford St., Boston; 250 Richmond St., West, Toronto.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

House Dresses Stout Women Can Wear Becomingly

Costume 5995 Costume 5907

5995—A notable style feature of this smartly simple costume of dull toned plaid ratiné is the circular skirt with the flare at the foot that is so much in vogue. It really means a complete reversal of the silhouette of last season, when we wore loose, almost baggy kimono blouses, and narrow straight-line skirts. The smartest costumes nowadays are made with clinging waist, narrow of shoulder and close-fitting of sleeve, topping a skirt that is shaped almost like a bell, widening out decidedly at the bottom. Many of these skirts are hung from a close-fitting circular yoke below which the flare starts. The skirt of this costume is in three-piece style as is the yoke, which may be quite deep, or as the illustration shows, shallow enough to form a girdle. Perforations permit of shortening both skirt and girdle. The pattern includes a round collar extending into long revers that form a point at each side, though the revers are perforated for the shawl collar outline illustrated on this figure. Elsewhere on the page the other possibility is shown. Both the fashionable full-length sleeves and shorter ones are provided, and a shield with high, round or square neck supplements the open neck pictured. Lower-edge width about 2½ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 44-inch material, ⅝ yard 36-inch contrasting for revers and collar. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11751, transfer pattern, 15 cents.



5907—For house and morning wear this costume of Burgundy linen adds to smartness a practicality that is very appealing to the economical woman. A clever note is the tunic effect gained by the use of a flounce section lengthening the short side and back gores, while the full-length front gore gives a panel effect. A vest of white piqué lends a desirable touch of contrast, and this may button up the center-front to the neck, or it may be cut off as pictured and finished with a flare collar cut in one with revers. Fashion decrees full-length sleeves for daytime wear, but many women prefer short sleeves for the house, and both are possible with this pattern. Attached at high waistline is the four-piece skirt in regulation or shorter length, and with a lower-edge width of about 2 yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5½ yards 36-inch material, ⅝ yard 36-inch piqué. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11904, transfer pattern of 36 sprays, 10 cents. The embroidery may be used on the vest, if preferred.

5991—Nothing is more attractive for house wear than white linen, and this costume lends itself admirably to fabrics of this character. The back of the waist is extended over the front in yoke effect, below which there is a little fulness. A vest cut in one with the flare collar is disclosed by the sloping away of the waist fronts, and buttonholed scallops would make an effective finish for the front edges. At slightly lowered shoulder line the sleeves, long or short as preferred, are adjusted, and provision is made for a shield or chemisette with high, round or square neck. Attached at high waistline is the three-piece skirt with deep hem at foot, under which is joined a three-piece flounce section with a plait at each side and about 1½ yard wide. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 5 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 12009, transfer pattern, 10 cents. Scallop No. 12007, 1½ inch wide, 6 yards in transfer, pattern, price, 10 cents.

5995—Rose and white striped gingham with collar and revers of darker rose linen daintily embroidered would make a very attractive frock for home wear. At the top of the page another development of this model is pictured. In this view the deeper girdle possibility is shown, taking the form of a hip yoke to which is attached the three-piece skirt in circular shaping, and about 2½ yards wide at foot. The collar in its original form is also illustrated, extending out into a point at the shoulders in front. With the adjustable shield provided, high, round or square neck may be worn, and there is also the choice of long or short sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 6 yards 36-inch material, ⅝ yard contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11904, transfer pattern of 36 sprays, 10 cents.

5983-5993—The newest of skirts topped by the trimmest of waists make up this undeniably smart frock which is suitable for afternoon house wear for stout women. Linen, gingham, chambray, challis or albatross would be adaptable with a bit of contrast worked into the revers facing of the waist. These revers, by the way are not separate, but form part of the vest, which may button right up to the throat, or it may be rolled back as pictured here, and faced with white linen, organdy or piqué to match the chic collar. Long plain or shirt sleeves may be worn, with the possibility of shortening the plain ones. In three-piece style is the circular skirt, with one-piece circular yoke. It is slightly high-waisted, may be in regulation or shorter length, and is about 2⅝ yards wide at the bottom. Waist No. 5983, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material with ⅜ yard 36-inch contrasting. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11643, transfer pattern 15 cents. Skirt No. 5993, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2⅝ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Costume 5991 Costume 5995 Waist 5983 Circular Skirt 5993

For a complete assortment of Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER: for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Separate Waists and Skirts of the Simpler Sort

5983-5970—A charming feature of this smart shirtwaist of white crêpe de Chine is the front-buttoning vest which may be closed to the neck, or rolled back to form revers. Two styles of full-length sleeves are allowed in the pattern, plain and bishop, and the plain ones are perforated for shorter length It is illustrated with one of the new plaited skirts flaring out into the popular bell silhouette, in four pieces, with raised waistline. This model is in regulation length, with perforations for shortening to the fashionable length illustrated. A smart feature is the bias girdle included in the pattern, though this may be omitted if desired. The skirt measures around the lower edge about 2½ yards Broadcloth, gabardine or serge would make up effectively in this style. Waist No. 5983, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5970, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 5¾ yards 44-inch or 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5972-5989—Tucks on the shoulders in the front of this charming waist of apricot silk crêpe provide fulness that is softly drawn down into the smart bodice, which may be of self-material, or if desired a contrast may be worked in here. Like the waist, the bodice fastens at the center-front and is adorned with tiny pockets. There is no lining, but an adjustable shield provides the possibilities of high, round and square neck, and either Italian or rolling collar may be worn. To slightly enlarged armholes, plain or bishop sleeves may be adjusted, and the plain sleeves are perforated for shorter length. The accompanying skirt is in the fashionable circular shaping, and may be in one or two-piece style, with front or back closing, and in regulation or the shorter length that is so popular. A lower-edge width of 3 yards shows the tendency toward greater width in the new skirts. Waist No. 5972, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5989, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 44 or 54-inch material for two-piece skirt; for one-piece skirt, 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5947 5968 -Distinctly chic is the fan collar of this waist of soft white satin, which may close up to the neck or be rolled back as pictured. Chiffon, batiste or net should be used for the plaiting, which to give the best effect must be soft and dainty. The long sleeves are gathered to a band cuff, but are perforated for shorter length. This waist is worn with a skirt equally smart, a three-piece plaited model depending from a two-piece yoke. The waistline is raised a little and regulation or shorter length may be chosen. The width at lower edge is about 3 yards. Any of the light weight woolen fabrics may be selected for making. Waist No. 5947, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1½ yard 36-inch material, 1½ yard plaiting. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5968, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 3½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5987-5993—Vest and Directoire collar in one, and smartly cut shirt sleeves, perforated for shorter length, mark this attractive shirtwaist. The closing is at the center-front, and an adjustable shield providing high neck is included in the pattern. Very attractive is the three-piece circular skirt, topped by a one-piece circular yoke. The waistline is raised, and regulation or shorter length may be worn. Lower-edge width about 2½ yards. Waist No. 5987, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5993, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires 2½ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Waist 5987
Circular Skirt
5993 with
Yoke

Waist 5985
Circular Skirt
5989

5985-5989—To a foundation lining the gathered vest of this smart waist is adjusted. Front and revers are cut in one, and regulation armhole with long sleeves perforated for shorter length may be chosen, or bishop sleeves may be sewed into the lining armhole, with the outer waist perforated for large armholes and finished separately. High or square neck may be worn. The circular skirt, as described elsewhere on this page, may be in one or two-piece style and measures about 3 yards at the foot. Waist No. 5985, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5989, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires for two-piece skirt 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

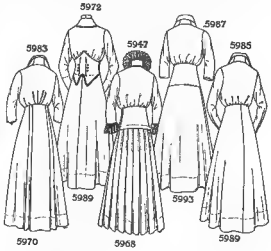
White satin is one of the most fashionable fabrics for the new tailored shirtwaists, dividing favor with crêpe de Chine and Georgette crêpe in white, flesh color, apricot and putty color. The tendency toward the use of high collars is becoming more pronounced, though many women still cling to the more becoming open or V-neck, but with the opening not nearly so low as it was last season. Sleeves for daytime wear are full-length, and quite close-fitting. Afternoon waists are of chiffon, lace, or net, frequently with a tracery of gold or silver thread, or in combination with metal lace.

Separate skirts are growing decidedly wider, and plaited models are as fashionable as the circular ones. They are worn quite short, from two to five inches from the ground, and may be of velvet, broadcloth, serge, gabardine or corduroy.

Waist 5983
Plaited Skirt 5970

Bodice Waist 5972
Circular Skirt 5989

Waist 5947 with Fan Collar
Plaited Skirt 5968 with Yoke



On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York: 326 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago, 805 North 7th Street, St. Louis, 817 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal., 82 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.: 116 Bedford Street, Boston; 250 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

To Meet the Young Girl's Social Requirements For Afternoon and Evening

Chemise Frock 6005

Costume 5984 with Circular Skirt

5984—A frock of demure simplicity that is at the same time undeniably smart, is illustrated in this model of ivory white charmeuse, with underwaist of Chantilly lace, to be made with high, round or square neck, and with perforations for shortening the full-length sleeves. In one piece is the gracefully draped outer waist, attached to a one-piece circular skirt, with a final note of charm given by the bias girdle. The skirt is about 2¾ yards wide. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3¾ yards 44-inch satin including girdle, 1⅞ yard 27-inch allover lace. Price, 15 cents.

5010–6003—Nothing prettier for young girls has been shown this season than the chemise frocks, of which many types are in vogue. This model is very smart, the back cut in one from neck to lower edge, while the front is separated at the waistline, the joining concealed by a neat girdle. Two small box-plaits on the front of the overdress take up some of the fulness. Width at lower edge about 2¼ yards. Perforations permit of shortening the skirt in tunic effect if desired. No sleeves are provided in the pattern, so a guimpe must be worn. Guimpe No. 5010, sizes 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 10 cents. Overdress No. 6003, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 3¾ yards 44-inch velvet, 1⅞ yard 36-inch allover lace.

5998—Fashioned of old blue broadcloth this costume could be utilized for informal afternoon wear. It strikes a new note in the transparent sleeves of lace, as well as the tunic attached to the four-piece skirt at yoke depth. Vest and flare collar are in one, and may be omitted, substituting a shield with high, round or square neck. Perforations allow for rounded lower edge on the tunic, and for shortening the full-length sleeves. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size, about 1¾ yard wide, requires 3¾ yards 44-inch material, 1¼ yard lace and 1¼ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

Guimpe 5010
Doublet 5949
Tunic Skirt 5785

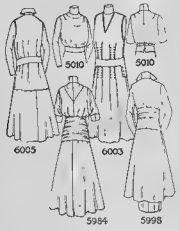
Rotonde 5976

6005—This is the new "Chemise" frock that is so fashionable now, with the flare that is a noticeable feature of the newest models achieved by means of a circular skirt section attached quite low down. It is decidedly chic and youthful in line. All sorts of fabrics are suitable for making, but velvet is especially effective in black, seal brown, dark green or blue, lightened by flare collar of white corded silk or net. The sleeves may be of self-color satin or chiffon. An adjustable shield permits of high, round or square neck, and perforations are given for shortening the sleeves. The girdle may have an extension at the sides, or it may be worn straight around as pictured here. The closing is at the underarm and shoulder. Lower-edge width about 2¼ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 3¾ yards 44-inch velvet, 1 yard 36-inch satin; or of one material, 4 yards 44 inches wide. Price, 15 cents.

5010–5949–5785—The picturesque note discernible in present fashions is charmingly carried out in this costume of blue panne velvet and white net. The doublet is laced together at the underarm and is worn over a net guimpe, that though pictured with high neck and the fashionable long sleeves, makes allowance for several low neck outlines and short sleeves. Plaits or gathers may dispose of the waist fulness of the straight one-piece tunic. The three-piece foundation skirt is about 1¼ yard wide. Guimpe No. 5010, sizes 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 10 cents. Doublet, No. 5949, is one of a set containing several collars, sizes, small, medium and large. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5785, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires 4 yards 36-inch velvet, and 3¾ yards net.

5976—The "Rotonde," a long voluminous cape completely covering the frock, is the very latest and smartest wrap for evening and formal afternoon wear, in velvet or broadcloth. It is suitable for ladies and misses. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents

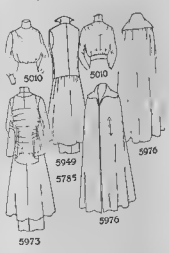
(*Continued on Page 52*)



Guimpe 5010
Chemise Overdress 6003

Costume 5998 with Russian Tunic

Costume 5973 with Cavalier Cape Waist



For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER, for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Google

OUR CATALOGUE OF SPECIAL BARGAINS IS NOW READY

BE SURE TO WRITE FOR YOUR COPY TODAY. IT IS FREE

2P28
$1.00

This beautiful special bargain sale Catalogue which is good only until March 1st, 1915, contains saving opportunities.

Write Today and ask for Catalogue No. 66P. It will show you some of the very newest Fashions for Spring at amazingly low prices

Save Money on your Spring and Summer Clothes. Our Catalogue contains the very latest and best New York styles in Wearing Apparel. Ask for Catalogue No. 66P

Mailed Free on Request

2P26
$1.00

4P29
$1.00

4P27
$1.00

Handsome Dress Waist $1.00

2P28—A Chic and Beautiful New Creation, made of Crêpe Nuelle, a beautiful new Crêpe Lace Cloth which will wear and launder splendidly. The blouse front is cut with a graceful fulness and fastens as shown in the picture with small crochet buttons down front. Plain back. The standing roll collar is made of fine sheer white lawn. Full length set-in sleeves with a neat and deep lawn cuff, which is attached to the upper part of sleeve with hemstitching. Shoulder ornamented with a beautiful rose, the latest novelty. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure. This waist is one of the very latest models, and is a remarkable value at the price. White only. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us..... $1.00**

This Becoming Model Costs Only $1.00

4P29—This Smart and Neat New Model, House or Porch Dress, is made of a good durable quality solid color gingham with pretty white stripe, which will wear and launder splendidly. The waist is cut generously full and fastens down front with smoked pearl buttons. It is trimmed across shoulders, giving a yoke effect, with plain color piping to match color of material in the garment. Back is plain. Roll collar of solid color material. Full length set-in sleeves finished with turnback cuffs to match collar. The skirt is made with a deep graceful tunic in graduated length, finished all around edges with plain color piping. Trimmed in front with two smoked pearl buttons. Skirt is joined to waist by self color piping. Sizes 32 to 44 bust measure, all skirt lengths come in 40 inches only, finished with deep hem. Colors: blue, pink or lavender gingham, all with white stripes. **Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us..... $1.00**

Beautiful New Model Blouse $1.00

2P26—Fetching, Stylish and Becoming Little Blouse, made of a beautiful quality flowered Tub Silk (a mixture of silk and cotton) with silk Jacquard polka dots and floral sprays in charming colorings. The blouse has a graceful roll collar of embroidered white organdie, and displays a chic tie of moire ribbon around neck. The armholes and shoulders are finished with cording. Sleeves are full length ending in turnback cuffs of embroidered organdie to match collar. This model is made with a pretty blouse fulness and fastens visibly with pearl buttons. This is a sample of our remarkable values. Send for it and convince yourself. Money back if not pleased. Sizes 32 to 44 bust. White with pink or light blue flowers. **Special Low Price, Postage Paid by Us..... $1.00**

Smart House or Porch Dress only $1.00

4P27 — Simple, Stylish, Becoming House or Porch Dress, easily slipped on and dressy enough for any woman to receive the unexpected visitor, without embarrassment. Made of good quality crisp checked gingham. The collar, vest and cuffs are of plain gingham to match color of check in goods. The vest and cuffs are outlined by white Swiss embroidery. Fastens with pearl buttons down front as pictured. The sleeves are three-quarter length. The skirt is made with a yoke effect and has a loose hanging tunic extending from yoke to below knee. The tunic is piped on the edge with plain gingham to match collars and cuffs. Skirt has a stitched plait down front. Dress comes in sizes 32 to 44 bust measure, all skirt lengths 40 inches, finished with deep hem. Colors: white ground with trimming and check in pink, blue, lavender or black. **Special Sale Price, All Mail or Express Charges Paid by Us..... $1.00**

WE PAY ALL MAIL OR EXPRESS CHARGES

An important point to remember is the fact that we pay all mail or express charges to your town, no matter where you live and no matter how large or how small your order may be. You need only send us the price quoted for the waist which you select, state the number and size desired and your purchase will be delivered FREE of any transportation charges.

WE GUARANTEE PERFECT SATISFACTION

Should anything you purchase from us prove unsatisfactory you may return it to us at our expense and we will at once refund your money. We positively guarantee that anything you buy from us, whether from this page or from our Catalogue, will be found exactly as represented. If it is not we will cheerfully and immediately refund your money.

We Guarantee to Please You or Refund Your Money

BELLAS HESS & CO

WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.

NEW YORK CITY, N.Y.

We Pay All Mail or Express Charges to Your Town

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

If You Neglect Your Scalp Your Hair Will Fall

Cuticura Soap Shampoos

Preceded by light touches of Cuticura Ointment applied by the end of finger to the scalp skin will soften and remove patches of dandruff, allay itching or irritation and quickly promote hair-growing conditions. Special directions accompany each cake.

Samples Free by Mail

Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold throughout the world. Liberal sample of each mailed free, with 32-p. book. Address "Cuticura," Dept. 133, Boston.

Dr. J. Parker Pray's Toilet Preparations

No. 1302 Guaranteed under the FOOD and DRUGS ACT June 30, 1906. ESTABLISHED 1868

ROSALINE

Cannot be detected, gives the face and nails a delicate rose tint that is truly beautiful. ROSALINE is not affected by perspiration or displaced by bathing. Jars, 25 cents.

DIAMOND NAIL ENAMEL

A powder free from grit, producing an immediate and lasting polish. Its delicate rose-tint will not discolor the skin or cuticular fold of the nails. Diamond shaped box, 25 & 50c.

GLORA LILY LOTION

An emulsion which softens and whitens the hands and complexion; removes tan and redness, cures rough, dry skin and will not irritate the most sensitive skin. Imparts a refreshing sensation with fragrant perfume, 4oz. bottles, 50 cents.

Send stamp for illustrated catalogue of prices. Goods sent on receipt of price and 10c extra for postage.

DR. J. PARKER PRAY CO.
Sole Manufacturers and Proprietors
10 and 12 East 23d Street, New York City

Beacon Burner FREE

FITS YOUR OLD LAMP.
100 Candle Power Incandescent pure white light from (kerosene) coal oil. Beats either gas or electricity. **COSTS ONLY 1 CENT FOR 6 HOURS** We want one person in each locality to whom we can refer new customers. Take advantage of our Special Offer to secure a Beacon Burner **FREE.** Write today. AGENTS WANTED.
HOME SUPPLY CO., 62 Home Bldg., Kansas City, Mo

Agents 90c an Hour.

Sell guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. Every pair guaranteed to last four months or new pair free. All styles and sizes. Hosiery for everybody. Sells 52 weeks in the year. E. T. Tucker sold $277.84 last month. Steady income. Big profits. Good repeater. Don't miss this big chance. Write quick for terms and sample outfit to workers.
THOMAS HOSIERY COMPANY
8264 West St. DAYTON, OHIO

LEARN TO EARN

Learn ladies', children's **hairdressing** (incl. marcel waving), **complexion** improvement, **manicuring**, removal superfluous hair, overcoming loss of hair, reducing of double chin and flabbiness by massage, removal of **wrinkles**, etc. Home correspondence courses. Easy, fascinating, refined, unusual opportunities. Send for free book, 100 pages, profusely illustrated, on Beauty Culture, proven how women, all ages, are earning $15 to $50 weekly; mailed **FREE.** Address: **ELIZABETH KING, 2 H, Station F, New York City.** *Write to-day!*

STUDY BY MAIL DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Banish drudgery—make home life more pleasant. Excel in cookery, sewing, buying, household management—win admiration of family and friends. Courses by national D. S. authorities. Write for information. Also courses in poultry, flowers, bees, etc.
AMERICAN FARMERS SCHOOLS, 448 Lathrop Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

SONG POEMS WANTED We will compose music to your verses and arrange for publication immediately. Write today. **Dugdale Co., Studio 139, Washington, D. C.**

Popular Winter Styles for Young Girls

Costume 5998 with Russian Tunic

5998—A smart tunic stitched to the four-piece skirt to give a yoke effect is an attractive feature of this costume of seal brown gabardine. Vest and flare collar of organdy which are in one, may be replaced by an adjustable shield with high, round or square neck. At lower edge the skirt is about 1¾ yard wide. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 4¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5971—One of the most popular styles of the season is illustrated in this model, with front-buttoning basque, joined to a plaited or gathered tunic, under which is a three-piece skirt about 1½ yard wide, while the tunic is about 2¾ yards wide. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 4¾ yards 44-inch material, 1 yard 27-inch lining. Price, 15 cents.

6005—Very chic is this costume of taupe broadcloth with one-piece circular skirt of a darker velvet. The long sleeves, which may be shortened, are also of velvet. The open V-neck may be filled by an adjustable shield with high, round or square neck. Width at lower edge about 2½ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. The 16-year size requires 2¾ yards 54-inch broadcloth, 2¼ yards 36-inch velvet. Braiding No. 11455, 2½ inches wide, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

5010–6003—What is known as the "chemise" frock is attractively pictured here, held in at low waistline by a shaped girdle. The pattern is perforated for shorter length in front, forming a point at the lower edge at each side, in which case an underslip must be worn. Two small box-plaits in front give a more fitted look. Width at foot about 2¾ yards. Guimpe No. 5010, sizes 3, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 1¾ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Overdress No. 6003, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires 2¾ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Braiding No. 11601, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

(*Continued on Page 52*)

Besque Tunic Costume 5971

Chemise Frock 6005

Guimpe 5010 Chemise Overdress 6003

Jacket 5812 Circular Skirt 5978

For a complete assortment of Misses' Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER, for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

For Little Folks' Party and Best Wear

5988—A simple overblouse dress with guimpe. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 6 requires 2 yards 36-inch material, 1⅛ yard for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

5836—Very picturesque is this suit of black velvet with vest and collar of white silk. Sizes 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch velvet, ⅝ yard silk, 1⅛ yard 36-inch for blouse. Price, 15 cents.

5727—In one with short sleeves is this gathered frock made over a lining with long sleeves. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14. Size 4 requires 2⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5986—Quaintly pretty is this long-waisted frock to be made with or without ruffles. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 4⅞ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11899, transfer pattern of 18 sprays, 10 cents.

5624—Suitable for flouncing is this dress cut in one with long or short sleeves, and with high or square neck. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3 yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11906, transfer pattern, 10 cents.

5797—An oddly shaped yoke gives charm to this long-shoulder dress. Sizes ⅝, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 2 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11945, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

4184—To a long waist the straight gathered skirt is attached, and the sleeves may be long or short. Sizes 1, 2, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2 yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11808, transfer pattern of 12 designs, 10 cents.

5980—This long-waisted frock has a circular tunic over a side-plaited skirt. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 3¼ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued on Page 52*)

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality. Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices, 222 West 39th Street, New York; 225 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 505 North 7th Street, St. Louis; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 82 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 116 Bedford Street, Boston; 250 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

Home Upright—Style 705

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

The refined upright shown above is one of our choicest models. In design and in musical qualities its enduring beauty commends it to discriminating buyers. 400 Leading Educational Institutions and nearly 60,000 American homes now use *Ivers & Pond* Pianos. Their growing prestige is founded on unvarying, dependable quality. On request we mail catalogue showing Style 705 and all our uprights, grands and players.

How to Buy

Wherever in the United States no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND pianos from the factory on approval. The piano must please, or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill Out and Send This Coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
171 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name.....

Address.....

CALOX

The OXYGEN Tooth Powder

Prevents Decay

Dentists advise its use

All Druggists 25 Cents

Trial Size Can and Booklet sent on Request

Mail Coupon for Trial Size. Dept. 7 Bklyn. N. Y.

CHINA PAINTERS

We Save You One-third on White China and Material

Complete $3.75 Beginner's Outfit $2.48 prepaid. Write today for New Wholesale Catalog 82PR FREE

THAYER & CHANDLER
913 W. Van Buren St. Chicago

WE WANT RELIABLE AGENTS to show our beautiful and exclusive line of Shirt Waist and Suit Materials, Handkerchiefs, etc. This is an exceptional opportunity for you. Excellent territory. No experience required. Sample FREE. Mitchell & Church Co., 362 Water St., Binghamton, N.Y.

How to Make Canaries Sing

"I see that a lady asks what to do for a sick bird. If you will allow me to suggest, tell her to get from a druggist 'Bird Manna' for 15c., and she will find all directions how to use it.

"The Philadelphia Bird Food Company, 400 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa., publish a booklet which any one can have free, by writing for it. It tells all about the little bird's ills and how to treat them."

WHITE FLAME

BURNERS make your old kerosene lamps and lanterns give a brilliant, white light better than electricity or gas. Burn 94 per cent. cheaper than Electricity or Gas. Guaranteed for five years. Sold under every user. Send now for complete catalogue, prepaid, and mention this paper. Liberal Commission. MONEY MADE IN NOW EXPIRING. Live Representatives Wanted. Exclusive Territory.

White Flame Light Co., 73 Clark Bldg., Grand Rapids, Mich.

SONG POEMS WANTED Big money writing song poems. Past experience unnecessary. Our proposition positively unequaled. Have paid hundreds of dollars to writers. Send us your song poems or melodies today or write for instructive booklet—it's free. MARKS-GOLDSMITH Co., Dept. 84, Washington, D. C.

MUSIC TWO CENTS A DAY **LESSONS**

By a new, successful method you can now learn to play by note, at home, the Piano, Organ, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Banjo, Cornet, Sight Singing, Cello and Trombone. Lessons sent weekly for Beginners or Advanced pupils. Introductory Offer NOW OPEN. Write today for FREE booklet. INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE OF MUSIC, Dept. 308, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

LADIES' BUSINESS STATIONERY

Send a One Dollar Bill and have Your Name and Address Neatly Printed on 125 Envelopes and 250 sheets Beautiful Japan Bond Paper. Correct style, up-to-date. Prepaid free. PARCEL POST PRESS, Dept. 5, PERU, IND.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

THIS BOOK ON DRESS FORMS FREE

Write for it today. See all the different styles. See how little they cost. Know how other women have solved their dressmaking problems. Write now.

This book tells you how easy it is to get a Hall-Borchert form. It tells you the experiences of other women—women who have used the Hall-Borchert *for years*. Also what the big pattern companies and the leading fashion journals say about the Hall-Borchert Dress Forms. The foremost designers of styles in America draft their patterns *on our forms*.

It explains why the Hall-Borchert forms are so practical and serviceable. It shows by many different illustrations just how the Hall-Borchert forms look and work and how marvelously they reproduce your figure.

Hall-Borchert Adjustable Forms

are the only forms on the market which can be separately adjusted in each and every part, thereby insuring 100% adjustable efficiency.

Each section of the neck, shoulders, bust, waist, hips, skirt, etc., may be regulated independently and set to whatever lines and proportions are desired without affecting any other part of the form.

Write today

Write for this book now and read all about them. Address:

Hall-Borchert Dress Form Co.

Dept. F, 38 W. 21st St., NEW YORK
Dept. F, 103 North May St., CHICAGO
Dept. F, 144 Tremont St., BOSTON

This Boy Could Not Stand or Walk Alone

He had Infantile Paralysis for two years. We treated him 8 months. Compare the two photographs. Then read his mother's letter.

"I take pleasure in sending you a photograph of Douglas. He is real well and his limb is steadily gaining in strength. It would amuse you to hear Douglas recommend the McLain Sanitarium to all the afflicted people he meets. With best wishes and sincere gratitude for all you did for my son."

Mrs. J. E. Lindsey, Llano, Tex.

For thirty years this private institution has been devoted exclusively to the treatment of crippled and paralyzed conditions such as Club Feet, Infantile Paralysis, Spinal Diseases and Deformities, Hip Disease, Knock Knees and Bow Legs, especially in children and young adults.

Our book, "Deformities and Paralysis," also book of references, free on request.

The McLAIN ORTHOPEDIC SANITARIUM
933 Aubert Ave.,
St. Louis, Mo.

CRÈME DE MERIDOR
GRAPELESS

Damage to the skin caused by cold, windy days can be prevented. Keep the skin clear and soft, and beautify the complexion by using

CRÈME DE MERIDOR

At any store 25c and 50c.
Send for sample.

THE DE MERIDOR CO.,
12 Johnes Street, Newburgh, N.Y.

Frances Starr, popular leading lady, says:

"Thank you for introducing me to *Crème De Meridor*. It is indeed remarkable."

Freeman's Face Powder

Face Powder is sold absolutely on its merits—not price. We'll guarantee it so, please you just as thoroughly as any 50c or $1.00 you ever used. Try it. Use half a box. Then if you don't agree with us, return the balance to your dealer and he'll return your money. Send for sample box.

THE FREEMAN PERFUME CO.,
Dept. 13
Cincinnati, Ohio

25c

Vaudeville Sketches, Monologs, Dialogs, Recitations, **PLAYS** Entertainments, Pantomimes, Tableaux, Drills, Musical Pieces, Minstrel Material, Make-up Goods. Large Catalog Free. T. S. DENISON & CO., Dept. 13 Chicago

Smart and Serviceable Are These Models

5109—Comfort and style unite in this side-closing coat of velvet. The upper section, made over a lining, is joined to the five-gored skirt. Sizes 3, 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5982—Practical for school wear is this frock of blue serge with underbody closing at back, high or open neck, long or short sleeves, three-piece skirt and overdress. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2 yards 54-inch serge, ⅞ yard lining. Price, 15 cents.

5980—In fashionable Moyen Age effect is this dress with high or open neck, standing or large collar, long or short sleeves, and straight side-plaited skirt, with or without circular tunic. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅞ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5988—A gathered guimpe fills the opening of this smart overblouse dress which slips on over the head. High and open neck, long and short sleeves, and two-piece skirt are provided. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material for dress, 1⅛ yard for guimpe. Price, 15 cents.

5678—A simple kimono coat with round, or deep notched collar, and lower front edge straight or rounded is this model. A hat is also included. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 6 and 8 years. Size 4 requires 1⅞ yard 54-inch material for coat, ⅞ yard 27-inch for hat. Price, 15 cents.

5903—To a sleeveless underbody, the three-piece skirt of this dress is attached, and over it is slipped a chemise tunic. The sleeves, long or short, are cut in one with underarm facing. Sizes 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires 1⅞ yard 44-inch plaid, ⅞ yard plain, ½ yard piqué. Price, 15 cents.

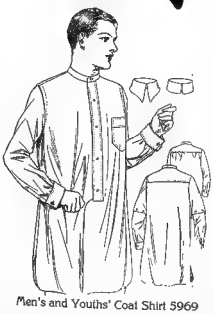
5799—A circular cape falls over the shoulders of this coat and is finished with a round collar. A bonnet is included in the pattern. Sizes ½, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. Size 2 requires 1½ yard 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued on Page 52*)

For a complete assortment of Children's Designs see THE FASHION BOOK, WINTER NUMBER; for sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies at 25 cents a copy including one pattern—by mail 35 cents from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Practical Designs for a Variety of Needs



Men's and Youths' Coat Shirt 5969

4441–5994—A simple front-closing corset cover is combined with the new envelope drawers. No. 4441, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. No. 5994, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist. Size 26 requires 1⅞ yard 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery 11808, transfer, 15 cents.

5952—Here is a charming negligée or lounging robe cut in one with short sleeves, and to be made with or without revers or hood. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure Size 36 requires 4½ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 19073, transfer, 15 cents. Scallop No. 11661, 15 cents.

5974—One-piece nightgown to be slipped on over the head, with round neck, or V-neck with revers. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 36 requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Embroidery No. 11742, transfer pattern of 28 sprays, 15 cents.

5896—This combination consists of a yoke corset cover, and open drawers, hanging loose, or gathered in to form bloomers. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 bust. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents. Embroidery No. 11741, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

Child's Night-Drawers 5977

5977—Very comfortable for cold winter nights are these night-drawers with or without feet. They close at the back. Sizes 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Size 8 requires 2½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

Men's Nightingale or Bed Jacket 6004

6004—A simple nightingale or bed jacket with front, back and sleeves in one. Sizes small, medium and large. Medium size requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 10 cents.

6002—Another convenient garment for sick people is this short nightshirt to be made with neck band, or yoke facing. Sizes 15, 16, 17 and 18 inches neck. 16-inch size requires 3½ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

Men's Short Nightshirt 6002

On request we will send the address of the nearest Pictorial Review Pattern Agency in your locality Patterns and braiding designs may also be ordered by mail from our Principal Offices: 222 West 39th Street, New York; 363 West Jackson Boulevard, Chicago; 505 North 7th Street, St. Louis; 617 Mission Street, San Francisco, Cal.; 82 and 84 North Broad Street, Atlanta, Ga.; 115 Bedford Street, Boston; 250 Richmond Street, West, Toronto.

The Satin that has Served Women Best for 67 Years

To the women of America "Skinner's Satin" is a household phrase which means the *best satin lining made.* Since 1848, millions of wearers of cloaks, suits and furs have prided themselves on the rich lustre and wonderful wearing quality of

Skinner's Satin

Only the *full size and strongest* raw silk is used in Skinner's Satin; not silk made full size by weighting with destructive chemicals as in the case of dishonest linings.

Watch out for these worthless goods. Insist on the genuine Skinner's Satin. *Look for the name in the selvage* before you buy the garment. Ask the salesgirl to open up a few stitches of the lining and show you the selvage. She will gladly do it—*if the satin is Skinner's.*

Skinner's Satin is guaranteed to wear two seasons. If it does not, send the garment to any of our stores and we will reline it free of expense.

Write for Samples to Dept. F.

William Skinner & Sons

Cor. Fourth Ave. and 17th St.
NEW YORK CITY

Mills Holyoke Mass.

Established 1848

"LOOK FOR THE NAME IN THE SELVAGE"

This label should appear in ready-made garments

SKINNER'S SATIN

The Satin Lining in this garment is *Skinner's Satin* AND IS GUARANTEED TO WEAR TWO SEASONS MANUFACTURED BY William Skinner & Sons.
"Look for the Name in the Selvage"

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Les Parisiennes Fashion Plates

"Miniature reproduction from LES PARISIENNES."

Those natty smart tailor-made suits you so much admire have all been selected from

Les Parisiennes Fashion Plates

All first-class Ladies' Tailors keep them. Insist on your tailor showing them to you.

American Fashion Company
Publishers of Les Parisiennes
71 West 23rd St., New York

Write for our New Hair Book FREE

Contains latest scientific instructions on Care of the Hair and Beauty Culture at home *without cost.* Also beautifully illustrates all the latest **Paris Fashions in Hair Dressings** and catalogs hundreds of Genuine Paris and London creations in Hair Goods and Toilet Articles at guaranteed lowest prices. We open accounts with responsible women everywhere and ship goods prepaid on approval—no pay unless satisfied. Selections below are of splendid quality, to match any ordinary shade.

Straight Switches		Wavy Switches	
1¾ oz. 18 in.	$0.85	20 in.	$1.45
2 oz. 20 in.	1.25	22 in.	2.45
2 oz. 22 in.	1.75	24 in.	3.45
2½ oz. 24 in.	2.75	26 in.	4.95
3 oz. 26 in.	4.45	30 in.	7.65

Triple Wavy Switch, 20 in. 2.45; 22 in. 3.45
Other sizes and grades . . . 50c to $50.00
Natural Curly Pompadour 2.95
Coronet Braid, 3 oz. Wavy . . . 3.95
Wm. Ladies' and Men's . . $15 to $50.00

Send long sample of your hair and describe article you want. We will send prepaid ON APPROVAL. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the price. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades cost a little more; ask for estimate. Write for our NEW HAIR BOOK TODAY.

PARIS FASHION CO., Dept. 141, 209 State St., Chicago
Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World.

DAINTY DRESS FABRICS
Ladies Can Earn Money

and enjoy their work by selling our line of fancy and staple wash fabrics in their town among friends and neighbors. No money required. References necessary. Goods delivered free. Our agents enthusiastic over the beautiful line and their results. Send at once for particulars and secure your territory before it is taken.

OLD COLONY TEXTILE CO., 296 Broadway, New York City

No Joke To Be Deaf

—Every Deaf Person Knows That I make myself hear by listening-in for 25 years, with these Artificial Ear Drums I wear them day and night. They are perfectly comfortable. No one sees them. Write me and I will tell you a true story, how I got deaf and how I make myself hear. Address

Medicated Ear Drum Pkg. For 4,100

GEO. P. WAY, Artificial Ear Drum Co. 16 Adelaide St., Detroit, Mich.

FULL LUXURIANT EYEBROWS EYELASHES LONG & CURLING

Easily, quickly given by LASHGROW. Only successful treatment. Guaranteed. Highly recommended. Sent by Sealed Mail Postpaid. HILDA THOMAS, Dept. 6-R, 501-5th Ave., New York City.

Ladies Earn Money—

Every woman wants to see the hundreds of fine "Queen" Dress Fabrics sampling. All or spare time work—No capital or experience required. We help you. Mrs. Grace earned $1200 yearly. Thousands of satisfied customers. Spring line now ready. Be first to write us. Queen Fabric Mfg. Co., Dept. 228, Syracuse, New York

NURSING EASILY LEARNED AT HOME

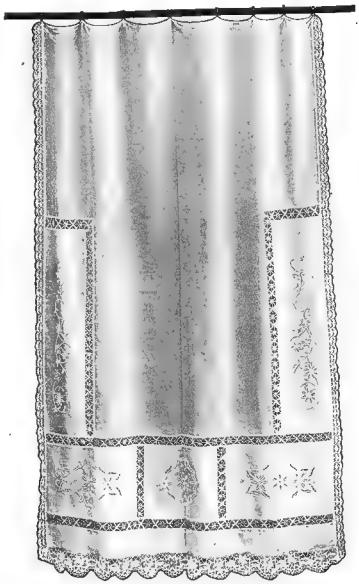
Complete training. Rates Low. Easy terms. Affiliated with The Central Hospital of Philadelphia. Catalog free. Philadelphia School for Nurses, 2846 Chestnut St., Philadelphia

Will Pay Reliable Man or Woman $12.50 to distribute 100 FREE pckgs. Perfumed Borax Soap Powder among friends. No money required. E. WARD & CO., 222 Institute Pl., Chicago.

Write Photoplays | **Guarantee $10** for every one you write. Any subject. Either I make good my guarantee or return your money. Big demand for NEW IDEAS. Get $10 to $100 for each of your "money machines." Special education not necessary. Send for free booklet. Robert Moore, Box 772 F3, Chicago, Ill.

Embroideries for the Home

By JUTTA HOYBERG

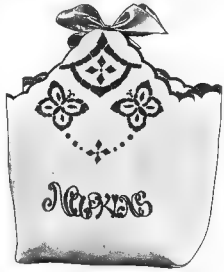


Three designs carry out the embroidery on this curtain—No. 11567, in the oblong panel at each side, No. 12023, the center motif at the bottom, and No. 12026, at the right and left hand side at the bottom

No. 11567—This design includes two oblong panels which are shown at each side of the curtain illustrated here, finished with narrow linen Cluny or torchon insertion at top, bottom and one side, and the panels are charmingly worked out in eyelet, solid and outline embroidery. The transfer pattern is 4½ inches wide by 17½ inches high. Price, 15 cents.

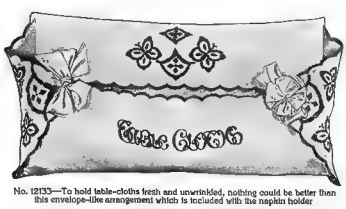
No. 12026—Three full squares 12 inches by 7 inches, sufficient for one curtain are provided in this transfer pattern, shown in the motifs at right and left side at the bottom of the curtain. Price, 15 cents.

No. 12023—The center motif at the bottom of the curtain is done in Italian cut-work combined with solid and outline stitches. It is 9 inches square. Transfer pattern containing two designs, 10 cents. The curtains may be of écru scrim, with a narrow edging of Cluny at sides, and wider at the bottom. For one pair of curtains, two transfer patterns of Nos. 11567 and 12026, with one of No. 12023 will be required.



No. 12133—A very useful addition to household conveniences, is this dainty napkin holder

No. 12133—A table-cloth and a napkin holder are included in this transfer pattern, the embroidery to be done in solid satin stitch, with buttonholed scallops finishing the edges. Embroidery design and scallop for both holders furnished in transfer pattern, price, 15 cents. For making, use écru linen, worked in dull red and tapestry-blue floss.



No. 12133—To hold table-cloths fresh and unwrinkled, nothing could be better than this envelope-like arrangement which is included with the napkin holder

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies, or by mail 20 cents, from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

Are You A Mother?

If you are, you cannot afford to be without

The Mother's Magazine

"The Magazine with a Purpose"

Here are a few of the January Features:

WHAT THRIFT MEANS
By John M. Oskison
First of a series on why and how to save, and how to invest savings.

MOTHERS AND MOTION PICTURES
By Orrin G. Cocks
Every mother should read this statement by the advisory secretary of the national board of moving picture censors.

MAKING MISTRESSES OF MAIDS
By Katharine Eggleston
Tells how to train young girls to be competent to manage households.

TRAINING YOUR CHILD IN RELIGION
By Richard Arnold
Gives important warnings and advice on spiritual development of children.

NERVOUSNESS AND THE CHILD
By Caroline A. Watt, M.D.
Read this and learn how best to manage your nervous boy or girl.

THE CHILD WHO IS RESTLESS AT NIGHT
By Anne Guilbert Mahon
Another article of great benefit to every worried young mother.

TEACHING THE CHILD BY PLAY
By Jenny B. Merrill, Ph.D.
Helpful expert advice from a former New York City supervisor of kindergartens.

CRYING CHILDREN
By Harriet Waters
The mother who has this particular child problem will find it solved here.

LOVE-SICK SWEET SIXTEEN
By Jeannette N. Phillips
One of the most serious difficulties parents encounter, explained thoroughly.

THE MOTHER OF SONS
By Annie Miller Melick
If you have a boy, you need to read this article. It is written for you.

IN ADDITION TO THESE FEATURES
there is an abundance of clean, wholesome fiction; instruction and entertainment for the children; information about every branch of domestic science and art; special departments of fashions, cooking, and care of children, with the advice of a physician at your disposal; and advice on religious training.

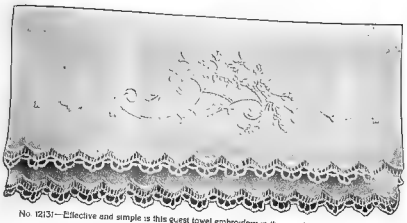
THE PUBLIC SCHOOL DEPARTMENT
is an open forum for discussion of the problems of boys and girls, and the good and bad points of public schools.

THE PERSONAL SERVICE BUREAU
will help you by a personal, confidential letter, with every problem. It gives the right answer to every question, and the aid and advice you need whenever you need it.

Digitized by Google Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

New Household Linens

By MARION HARTLEY

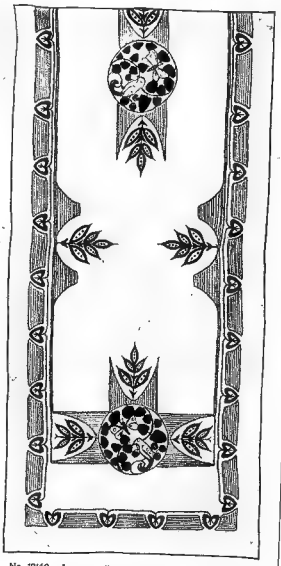


No. 12131—Effective and simple is this guest towel embroidery in the popular cornucopia design

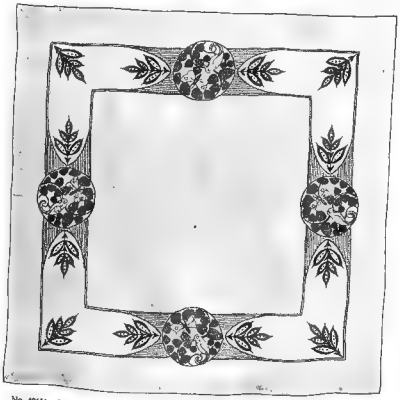
No. 12181 — The design illustrated here is the popular cornucopia or "Horn of Plenty," overflowing with dainty flowers. The cornucopia should be worked in French knots and outline stitch, finished at the bottom with carefully buttonholed scallops underlaid with a crochet edging. Included in this transfer pattern are two other designs that, though not shown here, are equally pretty. Embroidery No. 12131, transfer pattern containing one each of three designs, price, 15 cents. Directions for the crochet edge sent by Embroidery Editor, on receipt of a two-cent stamp.

No. 12142—An effective scarf of gray linen, the border done in outline stitch with heart-shaped leaves at intervals worked in shaded green silk. The scarf is 60 inches long by 14½ inches wide. Transfer pattern, price, 15 cents.

No. 12141 —Decidedly attractive both in design and the working out, is this square, developed in a soft gray linen with border framed in outline stitch in black and purplish blue silk. The circle motif consists of leaves in shaded green silk and small red apples, both in solid stitch, a butterfly in gold, brown and blue, and a small bird embroidered in soft tan in outline stitch. Transfer pattern of design is 23 inches square. Price, 15 cents.



No. 12142—An unusually clever design is embroidered in harmonious colors on a scarf of gray linen



No. 12141—On a gray linen square, a strikingly good-looking design is worked out in solid and outline embroidery stitches with gold color silk knots

For a complete assortment of Embroidery Designs see The Embroidery Catalog. Price, 15 cents, at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies, or by mail, 20 cents, from The Pictorial Review Company, New York.

10% More for Your Money

Quaker Oats is put also in a 25-cent size, nearly three times as large as the 10-cent size. By saving in packing it offers you 10 per cent more for your money. See how long it lasts.

The Driving Force

For Human Machinery is Delicious Quaker Oats

Every atom of energy—every spark of vitality—comes from something fed.

It's the same with children as with locomotives. Their power to do things depends on supplies of stored-up energy.

That's why children need a vim-food—need it in abundance. So do workers of all ages. And that means Quaker Oats.

One fair-sized dish of Quaker Oats supplies a thousand calories of energy. Nothing else grown can compare with it.

We have made this vim-food a dainty. We have made it so luscious that millions of mothers insist on this matchless brand.

Quaker Oats

The Delectable Energy Food

This is why Quaker Oats so excels in flavor and aroma.

We pick out for it just the big, plump oats. All the puny, starved grains are discarded. So careful are we that we get but ten pounds of Quaker Oats from a bushel.

We apply to these grains both dry heat and steam heat, to fix and enhance the flavor. Then we roll them into large, white, luscious flakes.

The result is a delicacy which has won the world. For many years, the mothers of a hundred nations have sent to us to get it.

You, in America, find it right next door—at any grocery store. And the price is only one-half cent per dish.

You get this extra quality—this matchless flavor—when you order Quaker Oats. And we promise that you always will.

Please remember this.

Quaker Cooker

We have made to our order—from pure Aluminum—a perfect Double Boiler. It is extra large and heavy. We supply it to users of Quaker Oats for cooking these flakes in the ideal way. It insures the fullness of food value and flavor. See our offer in each package.

10c and 25c per Package
Except in Far West and South

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Mellin's Food Boy.

Can you ask for a better example of what the
Mellin's Food Method of Milk Modification
is doing for babies?
Send today for a sample
Mellin's Food Company
Boston, Mass.

Accepted Versions of Late Fashions

(*Continued from Page* 38)

6010–5771—A dominant note of the winter fashions is the waist finished to be worn outside the skirt, an extension on front or back frequently forming a girdle. The style is charmingly depicted in the waist of this evening gown of salmon pink charmeuse and white net beaded in silver and pearls. An underbody in one front and back, but seamed on the shoulder, and with high, or low neck in round, square or V-shaping forms the foundation for the outer sections. These cross in surplice effect in front, and extensions of the back are carried around to the front in girdle effect, fastening with a jeweled buckle. While according to the latest modes, this waist is pictured without sleeves, the pattern provides sleeves, long or short so that the waist is suitable for daytime wear as well. Over a three-piece foundation skirt of charmeuse that is lengthened by a straight flounce section is dropped the one-piece tunic, which may be plaited front and back, or as pictured, gathered. Perforations permit of shortening the tunic. Width at lower edge of foundation skirt, about $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard. Waist No. 6010, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5771, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires in medium size $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch charmeuse, $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards net. Beading design No. 11554, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page* 39)

5985–5946—Many new fashion features are embodied in this attractive afternoon gown of charmeuse and silver lace, notably the use of long transparent sleeves, the vogue of metal lace and the wider skirts. Deep rose is one of the favored shades, and it would work out charmingly in this design, using it for the overblouse sections, the girdle and the underskirt. Or the skirt and girdle could be of satin, with overblouse of chiffon, substituting cream princess lace for the silver. A lining forms the waist foundation, and on this is arranged the gathered vest. High and low neck are provided for, as well as two styles of full-length sleeves, one perforated for shorter length. In one with the outer fronts are the revers. Very attractive is the skirt, which shows a cord-shirred tunic adjusted over a three-piece foundation lengthened by a straight flounce section about $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard wide. If desired, however, the tunic may be lengthened to form the skirt, omitting the foundation skirt. The tunic is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards around the lower edge. Waist No. 5985, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5946, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Price, 15 cents. In medium size the costume requires $3\frac{3}{4}$ yards 36-inch charmeuse, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard allover lace, and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards lace flouncing 36 inches deep.

5981–5864—Distinction and charm are combined in this coat of dark Burgundy velours, which is loose and flaring in the very newest mode. Back and sleeve are in one, and the fronts are eased a little to a shaped yoke. A softly draped collar of silk plush makes a smart neck finish, and the fastening may be effected with plush-covered buttons, or crochet frogs. Under it appears a plaited skirt trim of line, and cut quite straight. It may be in regulation or shorter length, and measures about 2 yards around the lower edge. Coat No. 5981, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $3\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch material, $\frac{5}{8}$ yard plush for collar. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5864, sizes 21, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page* 40)

6008 – 5237 — Very popular is the chemise frock, in velvet, broadcloth, serge or gabardine, alone or in combination with satin. The long straight lines are very becoming, lending an air of slenderness and youth that women like. This model takes the form of an overdress to be worn over a guimpe of satin, or chiffon, carrying out the fad for contrasting sleeves. Waist and skirt sections are separate, and are joined with cord shirring. Round or V-shaped neck outline may be chosen, provision being made for both, and the attached two-piece skirt which is about $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards wide, may be in regulation length as pictured on page 40, or it may be shortened to form a tunic in straight or pointed lower outline. When shortened in this way, an underskirt must be worn. Or instead of separate guimpe and skirt, a princess slip could be substituted. Dark blue velvet would make up attractively, braided at neck and armholes in dark blue and silver soutache, and weighted at the foot with a band of skunk or fitch. The guimpe may be of blue chiffon, or satin. Chemise Overdress No. 6008, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Guimpe No. 5237, closing at the back, with plain or tucked front, high, round or square neck, and full-length or shorter sleeves. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 10 cents. In medium size the costume requires $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 44-inch velvet, $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard 36-inch chiffon for guimpe. Braiding No. 11809, transfer pattern, 15 cents.

6006–5237—Vying in fashionable favor with the redingote and the chemise frock is the one-piece dress, of which this is an admirable example. It features the new back-closing, with the back extending over the shoulders to form a small yoke in front, below which the waist is gathered. The new double belt effect is illustrated, a belt of patent leather drawn around at normal waistline, while at lengthened waistline, where waist and skirt are joined, a shaped band covers the seam. The skirt is a one-piece circular model in regulation length, and about 3 yards wide. Long sleeves perforated for shorter length are provided in the pattern, to be adjusted to normal armholes; but the dress is pictured on page 40 with large armholes, and a separate guimpe must be worn underneath. Costume No. 6006, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Guimpe No. 5237 described above, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 10 cents. Braiding No. 11452, transfer pattern of 3 yards, 15 cents. Costume in medium size requires 3 yards 54-inch broadcloth, $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard 36-inch satin.

6000–5237—Another version of the chemise frock is displayed in this model of blue gabardine, with guimpe and foot-band of black satin. It is in overdress style, with back in one piece from neck to lower edge, while in front the waist and skirt are separate sections, joined at low waistline under a shaped girdle. Two small box-plaits are formed on the front, held in position by buttons. The closing is at the back, and the overdress may be worn as illustrated on page 40 with skirt in regulation length, or it may be shortened in tunic length in rounded or pointed outline. Width at lower edge about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. It is worn over guimpe No. 5237, described before. Overdress No. 6000, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Price, 15 cents. Guimpe No. 5237, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Price, 10 cents. Costume in medium size requires $3\frac{5}{8}$ yards 54-inch gabardine, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 36-inch satin.

(*Continued from Page* 41)

6009–5989—Of many possibilities is the jacket of this smart suit, two views of which are pictured on page 41. In one the jacket is illustrated quite long, with the waist fronts rolled back to form revers, and with the fronts of the skirt section open below the waistline, perforations being given in the pattern to cut this off. In the second view, the jacket is in shorter length, and is buttoned right up to the neck. Other possibilities are cutaway outline, and shorter length sleeves. A shaped belt is provided, which may be worn or not as preferred. Completing the suit is a smart circular skirt, high-waisted, and in regulation or shorter length. It may be in one or two-piece style as preferred, with front or back closing, and measures about 3 yards at the foot. Jacket No. 6009, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires for long jacket, 4 yards 54-inch broadcloth; shorter length, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5989, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires for two-piece skirt, $2\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44-inch or 54-inch material; for one-piece skirt, $2\frac{3}{8}$ yards 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5999–5946—Braided in front in true military fashion is this jaunty jacket of broadcloth, which may be worn by matron and maid, mother and daughter; so it is cut in sizes for both. It is plaited front and back to a flaring peplum with tab extension at each side, adjusted over the belt. To large armholes, the sleeves which may be full-length or shorter, are attached, the armhole edges turned under and stitched down onto the sleeves. Flaring or Directoire collar may form the neck finish. The one-piece skirt may be worn full-length with the top fulness arranged in gathers or shirred on cords, or it may be shortened in tunic style as illustrated on page 41, showing a three-piece foundation lengthened by a straight flounce. Width of underskirt at lower edge about $1\frac{1}{3}$ yard; of upper skirt, about $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Jacket No. 5999, sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure for ladies, and 14, 16, 18 and 20 years for misses. Size 36 requires $1\frac{5}{8}$ yard 54 inch broadcloth, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard velvet for collar Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5946, sizes 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32 inches waist measure. Size 26 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 54 inch broadcloth, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard lining, and $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards fur banding. Price, 15 cents.

5990—Long-waisted basque, and tunic to be plaited or gathered, are joined under the smart sash of self-material which is crossed in front and looped carelessly at the back. This is one of the most popular of the winter models, and is at its best in dark blue or tête de nègre brown serge, gabardine or broadcloth, with skirt and sleeves of satin, velvet or self-material. Silk braid may bind the edges, and a flare collar of sheer white organdy lightens up the effect wonderfully. No lining is necessary and high neck with the new standing or choker collar may be substituted for the open neck pictured. Full-length sleeves perforated for short length are adjusted to large armholes, and the attached two-piece skirt may be worn in regulation, or the fashionable short length. As shown on page 41, the tunic is in one piece, gathered, but it may be plaited, and it may be in two-piece style with open front to show the skirt. Lower-edge width of skirt about $1\frac{3}{4}$ yard; of tunic, $2\frac{3}{4}$ yards. Sizes 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure. Size 36 requires $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards 54-inch material, $\frac{3}{8}$ yard organdy, and $1\frac{1}{8}$ yard lining for upper part of skirt. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page* 44)

5973—Chic to audacity is this frock of crêpe meteor and pailletted net, with its deep bodice draped about the figure, graceful fichu, and swinging Cavalier cape. The bodice is mounted on a lining with high, round or V-neck, and long sleeves perforated for shorter length; although in accordance with the latest decree of Fashion, it should be sleeveless for evening wear, as pictured on page 44. Floating out from the narrow three-piece underskirt is a straight gathered tunic, in skirt length, but perforated for shorter length. Width at lower edge of skirt, $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard; of tunic, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards. Sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Size 16 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 44-inch meteor, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36-inch flouncing for tunic, $1\frac{3}{8}$ yard 45-inch allover for fichu and cape. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page* 46)

5812–5978—Youthful and smart is this suit of blue velvet trimmed with fur. The jaunty jacket has raglan sleeves, flare collar, and a crossover vest. The skirt is a new circular model showing the trend toward greater fulness. It is in one or two-piece style, with front or back closing, high waistline, and a lower-edge width of about $2\frac{5}{8}$ yards. Jacket No. 5812, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Skirt No. 5978, sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20 years. Price, 15 cents. Costume requires $4\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch velvet, $\frac{1}{2}$ yard contrasting for vest.

(*Continued from Page* 47)

5577—A lining faced in square yoke effect provides high neck for this gathered frock when it is worn in the daytime. By cutting the lining at the perforations, a low square neck is gained, which is pretty for party wear. Allowance is made in the pattern for long plain sleeves with perforations for shortening, but these may be omitted, substituting short puffed sleeves. Sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 8 requires $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

(*Continued from Page* 48)

5099—This double-breasted coat would make up attractively in dark brown corduroy, or black velvet. The deep round collar extending into long revers and the low-placed belt are smart features. Sizes 2, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 requires $3\frac{7}{8}$ yards 36-inch material. Price, 15 cents.

5597—The upper section of this coat is bloused over a lining, and is attached to a three-piece skirt section under a softly folded belt of satin. A notched collar may be substituted for the large one illustrated, which, on a coat of moss green velvet or zibeline, could be edged with skunk fur. Sizes 2, 3, 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 4 requires $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 54-inch material. Price, 15 cents. Many of the smartest coats are of velvet or velveteen in black, seal brown or green.

Your Baby
Should Be Kept Warm with Soft
"Non-Nettle"
WHITE FLANNELS

Teaseled Flannels cause irritation and suffering. Non-Nettle Flannels are made soft, smooth and long wearing without the ruinous teaseling process. Therefore, no irritating nettles, no weakening of yarn, and no disappointment after washing (25c to $1.00 a yd.). We sell direct to mothers. Beware of substitutes and imitations. "Non-Nettle" is stamped every half yard on selvage. We do not sell to dealers.

Send for Free Sample Case
and receive samples of Flannels, Antiseptic Diaper, Rubber Sheeting, complete lines of Baby White Goods, Dimities, Long Cloth, Etc. Also illustrated catalogue showing 50 styles of White Embroidered Flannels, Infants' Outfits ($5.00 up), Separate Garments, Rubber Goods, Baby Baskets, Bassinettes and hundreds of necessary articles for expectant mothers and the new baby. And valuable information on how to care for the baby. No advertising on the wrapper.
FOR 25 CENTS we will include a complete set of Modern Paper Patterns for baby's first wardrobe that would cost $1.10 if bought separately. Write at once or save this advertisement.
The Lamson Bros. Co., 323 Summit St., Toledo, Ohio

ROSES of NEW CASTLE
is the title of the greatest book on the culture of roses and other plants ever published; gives expert experience of a lifetime—free. Exquisitely illustrated in natural colors. offers and tells *how to grow* America's most famous collection of *high grade own-root* rose plants. This beautiful book—FREE. Write.
HELLER BROS. CO., Box 119, New Castle, Ind.

Acme Adjustable Cabinet Collapsible Dress Form

Once Adjusted It Becomes You
By a simple turn of the wheels at the top it adjusts independently and accurately at the neck, shoulders, bust, waist, hips and skirt to any woman's size, style or shape.
Collapses Into Its Cabinet
When not in use, by a simple twist of the frame it can be collapsed and put out of sight in any one of our special designed wooden cabinets, made to fit the form. It costs no more than the old style upright form that cannot be collapsed.
Write to-day for prices and catalogue
ELLANAM ADJUSTABLE DRESS FORM CO.
Suite 620, 500 Fifth Ave., New York
Suite 720, 2915 So. La Salle St., Chicago
Canadian Office, Smith Falls, Ont.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Warming Up Luke

(Continued from Page 12)

Pandora Pepper's face was lifted to his, raptly; tense lines going out of it; strained, strenuous lines merging into unwonted wistfulness. "Glory, I'd like that!" she breathed. "Say," lifting her large black eyes and snuggling her little hand into his arm, "why don't you give some other girl than Snaky Salome a show?"

There was a snort from the parlor. Mrs. Mahoney, who had been listening behind the portière, now emerged into the hall. She fastened an irate eye on Pandora Pepper. Her voice bellowed like an avenging tidal wave. "I feels it my duty to inform you, Miss Pepper, that my house is full of perfect ladies and gentlemen, and that the ladies is mostly considerate enough to leave the men to do the proposing! Shame to you! Shame to you, Miss Pandora!"

Pandora Pepper laughed, not a whit abashed. "Well, I'm sorry for Snaky Salome," she flung frankly at Luke Warm. "What makes you so unspunky a lover? How do you know but what Salome's eating her heart out for you? Going back to Wyoming, without saying a word to her—or to anybody else! You make me tired!"

MRS. MAHONEY placed outraged hands on her broad hips. "And who, may I ask, has *admired* Mister Luke to go back to Wyoming, and desert my boarding-house and Miss Snaky?" she wrathfully asked.

"I haven't entirely advised him to go back, alone," flipped Pandora.

"I catches your meaning, Miss Pandora! Say no more! You is too bold to endure. I advises Mister Luke—frankly! before your face—to beware of you. Sweetie," ominously, "if you hadn't paid promptly for my skylight room, out you'd go!"

Pandora tangoed toward the door. "Well, I advise Mr. Luke—frankly before everybody's face—to find out his own mind; and warm up." She flung a goading look at him over her shapely shoulder; and waltzed out of the front door, banging it behind her.

Mrs. Mahoney invited Luke Warm into the parlor and started the calling-machine. From the horn, a voice blared:

"If you haven't got the gall to ask her 'neath the moon,
If you let the moving moments go skidding on through June,
If you call her on the telephone, and still you play the goat,
Try a box of roses, Johnny, and a nervy little note."

Mrs. Mahoney kept time to the music with thudding feet. Suddenly she brought her hands together with a resounding whack. "I has an ideal" she exclaimed. "*I has an ideal!*" She pulled open the drawer of the center-table and took out an ink bottle, a pen and paper. "Faint heart ne'er won fair head-liner, Mister Luke. Send Miss Snaky a box of roses and a nervy little note! Sweetie, it's the thing to do! Sit right down here and compose a love-letter with that touching refrain pouring in your ears."

Luke Warm unexpectedly sat down at the center-table and seized the pen. He breathed hard, grew red, dug the toe of his rawhide shoe into the carpet—jabbed the pen into the ink bottle. Mrs. Mahoney guarded the door while he labored. When Luke had plowed to the heart of the situation with half dozen pen points, he strode to the telephone and called up a florist. He secured a messenger boy. He put the proposal in with the roses. He despatched the whole to the theater where Snaky Salome was playing. Afterward, he sat down hard and looked dopishly.

"Take it from me, you has no more cause to worry, Mister Luke," comforted Mrs. Mahoney. "Flowers is the language of love—and no woman, head-liner or chorus girl, can resist a bony fidy offer of marriage!"

Luke Warm wrenched his shirt open at the throat and shifted his shoulders and arms, as if he wanted room. "Durned if I haven't got to vault into a saddle and ride somewhere!" he blurted desperately, lunging to his feet. "I can't figure out anything in this shack, shut in by buildings and streets. I'm primed up for going nutty. I'll take my medicine where I can spread out over a thousand acres, or so." He made for the door. "Yes, ma'am!"

Mrs. Mahoney placed her huge bulk between the overwrought young man and the hall stairs. "Mister Luke, wait!" she commanded. "You is too blundering to endure. Shame to you! Calling my elegant dwelling a shack! Shame to you, defaming the famous streets of Manhattan! What, may I ask, is more inspiring than our skyscrapers? What is more brilliant than our Broadway signs? And, as to a horse, Mister Luke, if you wants to ride you has only to telephone to a riding establishment. And as to Miss Snaky, how will she feel if she dances out before the footlights wearing your roses, and you gone west?

The front door-bell rang with a punch.

Lizzie came ambling up the basement stairs and opened the door.

Pandora Pepper stood outside. Her black eyes were shining, her cheeks flaming, one slim hand clutched a dewy bunch of long-stemmed roses. For a second she stood poised like a bird. Then she came running into the hall—straight to Luke Warm. "You darling old thing!" she sang out. "You got up the spunk! You proposed! Of course, I'll marry you!" She seized his astounded frame and endeavored to shake it. "Stupid!" she cried, "I'm the little, black-haired, costumed chorus girl you rescued from burning theater in Rock River! I'm the girl you've 'kept company' with in letters! I'm the head-liner, Snaky Salome!"

She let go of him and shook her little fist in his face. "I *had* to do it!" she raged. "I *had* to tell you to come to this boarding-house, and then come myself, as red-wigged Pandora Pepper—who might get you to propose to *somebody*. You wouldn't ask Salome! You *would* come to New York, and try to make a sow's ear out of a silk purse." She gazed up at him, put her shaking hands against his breast. "Oh, you blind boy, you big, enormous baby, you foolish man," she choked, "why were you afraid to ask Salome? What's footlight fame, to love in the hills? What's Broadway, to the prairies? What's Riverside, to the open trail? What's a limousine, to a tearing mustang? What's a stage door Johnny, to—you?" Her hands caught and clung to his shoulders.

Down through the banisters of the steep hall stairs dived Signor Dianzi's performing monkey, landed with a zip on Pandora Pepper's head—and, before she could even shriek, yanked off her peacock-wreathed hat, and her red-pepper, curly wig!

Pandora's hands flew up. Her shriek merged into hysterical laughter. "I *knew* he'd do it!" she exclaimed. "The little beast recognized me from the first. He and I are sharing honors in vaudeville." She shook her head mischievously. Her beautiful black hair fell about her like a cloud, enveloping her in Oriental glory.

Luke Warm slapped a big hand before him, as if to clear his vision. "Holy jumping, sweet Obadiah!" he boomed. And he caught her off her feet and kissed her. "Snaky Salome!"

"Say no more!" Mrs. Mahoney, in the shadow of the parlor portières, dissolved into sentimental tears. "Ain't it lovely?" she gushed. "Ain't it just like a story-book or a play? To think of Snaky Salome in my skylight room, and her lover from the West in my third floor hall front! To think of that monkey being keener than us humans! Sweeties, if you wants a wedding in my house—say the word. Darlings, if you desires a honeymoon in New York—my parlor suite is reserved for the bride and groom, without a deposit!"

Luke Warm and Pandora Pepper were not listening. His lips were on her hair. Her hand was on his cheek. In the parlor, Signor Dianzi's performing monkey, with the red wig on his head, swung around and around by his tail from the chandelier—and applauded with his paws.

Cutting Out Skirts

(Continued from Page 24)

He went to her across the slippery floor, big, handsome, serious, oblivious to everything save the slim little girl who blushed as she watched him coming.

"I want my dances," he said.

"But you don't dance," she exclaimed.

"Oh, yes I do—now."

And as the music began he slipped his arm around her and proved it.

She was so feather light, so honey-sweet, so dear, so unspeakably dear an armfull Zip's heart ragged in time to the music. He was dancing well. He was dancing with her! She was the only girl in all the world and she liked his dancing. She had told him so. Morsman was a prince! He must do something rather splendid for Morsman. He felt able and willing to do amazingly splendid things.

"But why did you say you did not dance?" the Girl asked.

"Because I didn't—then."

"And you've learned, since then?"

"Yes."

"It isn't possible."

"I did it."

"Why?"

"So that I could dance with you."

She did not speak again for a long time.

"Was it worth it?" she asked, at last.

"Yes, it's worth it; but I'm not going to stop at dancing with you," he answered.

She looked at him and looked away. He wore his football fighting face.

"I'm going to marry you," said Dalton of Burton, "but we'll have to tango around quite a while first."

"I DIDN'T think she could put it across, when she teased me to take her out on the veranda so that she could meet him," Morsman confided to Mallonby. "Wouldn't have sprung it on the chap, if I hadn't thought he had his fingers crossed. So many good lookers had spoiled their records on him and she didn't look like a winner—but you never can tell. She had him nailed to the mast, before she came in. That's the way with a fellow that doesn't like girls—goes along walking in his sleep and then, some day, wakes up, sees a girl just like all the other girls—maybe less so—and it's a grand slam! Thinks he's discovered a brand-new species and invented a brand-new game. Early and often's my motto."

Mallonby smiled.

"Oh, well, it won't hurt him and he'll be through with it before time to go into training again," he said indulgently. He was a wise youth himself; but he was tolerant of folly, up to the point where it interfered with football.

THE JANUARY WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION WHICH CONTAINS THE VERDICT OF MEDICAL SCIENCE ON THE TWILIGHT SLEEP

"Is the Twilight Sleep Safe?"

REPEATED over and over again has come this almost yearning appeal from hundreds of expectant mothers: "Tell me, please, is the twilight sleep practical: is it available: is it safe—for me?"

Questions like these demand an answer conscientiously exact and authoritative. Such an answer is found in

THE JANUARY
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

THE ARTICLE "Is The Twilight Sleep Safe—For Me?" has been passed upon by one of the leading obstetricians of America, who for more than six years has investigated—and applied in his own work the "twilight sleep." It presents the final, dependable judgment of the best medical science on this vitally important subject.

A NEW NOVEL
By the Author of "Mother"

IN THE January Companion, besides the article on Twilight Sleep, there are big new serial novels by Juliet Wilbor Tompkins, and Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother."

Kathleen Norris' story started in the November number. The two installments already published will be sent to any reader of Pictorial Review who accepts the special offer on the attached coupon.

Merely Clip the Coupon

TO GET the two numbers of Kathleen Norris' novel already published—and get the Companion for the first eight months of 1915 (including the article on Twilight Sleep) merely clip this coupon. A statement of the amount will be sent to you the first of January.

THE WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION,
381 Fourth Avenue, New York.

SEND me the Companion for the first 8 months of 1915, for which I will send $1.* on receipt of bill. It is a condition of this order that I am to receive *also* the November and December 1914 numbers.

.....

.....

*Send $1. now if you prefer. Pictorial R 1-15

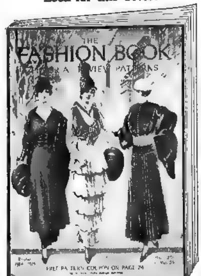
Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

More than ever before

Pictorial Review Fashions *and* Patterns

Are a necessity to the American woman.

Look for this Cover!



Now, where the ordinary sources of fashion information have been closed to others, the European connections of long years' standing enjoyed by PICTORIAL REVIEW and its sister organization, the American Fashion Company, have made it possible to lay before you the latest and authentic news in the world of fashion.

THE

Fashion Book

for WINTER

of the

CELEBRATED

Pictorial Review Patterns

NOW ON SALE.

The beautiful double page in colors of the latest Dancing and Evening frocks will particularly interest you.

The FASHION BOOK is the Fashion Guide in all first class Dressmaking Establishments, and all of them use PICTORIAL REVIEW PATTERNS.

On sale at all Pictorial Review Pattern Agencies, News-stands, or direct from the Publishers, 222 West 39th Street, New York City.

Price only 10 cents when purchased with a 15-cent Pattern. 35 cents by Mail.

I enclose 35 cents for which you will please send me THE PICTORIAL REVIEW FASHION BOOK OF WINTER STYLES, together with one coupon for any 15-cent dress pattern.

NAME........ ....

ADDRESS.............................

TOWN................................

Bettina Loved a Soldier

(Continued from Page 17)

cheer for the man who had held them off so bravely and so skilfully. Bettina, leaning far out of the window, plucked a sprig of laurel from the hedge and threw it at Lefevre, crying:

"At least, you have the laurels!"

The Uhlan officer advancing, picked up Lefevre's sword and handing it to him, said pleasantly,

"I return your sword, and your commanding officer shall know you are a gallant fellow!"

Perhaps the sight of Bettina's face at the window had something to do with the handsome words of the Uhlan officer. He touched his helmet to her, as he handed Lefevre his sword who kissed it as he took it in his left hand.

"Good evening, Captain von Breithof," cried Bettina, in response to the Uhlan officer's salute. "I did not expect a call of this kind from you when last we met in the ballroom at Baden-Baden."

"No more did I, Mademoiselle. But I know you will excuse me for what I do in the line of duty."

Lefevre looked closely at von Breithof, a fine man and a soldier. But the pain of a broken wrist is sharp and von Breithof saw it.

"I think," he said smiling to Lefevre, "that you had better let me bind up your wrist, so you may again use your sword some day. We Uhlans carry something for emergencies."

Then, taking Lefevre's arm, the two men passed into the house, chatting like old friends.

AT the door, Madame Faramond and Bettina met them. Madame Faramond, arrayed in a flowered silk dressing-gown and a pair of pink satin slippers, gave von Breithof a very different greeting from what Lefevre had received.

Neither Madame Faramond nor Bettina showed the slightest sign of alarm, but von Breithof being a gentleman, apologized politely, speaking to Madame Faramond. His eyes, however, sought Bettina's, for in those far-off days, when people danced—it was not two months since, but eons lay between the then and now, Bettina, with her pretty dancing step, her sunny hair, her soft clear voice, had stolen into von Breithof's heart. And while he dreamed of her and saw her delicate face in the white roses, and heard her voice in the echo of soft music, and felt a mysterious nearness to her in the starlit summer nights, along had come Lefevre.

It was so plain, Bettina's eyes were such telltales, that it came crashing through von Breithof's brain in the first quick, sweet rapture of the meeting. At once, the fabric of von Breithof's dreams fell, to rise no more. He was a soldier, and took the sudden, silent blow like a soldier. It was all over for him, the other man was victor. It did not make von Breithof's hand less firm, his eye less steady, as, producing a bandage from somewhere about him, he began with simple skill, to bind it around Lefevre's wrist. Lefevre, meanwhile was swearing good-naturedly at him, but to this von Breithof replied only by laughing, although his faithful heart was heavy in his breast.

The next thing to do was to give Lefevre his parole, for a prisoner with a broken wrist is more trouble than he is worth. Von Breithof, therefore, carefully wrote out a promise for Lefevre to sign, that he would not again serve against the enemy until regularly exchanged. This Lefevre signed with his left hand, after insisting that Bettina should guide his fingers.

Then von Breithof rose to go. The wireless crew were to be carried off as prisoners. Lefevre went out of the room to say good-by to them, and to take their messages to their families. Madame Faramond scuttled after him to give the men to be marched away, food and money. Von Breithof was left alone with Bettina.

"It seems so long ago since we danced," she said to him. "Don't you remember that first ball——"

"Don't!" cried von Breithof. He had borne all with the courage of a soldier but the bringing to life of those vanished hours was more than he could bear. Von Breithof's voice was vibrant with pain. He turned and walked to the open window out of which Bettina had handed Lefevre his sword. In von Breithof's heart all was battle and conflict. Bettina stood by the table upon which she had guided Lefevre's hand, and hung her head, feeling like a robber. She had stolen von Breithof's brave heart with her pretty coquetries, her dancing and her beauty, all those simple things that bring about the tragedies of the heart. And she had nothing to give him in return, except what would shame him—her pity.

"I will leave my prisoner with you," he said coming toward Bettina. "I hope I have done all one enemy can do for another."

"You have done all, all, all!" cried Bettina. The very intensity of her gratitude was to von Breithof like the turning of the knife in the wound.

Then it was time to start. The Uhlans drew up in the great patch of moonlight, the six French prisoners in the middle. At the great door of the château, von Breithof bade good-by, apologizing to the last, to Madame Faramond. In return, Madame Faramond admitted he had behaved fairly well for a German, except the terrible alarm he had caused her, at which everybody laughed even von Breithof, who was not in a laughing humor. Bettina put her hand in his, which Madame Faramond considered a dreadful impropriety. She said,

"I hope God will spare you wounds and death and some day, when the world is at peace once more, we may meet again."

"So be it," replied von Breithof, heartily, flinging himself on his horse, and riding briskly away, not turning his head once to glance back at Bettina, standing in the doorway with Lefevre. Von Breithof was both victor and vanquished and was keen to ride away from the battle he had lost.

A BROKEN wrist is not much, but it can incapacitate a soldier as much as a hole in his chest. Lefevre, by his impatience to get his wrist mended, managed to make it worse and even to give himself a fever. At that point Madame Faramond took command and in spite of Lefevre's furious protests, forced him to keep in his room, arraying him meanwhile in her gorgeous flowered silk dressing-gown. Lefevre was partly reconciled to this by having Bettina wait on him hand and foot and making hot love to her every hour in the day, and getting in return the sweetest looks and the tenderest whispered words he had ever known.

But not all these sweet seductions could bring peace to the heart of a soldier, who longed to be at his duty by the side of his commander. Of course he wrote bushels of frantic letters to his commanding officer, to the War Office, to anybody likely to be of help to him, begging to be exchanged. But in those September days, a great terror brooded over the world, and the cries of a single captive passed unheeded. The fighting had by that time gone westward and the little château, hidden away among the pine trees in a nook of the mountains, remained undisturbed for some time after the destruction of the wireless station. Presently, however, little wavelets of German cavalry began to circle about the château, floating sometimes quite within the grounds. They did not molest Lefevre or anybody or anything about the château, and their constant quiet coming and going puzzled Lefevre the more.

"They have an object, those artful Germans," said Lefevre to himself. "They want to find out something or to catch somebody—but not Lefevre, of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Dragoons, because I keep my parole in my pocket."

One afternoon in October, when Lefevre had been even more restless than usual, Bettina, by way of quieting him, proposed that they should go for a walk among the hills, where the charcoal burners had their huts and she would tell him of the strange life these men led. There were no more charcoal burners in the hills; they were soldiers now, marching and fighting and dying. The afternoon was dark and Madame Faramond called to Lefevre and Bettina as they started.

"You will be caught in a charcoal burner's hut and half drowned in the rain!"

But Lefevre, fiercely restless, would not turn back. In half an hour they came to the first hut, but even as they entered it the rain came down in torrents and an angry wind made the pine trees beat frantically on the rude roof.

"We shall be storm-bound perhaps the whole afternoon," said Bettina.

"Well then," answered Lefevre, "the sun must shine in our hearts the brighter."

Then Bettina began to describe to him the singular lives those men lead, spending the long Winters in the huts, often snowed in for weeks, coming down to the villages occasionally on Sundays to get supplies, but never away very long for fear the fires might make the forest blaze.

The place had two rude windows, through which they could see only the gray rain coming down in sheets. Some boards nailed together on a framework made a hard bed. There was a rough table, a couple of stools and a cupboard. Even when the charcoal burners came down into the valleys in Summer, they left some simple supplies in the huts for those coming down from the farther heights, for the storm-bound and other emergencies.

Bettina, knowing this, began to rummage into the cupboard. With a cry of joy, she dragged out a small kettle, a few cups and plates, some hard biscuits and a bag of potatoes. Lefevre's enthusiasm was aroused when he found a bottle with a candle stuck in it and a box of salt, and some matches.

Bettina arranged the things on the table and Lefevre made a fire, charcoal being abundant, and in the operation made himself as black as a demon. He filled the kettle with water and Bettina dropped the potatoes into it. They had the delight of a lover's quarrel, Lefevre declaring the potatoes were done, while Bettina refused to believe it. All the time the rain came down in wild gusts, whipped by a savage wind.

"When it lulls a little, Madame Faramond will send old Pierre after us," said Bettina.

At last they agreed that the potatoes were cooked, and sat down to the little table together. The hut was illuminated by the glare of the charcoal fire and the light of the candle in the bottle. Lefevre and Bettina could see each other's smiling eyes. For the first time, they were able to forget the blood-drenched world beyond the hills and were completely happy. They thought, as all mortals do who have these heaven-sent hours, that the time would be short, that in a little while, the mountain storm would cease as suddenly as it came, that old Pierre would be heard knocking at the door, and that they would go back to earth.

But suddenly above the shrieking wind and fierce rain and wild beating of the great trees, as they flung their branches about madly, Lefevre and Bettina heard a crack of breakage and wreckage. They rose involuntarily and rushing to the little window, saw by the ghostly half-light, the little bridge across a crevice between them and the château, wrenched from the earth and whirled skyward.

The sight sobered them at once. It meant that they would not get back to the château that night. There was no crossing the crevice with the bridge gone.

They went back to the fire and their jokes and laughter ceased and they talked gravely of serious things. Sometimes their voices were drowned by the fury of the wind, the sound of breaking branches and uprooted trees, the thunder of the torrent always noisy that ran through the crevice. At every moment, Lefevre feared the little hut would be torn away and plunged into the crevice.

"At least," said Bettina, crossing to where Lefevre sat, and speaking with soft composure, "If I am dashed into the crevice, it will be in your arms."

Lefevre caught her to his heart.

"I hoped, I did so hope you would not know the danger!" he cried.

"Why not?" asked Bettina, looking at him with glorified eyes, "Why should not a soldier's love be as brave as a soldier? Well, to-night we must watch together."

LEFEVRE indeed watched, but Bettina, looking at the red firelight, presently felt a delicious languor; the raving wind turned to the soft thrilling of a violin; Lefevre and she were in a splendid ballroom dancing together, and suddenly, Lefevre became von Breithof and then Bettina's sleep became deep and dreamless.

Lefevre, with tender and smiling eyes, watched her eyes close. Then wrapping his military cloak around him, he sat before the fire, watching as he had watched many nights in his soldier's life. At daybreak the world suddenly grew calm, and the sky was smiling and the mountain torrent was laughing.

Lefevre went out and looked at the crevice. It was not more than seven feet across, but it might as well have been seventy feet. There were many uprooted trees close by and some small enough for Lefevre, with his left arm only, to throw across the crevice. With efforts that brought drops out on his forehead, he managed to get three slender trunks of pine saplings across the deep and narrow gulf, making a bridge. He returned to the hut and found Bettina still sleeping.

"Wake up," he said, gently taking hold of her hand. Her eyes, as blue as the iris that grew in the rich valleys, unclosed.

"I have made a bridge," said Lefevre, "and it is a very good bridge, but you must not see it."

"But I *will* see it," answered Bettina, wide awake.

For reply Lefevre took out his white handkerchief and bound it over Bettina's eyes, and folding her cloak about her, led her by the hand down the mountain path and with a firm step and a steady eye guided her across the bridge. When on the other side he untied the bandage and Bettina, seeing what she had passed over, grew pale and trembled.

Then a call resounded through the forest. It was old Pierre and Mathilde shouting for them, and Lefevre and Bettina shouted back joyously and soon came in sight of the château. Madame Faramond was on the balcony waving frantically to them. And then after a good breakfast, Lefevre tumbled into bed and slept, for he had had no sleep the past night.

IT was late in the afternoon before he waked and then he was aroused by the sound of troop horses under his window.

Lefevre, recognizing the voices of German troopers, hurried on his clothes and with his parole in his breast pocket, he left his room. On the threshold he came face to face with von Breithof, who saluted him ceremoniously.

Lefevre held out his hand but to his surprise von Breithof coolly ignored it.

"I must see you for a few minutes in private, Captain Lefevre," said von Breithof.

Lefevre silently led the way back into his room and von Breithof locked and double locked the door. Something in von Breithof's look and bearing at once put Lefevre on his guard. The two men gazed full at each other with challenging eyes; the last time they had met, von Breithof was binding up Lefevre's broken wrist and laughing at him as he writhed and swore at the pain.

"I think," said von Breithof laconically, "that my errand is with you. We have discovered that valuable information about our movements has been leaking out. We hesitated to suspect a paroled officer."

"You may well hesitate to suspect a paroled French officer," answered Lefevre quickly, drawing himself up and folding his arms as he looked von Breithof full in the eye.

"Unfortunately, or fortunately," replied von Breithof dryly, "our suspicions have become a certainty. This very morning, information became known to the enemy, and it must have been given last night. You, Captain Lefevre, were absent all last night from this château. Unless you can give a satisfactory account of your absence and the company you were in last night you will be considered, not only a spy, but an

(Continued on Page 55)

Digitized by Google

Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Bettina Loved a Soldier

(*Continued from Page 54*)

officer who has broken his parole. In time of war such men are shot, as you know."

"A spy may be a hero," answered Lefevre, "But for an officer who has broken his parole, shooting is too good—he ought to be hanged."

"I agree with you," replied von Breithof. "Now give me an account of yourself from four o'clock in the afternoon yesterday until daylight this morning."

"Never," answered Lefevre, without a moment's hesitation or relaxing his hostile gaze into von Breithof's eyes. In the flash of a second, all was revealed to Lefevre. To save himself at the expense of an innocent woman—and that woman Bettina—would be in itself a crime of great magnitude. Lefevre, whose imagination was quick, conjured for a moment the scornful eyes of his judges when they heard this cowardly plea. And it would avail him nothing, for when a man deliberately puts himself in the category of scoundrels, it is assumed that he is a liar; the devil has many tools but a lie is the handle that fits them all.

Then as men live years in those crises of the soul, there passed before Lefevre's vision all the beauty of life with Bettina's love. But instead, he would soon be standing up before a firing squad; he would hear the crack of the bullets before they struck his heart; his life would go out, as if the sun should set at noonday. All this a man could bear, but to accept life at the price of a woman's honor was not to be considered for a moment.

It seemed to Lefevre a long time that he had been standing, with those thoughts thundering through his mind, and looking straight at von Breithof, but it was really less than a minute. Then, by some strange psychic force he realized that von Breithof's attitude toward him had changed, that his resolute "Never!" had in some way, cleared away the cloud upon his honor. The subtle change extended to von Breithof's voice; it was as if he felt pity for the man condemned to die. Lefevre felt even greater for von Breithof—forced to condemn an innocent man to be shot, for, as von Breithof had plainly said, Lefevre knew he must face a firing squad if he did not give an account of himself for the happiest twelve hours of his life.

"The only favor I ask," said Lefevre, "is that nothing be done to disturb or distress the ladies of the château."

"Certainly," replied von Breithof, in a low voice, "I have already thought of that. There is nothing particularly alarming in our being here, for small detachments have been hovering about as you know, trying to find out the sources of mysterious information. We will go down to the drawing-room and spend an hour while I telegraph to headquarters for instructions."

"Admirable!" cried Lefevre, all his verve rising in his brave heart, "Come!"

Von Breithof, who had at first refused Lefevre's hand, now walked down-stairs with him talking pleasantly, for such is the way with soldiers in the awful buffoonery of war.

VON BREITHOF went to the door and spoke to a young sublieutenant, sitting motionless on his horse, who turned and rode off rapidly, followed by an escort. Then, von Breithof went into the drawing-room, and received the kindest greeting he had ever had from Bettina. Even Madame Faramond, remembering his kindness to her adored Lefevre, met him with as much politeness as if he were French instead of German. But looking at Bettina, and seeing the glances she exchanged with Lefevre, von Breithof's heart was like lead in his breast. He could have groaned aloud in his anguish when Bettina leaning forward smiled and talked with him.

Lefevre was in the presence of the Great Enemy, but it was not the first time. He felt as when he had heard the word "Forward!" shouted by his colonel and he had dashed into the hail of bullets and enfilading fire of the great guns, calling gaily to his men, "Follow me!"

There was only an hour more of life left to him but that hour would be spent with Bettina and he would make it, by his coolness and courage, unforgetable. So well did he succeed, that he alone could have deceived Bettina, but von Breithof's somberness, his strange silence, betrayed him. A chill crept into Bettina's heart; she had seen the sublieutenant ride off and within the hour she saw him ride back. Von Breithof, who was watching through the window, rose instantly, and excusing himself went out of the room. Old Mathilde, thinking the officers would stay to supper, came to the door and beckoned to Madame Faramond who waddled out for a domestic conference, and Lefevre and Bettina were alone. Only then, did Lefevre's gaiety of heart leave him for a moment. He went to the open piano and playing a soft accompaniment as well as his bandaged wrist would permit, sang the song that had won the first words of love from Bettina—"My life, I love thee, I love but thee!"

In the middle of it, von Breithof opened the door. His eye was firm as became a soldier, but he was as pale as a dead man. Lefevre turned his head and seeing von Breithof sang once more, looking at Bettina and with all his soul in his voice, "My life, I love thee, I love but thee!" Then he arose, and taking Bettina's hand kissed it, saying,

"I must now leave you. I have a pressing engagement with Captain von Breithof. Do not forget me if I should not return."

The next moment he was gone, but his voice was trolling out loudly, his regimental song, which he often sang.

"The bullets sing a merry song,
The great guns bellow loud and long,
Dance to the music, troopers dance!
Dance to the music, chargers dance!"

Bettina had often heard Lefevre whistling and singing this song, but now his voice had a ring she had never before heard in it. She ran to the window and saw Lefevre and von Breithof walking through the shrubbery toward the mountain path that led to the charcoal burner's hut. Behind them, the squad of Uhlans trotted, a trooper leading von Breithof's horse.

"Yes," Lefevre was saying, "There is an open space a little way up the hillside, by a charcoal burner's hut. There is a stream very much swollen by last night's rain, and very noisy, so the crack of the rifles will not be heard at the château."

"You are a brave fellow," said von Breithof in a cool voice, but with pale lips. At that moment Lefevre, who did not know the secret of von Breithof's heart, or why he could not look at Bettina, felt sorry for him. However, Lefevre replied briskly,

"Why not? An officer should look Death in the eye and advance upon him."

When Lefevre and von Breithof were speaking, Bettina still standing at the window watching them, put her hand over her wildly beating heart that she might better listen to a mysterious voice echoing in her ear and telling her all that Lefevre had tried to keep from her.

Shooting a man is a quick business with soldiers who know their trade. Six troopers dismounted and a sergeant himself, going behind a rock, loaded six rifles, putting a blank cartridge into one, for when a squad of soldiers is told off to kill a man they would mutiny, except that every soldier hopes and believes that he will get the rifle with the blank cartridge.

Lefevre chose his own position with his back to the rock. The firing squad was lined up and von Breithof, standing behind the rock, his white handkerchief in his hand, was exchanging silent signals with his sergeant. The sublieutenant, a boy of twenty-two, stood erect, deadly pale like von Breithof and forced himself to watch, with the eyes of his troopers upon him. Lefevre took out his own white handkerchief and pinned it over his heart.

"Aim here, my friends," he said, "and remember that dragoons of the Twenty-fifth Regiment are notoriously hard to kill. And by the way, here is some money for you. I sha'n't have any more use for it."

He put his hand in his pocket and drew out some loose silver and a gold piece.

"This," he said chucking the gold piece toward the sergeant, "Is for you, sergeant, and the rest is for those good fellows who, I hope, know how to shoot. I myself will give the word. It will be '*Vive la France!*'"

The soldiers, obeying a silent signal from von Breithof, shouldered their rifles.

Then von Breithof came forward and said to Lefevre,

"Will you tell me now, where you spent last night and with whom?"

"Never," replied Lefevre. "I am ready to give the word."

Then afar off, came the high clear tones of Bettina, running up the path and crying out breathlessly,

"I can tell you all! All!"

The next moment her slim black figure sped across the open space between Lefevre and the muzzles of the rifles. Quickly she clasped her arms around Lefevre. Her long, rich hair had fallen down in her wild flight up the mountain path and she wrapped it, in all its silken glory around Lefevre.

"I heard your words," she cried, amid gasps and sobs, to von Breithof, "I know why Captain Lefevre would not tell where he was last night!"

Von Breithof came forward; he loved Bettina well, and the thought of carrying back to her Lefevre stark and cold on a bier of interlocked bayonets was like a foretaste of death itself to him. The sublieutenant uttered a cry of relief, and the soldiers at a word from the sergeant, dropped their muskets to parade rest. For the first time, Lefevre was shaken. He had smiled in the face of the firing squad, but now he trembled a little and for once had no words.

"For God's sake, tell us!" cried von Breithof, as if he would wring the words from Bettina's lips faster than she could speak them.

"We were caught by the storm in the hut over there," she cried in a thrilling voice. "There we stayed alone the night through. I slept and he watched. The bridge was blown away, and he dragged those little trees there that we might cross over this morning. Is it not true?" she asked Lefevre.

Lefevre had recovered his coolness. All at once, the shadow of death was gone, and the blue sky shone above him.

"I will say nothing," he said smiling. "It must go with my record that I said nothing."

"Your word, Mademoiselle, is enough," said von Breithof, bowing low to Bettina. "Captain Lefevre has acted as a man of honor should, and as all of us, I hope would. The act of treachery for which he was to be shot was committed between sunset of yesterday and sunrise to-day, so that he cannot have been the man."

"I never committed an act of treachery to man or woman in my life," replied Lefevre, returning von Breithof's salute. He was grave enough now, death being out of the way.

Von Breithof, from whose soul a mighty load was lifted, looked another man as he glanced smilingly at Bettina, and said:

"But I shall have to take him away with me to prove his innocence."

"Then," cried Lefevre, now fully recovered, "you will at least give me an hour in which to make this lady my wife, for she has done me the honor to promise to marry me."

"Certainly," replied von Breithof, whose heart had wrestled with the pain of knowing this ever since he had once seen Bettina's soft eyes fixed on Lefevre. And besides, this business of shooting a man is so unpleasant that von Breithof felt, even in his wounded heart, a throb of joy. The troopers, honest fellows, looked at each other with a dumb joy in their eyes. The sergeant picked up Lefevre's money and handed it to him; the sublieutenant suddenly began to whistle. The sun, which was near its setting, blazed out in all its glory of crimson and gold.

"Let us march!" cried Lefevre, "to love and life and joy."

MADAME FARAMOND, having told old Mathilde that she felt sure there would be guests to supper, spent some time in conference with her. But on returning to the drawing-room there were no guests, there was no Bettina. Old Pierre had seen her running up the mountain path, as if trying to overtake Captain Lefevre and Captain von Breithof. It was strange, but Madame Faramond satisfied herself for all its strangeness, by the reflection that Bettina was with Lefevre, and therefore, perfectly safe from harm.

Her confidence was rewarded for in a quarter of an hour she saw, in the purple dusk, Bettina walking through the grounds toward the château, with Lefevre on one side of her and von Breithof on the other. The sublieutenant, with a dozen of the troopers was riding off toward the high road so there would not be so many to feed, for which Madame Faramond was thankful.

And then, Bettina and Lefevre and von Breithof were entering the drawing-room, and Madame Faramond was asking everybody, "What has happened?"

"Much," cried Lefevre, "and more will happen. Within an hour I must go away with Captain von Breithof, to prove that I am an honest man. But before I go, Mademoiselle Bettina is to become my wife."

Bettina threw her arms around Madame Faramond's fat neck and kissed her and called her *Tante* as she had done when she was a little child.

"Yes," said Bettina, smiling, "and I know you want me to marry a French officer. And now, come up-stairs with me and dress me for my wedding. Captain von Breithof has sent his sergeant after the priest in the village, and has done everything for us and is to be best man."

Lefevre and von Breithof between them succeeded in persuading Madame Faramond that a wedding really was to take place, although they refrained carefully from mentioning some of the preceding incidents. When it was finally borne in upon Madame Faramond that Lefevre was to be married and to leave within an hour, the first thought that crashed through her mind was the champagne cunningly hidden from the Germans in her dressing-room. Bettina must have champagne at her wedding.

"After all," cried Madame Faramond as she waddled out of the drawing-room, "Bettina is to marry a French officer, thank God, and not one of your odious Germans. They said my ankles were thick!"

Within half an hour Bettina dressed in a little white gown with a train to it, and over her sunny hair a white lace scarf that did duty for a wedding veil, was watching at the window for the priest. Presently he appeared, an elderly gentleman, almost as stout as Madame Faramond and bestriding a Uhlan's horse upon which he bumped up and down like a meal bag, his shovel hat held on his head by a grinning trooper.

Soon, Madame Faramond, leading Bettina by the hand, came into the big drawing-room, Pierre and Mathilde following. After them the sergeant and the troopers filed in. Within a little while Bettina and Lefevre were made man and wife. The old priest, who had married many couples in his forty years of ministration, thought he had never seen two happier faces than those of Lefevre and Bettina.

When the ceremony was over, the wedding party sat down to supper. It was von Breithof who proposed the bride's health. It was von Breithof who made the wedding possible, as Bettina, with shining eyes told him. Von Breithof kept well the secret of his heart.

Madame Faramond had never dreamed that she could become enough reconciled to the Germans to give them some of her treasured and hidden champagne, but even the sergeant and the troopers at supper in the kitchen had each his glass of it.

It was but an hour until the moment of parting came. There was not time for dalliance and Bettina, under the eyes of all, walked with her husband to the entrance where the horses stood champing and pawing.

"Good-by," said Lefevre, taking her in his arms before all of them. "A soldier's wife should be as brave as a soldier."

"That I shall be," answered Bettina, kissing him boldly. "You will return to me, I will trust the good God for that."

Lefevre flung himself upon his horse and trotted off in the darkness, calling back to Bettina,

"Remember, dear love, the men of the Twenty-fifth Regiment of Dragoons are very hard to kill and never die but once!"

CHILLY Winter winds lay siege to your complexion in vain, if you give it proper care. At the first sign of roughness or chapping use

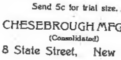
Vaseline
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.
CAMPHOR ICE

It relieves chapped lips and hands overnight. Used regularly before and after exposure to the weather, it prevents chapping.

Vaseline Camphor Ice contains 10% pure gum camphor blended with a "Vaseline" base, which carries it into the delicate pores of the skin and keeps them healthy.

In tubes and tins, 10c; at drug, department and general stores everywhere. Insist that it be genuine Vaseline Camphor Ice.

There are more than a dozen different "Vaseline" preparations. Illustrated descriptive booklet free on request.



Send 5c for trial size.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO.
(Consolidated)
8 State Street, New York

Why Not Be A Trained Nurse?

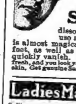
Are you satisfied with your position and prospects in life? Nursing is the grandest, noblest work that Nature has given to woman. Gives opportunity for broad, happy life, new friendships, travel and $18 to $25 a week pay. Everyone loves and respects the trained nurse.

Learn At Home!

By our system, proved out by 13 years of success and many hundreds of happy, successful graduates, you learn by home study during spare time, to be an expert nurse, qualified to practice in any state. Lessons are in plain language, easy to understand.

Send today for remarkable new offer by which you can try our course four months without risk. This school is the oldest and the original school teaching nursing by mail, and our **4 Months Free Trial** plan of teaching is the one endorsed by physicians. Send no money—simply send your name, address and correct age and ask for our beautiful new book on nursing and the special offer.

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING, Dept. 10. 21 E. Van Buren St., CHICAGO



Wrinkles

Thousands have successfully used this formula to remove traces of age, illness or worry: 1 oz. of pure

Powdered SAXOLITE

dissolved in ½ pt. witch hazel; use as a face wash. The effect is almost magical. Deepest wrinkles, crow's feet, as well as finest lines, completely and quickly vanish. Face becomes firm, smooth, fresh, and you look years younger. No harm to tenderest skin. Get genuine Saxolite (powdered) at any drug store.

Ladies Make $15 to $25 Weekly

Selling our very latest improved Sanitary Specialties; exclusive territory. Not sold in stores—unusual proposition, write today.
SANITARY SPECIALTY CO.
401 Gokey Bldg., Jamestown, N. Y.

Learn Piano 4 Times Faster and better, at 1-4 usual cost, right in your own home, by Dr. Quinn's famous WRITTEN METHOD. Endorsed by leading musicians. Play chords in first lesson, complete piece in three lessons. Revolutionizes methods of teaching piano. Reduced terms this month. Free booklet. Quinn Conservatory, Box 650 PM, Chicago

LADIES TO SEW AT HOME

for a large Phila. firm: good money: steady work: no canvassing: send stamped envelope for prices paid.
UNIVERSAL CO., Dept. 125 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Wedding 100 Engraved Announcements, $5.40
Invitations, $6.75, 2 envelopes for each. Each add'l 25, 65c. Postpaid. 100 Engraved Calling Cards, $1. Write for samples and correct form. Royal Engraving Co., 814 B. Walnut St., Phila., Pa.

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

A Safe Maternity

The dangers of child-birth have been lessened one-half in the past twenty years by modern sanitary precautions—chief of which is the practically universal use of LYSOL.

Lysol guards mother and child, doctor and nurse, against risk of infection and blood-poison. A physician would hardly undertake a maternity case without Lysol.

The surest protection in the crises of life is the surest protection against every-day risks. Lysol is a daily necessity for home and personal use. Disease can scarcely enter a home guarded by

Lysol

The Standard Antiseptic, Disinfectant and Germicide

Lysol destroys the disease germs that lurk in every household, and that wait only a favoring chance to prey upon your life and the lives of your family.

Lysol is used daily in practically every hospital in the country. You should have a bottle in your house all the time. Don't let dangerous bichloride of mercury tablets or carbolic acid be brought into your home.

A few of the many uses of Lysol

In the sick room, to protect the patient and prevent transmission of disease to others;

In washing sores, cuts and burns, to prevent blood-poisoning;

In bathing feet, washing dress-shields, clothes, etc., to destroy unpleasant odors;

In cleaning carpets, closets, beds, sinks, garbage cans, bath rooms, etc., to destroy germs and insect pests.

In the douche, for personal hygiene.

NOTE:—As Lysol is used in weak solutions, only a few teaspoonfuls are necessary to a quart of water. A small bottle lasts a long time.

Three Sizes, 25c, 50c, $1.00

Sold by Druggists Everywhere

IMPORTANT. Be sure you get Lysol itself. It is put up in round bottles with the signature of Lehn & Fink upon the label. Lysol is safe and will safeguard you, but like all good things is imitated.

Lysol Booklet Sent FREE

We want to mail to you a valuable free booklet, "Home Hygiene," full of practical helps for preserving health, with explanations of the many uses of Lysol in the home. A post card will bring it. *Address*

LEHN & FINK, *Manufacturing Chemists*
87 William Street New York

Canadian Office: 1 and 3 St. Helen Street, Montreal

The House of Snell

(Continued from Page 19)

Wayne, Edith the proud and beautiful. What a woman she was! and he had never ventured to ask her to marry him; yet she had always held herself, as it were, ready for him when he called. Now all was over. Had he delayed too long? Had this waiting been fortunate for her, in saving her from being the wife of a poor man? True, William Wayne would have provided for both of them out of the fulness of his means.

This thought jerked him to his feet, a curse on his lips. It made his blood boil to think that he might at this minute have the woman he desired and be a parasite until the end of his sluggish days.

In the morning he went down to the ship and informed Mr. Sharp of all the arrangements he had made. The mate nodded respectfully and remarked,

"I've picked up most of the crew we'll need, sir. I'll have enough aboard this afternoon to run up the Sound to our anchorage."

At nine o'clock that night the *Martha Snell* dropped anchor in the choppy waters of Long Island Sound. At ten o'clock Thomas Snell was on a train bound back to New York. At midnight, from the Pennsylvania station, he called up Edith Wayne.

"It's a late hour," he apologized, when she answered. "But I must see you. I have got to get back to my ship to-morrow morning. . . . . Right! Nice girl! I'll be there in fifteen minutes."

Edith received him quietly. "We had an affair here to-night," she told him. "I was just about to go out for an hour with the rest. What is it, Tommie?"

"I believe I told you good-by the last time," he said gently. "But I didn't explain two things you must know—nor ask one thing I want."

She shone resplendently, the color rising like a soft tide of passion in her cheeks. For the moment she seemed deliciously hesitant. Then she said, "I don't understand about the ship. Tell me."

When he had finished he looked into her eyes. "You love me," he triumphed.

She felt herself bound in silence. Her delicate and deep womanhood was responding to his call. In his deep-set eyes she saw that the former loafer and man-about-town had awakened. She merely nodded.

He did not approach her. "I can't rejoice in it," he said huskily. "For I must first make good."

Again she nodded.

THE next two days Thomas Snell spent between the ship and the city. His closest associates spoke softly among themselves of the change in the once listless club-man. He bore a new manner, one that impressed even Superintendent Richardson when he came to order the tug to tow the *Martha Snell* to sea.

"I'll take her myself," was the response.

Sailing morning dawned with every prospect of fair weather. After a hearty breakfast young Captain Snell retired to his cabin—the one that had been his father's—and waited for the news that the tug was coming alongside. When it was reported, he went up the broad saloon companionway to the poop, buttoning his heavy jacket closely about his squared shoulders.

The big tug *Martha* was ranging alongside with old Richardson himself at the wheel. To his surprise he saw Edith and Marion standing just foreward of the pilot-house. They did not appear to see him, but were looking at the lofty sticks and great yards of the clipper.

When the gangplank was dropped across the interval, the two women came lightly aboard. "Father was coming, but he couldn't get away," Edith said very quickly, to cover her confusion. "So Marion and I came down to see you off."

Thomas's face changed its expression. Then it shone with sudden inspiration. "And you can come down the bay with me, too." He spoke hurriedly. "It'll give you a trip on a real square-rigger."

A moment later the *Martha Snell* slipped out of her berth and swung for the channel, with the tug briskly working alongside.

The three stood on the poop, Marion a little apart. Edith seemed strangely stirred. "She is very beautiful, this ship," she murmured. "What are those flags flying up there?"

"The Blue Peter, telling that we are off for the deep sea, the American ensign and my own flag."

"Your own flag?"

"My own. It was flying when I was born on her. My father built this ship and he and Mother spent their honeymoon on her."

"This was where your father and mother lived?" she asked after a short silence.

"Yes."

She looked at him curiously. "I didn't know that you could sail a big ship like this."

"We Snells all sail ships," he replied briefly. "Would you like to be shown over this one? Come with me."

HE led the way down into the saloon. The steward was polishing glasses in the pantry alleyway; a little fire burned in the grate. Marion promptly seated herself before it and nodded to them. "I shall sit here, Tom. You show Edith through."

He led the way down the little entrance to his mother's room, unlocked the door and entered quickly. Edith followed timidly. He closed the door and stood silent.

Through the open ports the breeze eddied softly. There was a redolence of winds off many seas. Edith's fine nostrils quivered. Then she saw the bed with the worn counterpane, the wooden cradle swung from the heavy oaken frames, the mahogany dresser with the brass rails around its top, the old-fashioned mirror set strongly in a gilt panel, the work basket of half-finished embroidery, the limp little prayer-book on the low shelf.

The two stood in silence.

"My mother's room," Thomas said huskily.

Edith slowly turned and met his eyes. "What does it all mean?" she whispered.

"It means that no woman has ever entered this room except the wife of a Snell."

She flushed. "I have no business here," she answered. And he saw her bosom heave. It was the deciding touch.

"Edith, you're going to stay. I want you to stay. We're three miles off shore—at sea." The words rushed from his lips. "Captain Richardson is waiting to marry us. I'll be back in a little while."

Before she could utter a word he quickly closed the door on her and crossed the saloon to Marion. "I'm going to be married in half an hour," he burst forth,—"just as soon as Richardson gets here from the tug."

"Edith?" she queried in amazement.

He smiled grimly. "She has nothing to say about it. I'm on my own ship. Captain Snell is once more in charge."

"I think I'd better—do you want me to talk to her?"

"No," was the firm response. "Here comes the captain now."

"Well," said the superintendent of the tugboat service after a heated debate, "you Snells always have your own way." He fumbled for his spectacles. Thomas went to the door of the stern cabin and opened it. He saw a figure kneeling by the bedside, the figure of an Edith he had never known. One slim hand was stretched across the counterpane, its gentle fingers curled about the rail of the little cradle. He stood silent a long time. She rose and faced him.

"Captain Richardson is waiting to marry us," he said evenly, trying to control himself.

"When you come back," she whispered, "I promise, Tommie! Just wait till you come back."

He quietly picked up the limp prayer-book and touched her on the shoulder. "Come!" he commanded. "Come now!"

For the moment she rebelled; but something in his manner overwhelmed her. She reentered the saloon with him.

Edith stopped when she saw Marion standing languidly against the mahogany bulkhead and Captain Richardson with his spectacles and an expression of pontifical dignity on his kindly face.

"Take your proper places," said the captain in his hoarsest voice.

Edith drew back; but Marion came over and touched her on the cheek with one pink finger. "You will be glad," she said.

"But I don't want to be married!" Edith cried.

Thomas Snell quietly clasped her unwilling hand. His eyes flamed. "This ship goes out with Mrs. Snell aboard," he rumbled. "All of us Snells have been married aboard our own ships."

"No! *No!*" she whispered.

"You have to say 'yes' in this ceremony," was his sole response. He held tightly to her hand.

Without any preface Captain Richardson proceeded to read the brief ritual used at sea. He closed the book.

"I, as master of the vessel *Martha*, pronounce you man and wife." With a flourish, he reached out for a worn, bulky logbook.

Into it, under the wondering eyes of Mr. Sharp, he inscribed the fact that at 6:45 P.M. of that date he had duly married Edith Wayne and Thomas Snell. When he had finished he beckoned the bride. "Sign here," he said.

She looked down at her left hand. A plain band encircled her finger. She read the heavy script in the logbook. Then she glanced at Thomas, inscrutable lights in her eyes. Blinded by a sudden rush of tears she wrote on the line indicated by Captain Richardson's forefinger—*Edith Wayne.*

The superintendent growled, "Put *Snell* after that, mistress."

She did so and fled to Marion's arms.

Captain Richardson signed his own name after Thomas's and took off his spectacles. "I wish ye a pleasant voyage," he said gruffly, and so departed. Marion and Edith clung together a moment. Then the elder quietly broke their embrace and held out her hand to Thomas.

"Be careful of this girl," she said gently. She went out of the saloon, trailing her black gown across the polished teak. At the foot of the steps she looked back. Edith and Thomas, standing apart, answered that look in two ways: Edith's eyes were those of one who had been suddenly thrust over the threshold of life—the glance that one woman gives another. Thomas Snell merely flashed her the simple recognition that she was vanishing from his career. With complete understanding she went up the brass-bound treads into the dusk.

THAT night as the *Martha Snell* swung easily to the East under all plain sail Edith stood by her husband's side. Her gaze comprehended the moon-flecked ocean, the sea that has no horizon, that is illimitable, that foams eternally around our world. Above them the concave sails were silent. Beyond their vague whiteness dim stars swung to and fro. She drew closer to him. Mr. Sharp, tramping the deck to leeward, kept his eyes fixed ahead. It was only the still man at the wheel that saw her suddenly reach over to him.

"How did you know I wanted to come?"

He took her in his arms and kissed her.

Comment and Compliment

An Ardent Sympathizer of Fathers

I AM a school girl, yet I want to thank the man who wrote that story, "A Halo for Father," and I hope the world, reading and understanding the pathos and tragedy of it, will stop, for a minute, from the busy pleasure-seeking and money-grabbing rush—and think. Perhaps it's because the majority of children born into good homes, with kind mothers and fathers, take their parents too much for granted. Of course they have a father and mother, why shouldn't they, they are just a part in the every-day home life, nothing to be thankful for in them. They are theirs, they have always been theirs, they have always taken care of them, and they will in all probability continue to do so, then why bother about them? Out of these children grow men and women, the kind that fill our cities and throng our streets to-day. They do not reverence nor adore their parents.

My Daddy has just died. I loved and adored him when living, now I reverence his memory while dead. Perhaps it was because I was not his own child by birth and family name, that he loved me and I loved him so. I realized all that he had been and done for me, only a foundling, and I adored him for it. I was brought up in a home of luxury and refinement; I never wanted for a thing in the way of amusement or comfort. I was surrounded by loving people. And when now I look at little barefooted street waifs and think that I might have been as forlorn and neglected, I am oh, so thankful to him, not for the wealth, but for the love and high ideals of womanhood he gave me.

I have long since surmounted his snowy head with a golden halo, of my own unworthy construction, but this I wish to share (and in doing so I shall not diminish it one whit) with all the good, loving, noble fathers, the whole world o'er.

ILLINOIS.

Harmless but Weakening

I CERTAINLY am pleased to hear that you mean to disregard the usual "woman's magazine policy" and give us fiction of the "man" variety. I have discontinued two other "women's magazines" during the past year from a disgust of their fiction. I hate being "talked down to." The general run of magazine fiction, intended for women, is harmless enough even as a baby's bottle would be for a grown-up—but it's also very weakening. They remind me of these women who are so moral, proper and well meaning but polished and conventionalized out of all individuality—and terribly stupid. Good luck to you!

MISSISSIPPI.

Hits the Nail on the Head

YOUR recent article, "The Plague of Text-Books" is *great.* Speed the time when our public schools shall give our children an every-day, usable education that will really *help* them. I have always felt that many of my school years were wasted for we were crammed, a whole class of thirty to forty pupils, with exactly the same lessons in exactly the same way. We crammed it "down our throats" as it were, simply to pass the examinations and to stand near, or at the head of the class.

Beginning with the fourth grade we always had to get from one to three lessons at home, there never was enough time for this study during school hours. The pack of history dates we had to memorize, the dreadful rules we had to commit! History is hard stuff to put into the minds of the young, anyway. Truly, many of the reading lessons are false and silly. And not nearly enough attention is given to writing and spelling.

I would I had the gift of expressing the thoughts that arise in me, and I would second Helen Bennett's article with emphasis.

SOUTH DAKOTA.

From a Man Reader

MAY I take this opportunity to remark that I consider your magazine in the lead of the so-called "ladies' magazines?" It does not contain shallow fiction and men are not ashamed to be found reading it.

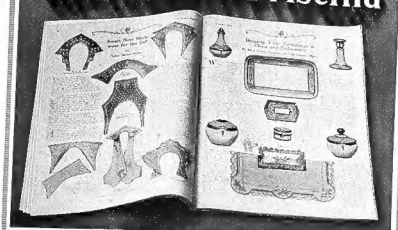
I confess that I am as pleased when each issue comes as is the "lady of the house," and I enjoy reading it.

I simply state this thinking that you might possibly be glad to know when your magazine is appreciated by its readers.

RHODE ISLAND.

Digitized by Google
Original from NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

The Modern Priscilla



$1.00 A Year And Worth More

To a woman—almost any woman—this magazine is worth more than it costs. The woman who likes to *embroider* finds here instructions for *all kinds* of embroidery. She finds beautiful designs by the score, *patterns* for which she can easily obtain.

The woman who likes to *crochet* finds in this magazine directions for every variety of this popular and fascinating pastime. The woman who likes to knit finds *knitting*. The woman who loves to "tat" finds *tatting*. The woman who enjoys making baskets finds lessons in *basketry*. The woman who paints finds *china painting*. No matter *what* form of "Fancy Work" a woman prefers, she finds it in The Modern Priscilla—*taught as no other magazine teaches it.*

With *Housekeeping* it is the same as it is with Fancy Work: The Modern Priscilla aims to *lead* in the housekeeping field. Its popularity is steadily growing among practical housekeepers because it is *practical*. How to reduce the cost of living without sacrificing accustomed comforts; how to make the daily work of the home less irksome; how to give the housewife time for something besides housework; how to make women better wives, mothers, homemakers; these are some of the practical problems that our "*Everyday Housekeeping*" section is helping to solve.

"*I think the February number of The Priscilla is worth the price of a year's subscription.*" That's what an Illinois woman wrote.

"*I made a beautiful bedspread from directions in The Priscilla, and could sell it for $50.00, but will not part with it.*" That's from a subscriber in Texas.

Comments like these come to us in almost every mail. We could fill *pages* of this magazine with them.

Send $1.00 for a full year's subscription—12 issues; or send 50 cents for a six months' subscription. If after you have had the magazine for three months you do not wish to have your subscription continue for the balance of the term, advise us of that fact and we will promptly refund the full amount you paid us.

The Modern Priscilla
89-A Broad Street
Boston, Mass.

CRYSTAL PURE

at the Refinery, their purity safeguarded all the way to your pantry by sealed packages

CRYSTAL **Domino** SUGAR PRODUCTS

meet every test and serve every purpose

THE AMERICAN SUGAR REFINING CO.
ADDRESS NEW YORK

THE LATEST ADDITION TO THE FAMOUS CRYSTAL DOMINO FAMILY IS OUR NEW 10c PACKAGE OF DOMINO SYRUP. ON PANCAKES AND WAFFLES WE BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND THIS PURE SUGAR PRODUCT THE PEER OF MAPLE, WHILE FOR MAKING COOKIES AND CANDY IT IS UNEQUALED.

Digitized by Google

Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

Serves
A Double
Purpose

Brightness

Sanitation

Large Sifter Can
With Full Directions
10¢

Old Dutch is Sanitary
Therefore Safe
Beware of
Caustics and Acids
Particularly on Your
Cooking Utensils

Digitized by Google
Original from
NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY